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EXPLANATORY OF THE ABOVE.

The names on the urn are in order of date of the death of the three great Statesmen.

On the left, the Muse of History, with fallen scroll, sits weeping.

The Angelic figure, on the right, is pointing to the three great lights in Heaven.

E U L O G I E S

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES,

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

HON. JOHN C. CALHOUN,

OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

HON. HENRY CLAY,

OF KENTUCKY,

AND

HON. DANIEL WEBSTER,

OF MASSACHUSETTS.

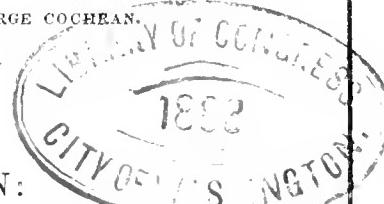
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ENTERED IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE DISTRICT OF
COLUMBIA, BY THOMAS FOSTER AND GEORGE COCHRAN.

WASHINGTON:

PUBLISHED BY FOSTER AND COCHRAN.

1853.



TO THE READER.

THE great veneration felt by the whole American people for the character and services of the three great sages and patriots who, within a brief period, have passed from the stage of action, has induced the undersigned to compile and present, in ONE VOLUME, the Eulogies and just tributes of contemporary statesmen.

The names of CALHOUN, CLAY, and WEBSTER, are household words. Every child is taught to lisp them—and the history of the country would be incomplete without them. Who is not anxious to treasure up the incidents and actions which have rendered the trio illustrious? Who would consider his library complete without an epitome of the lives of such men?

True, the speeches which follow are the emanations of warm hearts in the hours of grief—but the encomiums are not the less just, nor the facts embodied the less striking. They were uttered in the moments of sadness and sorrow—in the hours when every generous man is willing to lay in the grave with its eminent victims every unkind and uncharitable thought; yet the public are ever ready to admit that each and all of these great men were capable of “the high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism, which, soaring toward Heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of the country.”

It is believed the style of the work, and the embellishments, will be found to correspond with the interest of the theme.

THOMAS FOSTER,
GEORGE COCHRAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May*, 1853.

OBITUARY HONORS

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
MONDAY, April 1st, 1850.

On the motion of Mr. KING, the reading of the Journal of Thursday was dispensed with.

Mr. BUTLER rose and said: —

Mr. PRESIDENT: I rise to discharge a mournful duty, and one which involves in it considerations well calculated to arrest the attention of this body. It is to announce the death of my late colleague, the Hon. JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN. He died at his lodgings in this city, yesterday morning, at half-past seven o'clock. He was conscious of his approaching end, and met death with fortitude and uncommon serenity. He had many admonitions of its approach, and, without doubt, he had not been indifferent to them. With his usual aversion to professions, he said nothing for mere effect on the world, and his last hours were an exemplification of his life and character, truth and simplicity.

Mr. CALHOUN, for some years past, had been suffering under a pulmonary complaint, and under its effects could have reckoned but on a short existence. Such was his own conviction. The immediate cause of his death was an affection of the heart. A few hours before he expired, he became sensible of his situation: and when he was unable to speak, his eye and look evinced recognition and intelligence of what was passing. One of the last directions he gave was to a dutiful son, who had been attending him, to put away some manuscripts which had been written a short time before, under his dictation.

Mr. CALHOUN was the least despondent man I ever knew; and he had, in an eminent degree, the self-sustaining power of intellect. His last days, and his last remarks, are exemplifications of what I have just said. Mental determination sustained him, when all others were in despair. We saw him a few days ago, in the seat near me, which he had so long and so honorably occupied; we saw the struggle of a great mind exerting itself to sustain and overcome the weakness and infirmities of a sinking body. It was the exhibition of a wounded eagle, with his eyes turned to the heavens in which he had soared, but into which his wings could never carry him again.

Mr. PRESIDENT, Mr. CALHOUN has lived in an eventful period of our Republic, and has acted a distinguished part. I surely do not venture too much, when I say that his reputation forms a striking part of a glorious history. Since 1811 until this time, he has been responsibly connected with the Federal Government. As Representative, Senator, Cabinet Minister, and Vice President, he has been identified with the greatest events in the political history of our country. And I hope I may be permitted to say, that he has been equal to all the duties which were devolved upon him in the many critical junctures in which he was placed. Having to act a responsible part, he always acted a decided part. It would not become me to venture upon the judgment which awaits his memory. That will be formed by posterity before the impartial tribunal of history. It may be that he will have had the fate, and will have given to him the judgment that has been awarded to Chatham.

I should do the memory of my friend injustice were I not to speak of his life in the spirit of history. The dignity of his whole character would rebuke any tone of remark which truth and judgment would not sanction.

Mr. CALHOUN was a native of South Carolina, and was born in Abbeville district, on the 18th March, 1782. He was of an Irish family. His father, Patrick Calhoun, was born in Ireland, and at an early age came to Pennsylvania, thence moved to the western part of Virginia, and, after Braddock's defeat, moved to South Carolina in 1756. He and his family gave a name to what is known as the Calhoun settlement in Abbeville district. The mother of my colleague was a Miss Caldwell, born in Charlotte

county, Virginia. The character of his parents had no doubt a sensible influence on the destiny of their distinguished son. His father had energy and enterprise, combined with perseverance and great mental determination. His mother belonged to a family of revolutionary heroes. Two of her brothers were distinguished in the Revolution. Their names and achievements are not left to tradition, but constitute a part of the history of the times.

Mr. CALHOUN was born in the Revolution, and in his childhood felt the influence of its exciting traditions. He derived from the paternal stock, intellect and self-reliance, and from the Caldwell's, enthusiasm and impulse. The traditions of the Revolution had a sensible influence on his temper and character.

Mr. CALHOUN, in his childhood, had but limited advantages of what is termed a literary tuition. His parents lived in a newly settled country, and among a sparse population. This population had but a slight connection with the lower country of South Carolina, and were sustained by emigrants from Virginia and Pennsylvania. There was, of course, but limited means of instruction to children. They imbibed most of their lessons from the conversation of their parents. Mr. CALHOUN has always expressed himself deeply sensible of that influence. At the age of thirteen he was put under the charge of his brother-in-law, Dr. Waddel, in Columbia county, Georgia. Searely had he commenced his literary course before his father and sister died. His brother-in-law, Dr. Waddel, devoted himself about this time to his clerical duties, and was a great deal absent from home.

On his second marriage, he resumed the duties of his academy; and, in his nineteenth year, Mr. CALHOUN put himself under the charge of this distinguished teacher. It must not be supposed that his mind, before this, had been unemployed. He had availed himself of the advantages of a small library, and had been deeply inspired by his reading of history. It was under such influences that he entered the academy of his preceptor. His progress was rapid. He looked forward to a higher arena with eagerness and purpose.

He became a student in Yale College in 1802, and graduated two years afterwards with distinction, as a young man of great ability, and with the respect and confidence of his preceptors and

fellows. What they have said and thought of him would have given any man a high reputation. It is the pure fountain of a clear reputation. If the stream has met with obstructions, they were such as have only shown its beauty and majesty.

After he had graduated, Mr. CALHOUN studied law, and for a few years practised in the courts of South Carolina, with a reputation that has descended to the profession. He was then remarkable for some traits that have since characterized him. He was clear in his propositions, and candid in his intercourse with his brethren. The truth and justice of the law inculcated themselves on his mind, and when armed with these, he was a great advocate.

His forensic career was, however, too limited to make a prominent part in the history of his life. He served for some years in the Legislature of his native State; and his great mind made an impression on her statutes, some of which have had a great practical operation on the concerns of society. From the Legislature of his own State he was transferred to Congress; and from that time his career has been a part of the history of the Federal Government.

Mr. CALHOUN came into Congress at a time of deep and exciting interest—at a crisis of great magnitude. It was a crisis of peril to those who had to act in it, but of subsequent glory to the actors and the common history of the country. The invincibility of Great Britain had become a proverbial expression, and a war with her was full of terrific issues. Mr. CALHOUN found himself at once in a situation of high responsibility—one that required more than speaking qualities and eloquence to fulfil it. The spirit of the people required direction; the energy and ardor of youth were to be employed in affairs requiring the maturer qualities of a statesman. The part which Mr. CALHOUN acted at this time has been approved and applauded by contemporaries, and now forms a part of the glorious history of those times.

The names of CLAY, CALHOUN, CHEVES, and LOWNES, GRUNDY, PORTER, and others, carried associations with them that reached the *heart of the nation*. Their clarion notes penetrated the army,*

* Governor Dodge, (now a Senator on this floor,) who was at that time a gallant officer of the army, informs me that the speeches of CALHOUN and CLAY were publicly read to the army, and exerted a most decided influence on the spirits of the men.

they animated the people, and sustained the Administration of the Government. With such actors, and in such scenes—the most eventful of our history—to say that Mr. CALHOUN did not perform a second part, is no common praise. In debate he was equal with Randolph, and in council he commanded the respect and confidence of Madison. At this period of his life he had the quality of Themistocles—*to inspire confidence*—which, after all, is the highest of earthly qualities in a public man; it is a mystical something, which is felt, but cannot be described.

The events of the war were brilliant and honorable to both statesmen and soldiers, and their history may be read with enthusiasm and delight. The war terminated with honor; but the measures which had to be taken, in a transition to a peace establishment, were full of difficulty and embarrassment. This distinguished statesman, with his usual intrepidity, did not hesitate to take a responsible and leading part. Under the influence of a broad patriotism, he acted with an uncalculating liberality to all the interests that were involved, and which were brought under review of Congress. His personal adversary at this time, in his admiration for his genius, paid Mr. CALHOUN a beautiful compliment for his noble and national sentiments, and views of policy. The gentleman to whom I refer is Mr. Grosvenor, of New York, who used the following language in debate:—

“He had heard with peculiar satisfaction the able, manly, and constitutional speech of the gentleman from South Carolina. (Here Mr. Grosvenor, recurring in his own mind to a personal difference with Mr. CALHOUN, which arose out of the warm party discussions during the war, paused for a moment, and then proceeded.)

“Mr. SPEAKER, I will not be restrained. No barrier shall exist, which I will not leap over for the purpose of offering to that gentleman my thanks for the judicious, independent, and national course which he has pursued in this House for the last two years, and particularly on the subject now before us. Let the honorable gentleman continue with the same manly independence, aloof from party views and local prejudices, to pursue the great interests of his country, and to fulfil the high destiny for which it is manifest he was born. The buzz of popular applause may not cheer him

on his way, but he will inevitably arrive at a high and happy elevation in the view of his country and the world."

At the termination of Mr. Madison's administration, Mr. CALHOUN had acquired a commanding reputation; he was regarded as one of the sages of the Republic. In 1817, Mr. Monroe invited him to a place in his Cabinet. Mr. CALHOUN's friends doubted the propriety of his accepting it, and some of them thought he would put a high reputation at hazard in this new sphere of action. Perhaps these suggestions fired his high and gifted intellect; he accepted the place, and went into the War Department under circumstances that might have appalled other men. His success has been acknowledged. What was complex and confused, he reduced to simplicity and order. His organization of the War Department, and his administration of its undefined duties, have made the impression of an *author*, having the interest of originality, and the sanction of trial.

To applicants for office, Mr. CALHOUN made few promises, and hence he was not accused of delusion and deception. When a public trust was involved, he would not compromise with duplicity or temporary expediency.

At the expiration of Mr. Monroe's administration, Mr. CALHOUN's name became connected with the Presidency; and from that time to his death he had to share the fate of all others who occupy prominent positions.

The remarkable canvass for the President to succeed Mr. Monroe, terminated in returning three distinguished men to the House of Representatives, from whom one was to be elected. Mr. CALHOUN was elected Vice President by a large majority. He took his seat in the Senate, as Vice President, on the 4th of March, 1825, having remained in the War Department over seven years.

While he was Vice President, he was placed in some of the most trying scenes in any man's life. I do not now choose to refer to any thing that can have the elements of controversy; but I hope I may be permitted to speak of my friend and colleague in a character in which all will join in paying him sincere respect. As a presiding officer of this body, he had the undivided respect of its members. He was punctual, methodical, and impartial, and had a high regard for the dignity of the Senate, which, as a presiding officer, he

endeavored to preserve and maintain. He looked upon debate as an honorable contest of intellect for truth. Such a strife has its incidents and its trials; but Mr. CALHOUN had, in an eminent degree, a regard for parliamentary dignity and propriety.

Upon General Hayne's leaving the Senate to become Governor of South Carolina, Mr. CALHOUN resigned the Vice Presidency, and was elected in his place. All will now agree that such a position was environed with difficulties and dangers. His own State was under the ban, and he was in the national Senate to do her justice under his constitutional obligations. That part of his life posterity will review, and, I am confident, will do it full and impartial justice.

After his senatorial term had expired, he went into retirement by his own consent. The death of Mr. Upshur—so full of melancholy associations—made a vacancy in the State Department; and it was by the common consent of all parties that Mr. CALHOUN was called to fill it. This was a tribute of which any public man might well be proud. It was a tribute to truth, ability, and experience. Under Mr. CALHOUN's counsels, Texas was brought into the Union. His name is associated with one of the most remarkable events of history—that of one Republic being annexed to another by the voluntary consent of both. He was the happy agent to bring about this fraternal association. It is a conjunction under the sanction of his name, and by an influence exerted through his great and intrepid mind. Mr. CALHOUN's connexion with the Executive department of the Government terminated with Mr. Tyler's administration. As a Secretary of State he won the confidence and respect of foreign ambassadors, and his despatches were characterized by clearness, sagacity, and boldness.

He was not allowed to remain in retirement long. For the last five years he has been a member of this body, and has been engaged in discussions that have deeply excited and agitated the country. He has died amidst them. I had never had any particular association with Mr. CALHOUN until I became his colleague in this body. I had looked on his fame as others had done, and had admired his character. There are those here who know more of him than I do. I shall not pronounce any such judgment as may be subject to a controversial criticism. But I will say, as a

matter of justice, from my own personal knowledge, that I never knew a fairer man in argument, or a juster man in purpose. His intensity allowed of little compromise. While he did not qualify his own positions to suit the temper of the times, he appreciated the unmasked propositions of others. As a Senator, he commanded the respect of the ablest men of the body of which he was a member; and I believe I may say that, where there was no political bias to influence the judgment, he had the confidence of his brethren. As a statesman, Mr. CALHOUN's reputation belongs to the history of the country, and I commit it to his countrymen and posterity.

In my opinion, Mr. CALHOUN deserves to occupy the first rank as a parliamentary speaker. He had always before him the dignity of purpose, and he spoke to an end. From a full mind, fired by genius, he expressed his ideas with clearness, simplicity, and force; and in language that seemed to be the vehicle of his thoughts and emotions. His thoughts leaped from his mind like arrows from a well-drawn bow. They had both the aim and force of a skilful archer. He seemed to have had little regard for ornament; and when he used figures of speech, they were only for illustration. His manner and countenance were his best language; and in these there was an exemplification of what is meant by Action, in that term of the great Athenian orator and statesman, whom, in so many respects, he so closely resembled. They served to exhibit the moral elevation of the man.

In speaking of Mr. CALHOUN as a man and a neighbor, I am sure I may speak of him in a sphere in which all will love to contemplate him. Whilst he was a gentleman of striking deportment, he was a man of primitive taste and simple manners. He had the hardy virtues and simple tastes of a republican citizen. No one disliked ostentation and exhibition more than he did. When I say he was a *good neighbor*, I imply more than I have expressed. It is summed up under the word *justice*. I will venture to say, that no one in his private relations could ever say that Mr. CALHOUN treated him with injustice, or that he deceived him by professions or concealments. His private character was illustrated by a beautiful propriety, and was the exemplification of truth, justice, temperance, and fidelity to all his engagements.

I will venture another remark. Mr. CALHOUN was fierce in his contests with political adversaries. He did not stop in the fight to count losses or bestow favors. But he forgot resentments, and forgave injuries inflicted by rivals, with signal magnanimity. Whilst he spoke freely of their faults, he could with justice appreciate the merits of all the public men of whom I have heard him speak. He was sincerely attached to the institutions of this country, and desired to preserve them pure, and make them perpetual.

By the death of Mr. CALHOUN, one of the brightest luminaries has been extinguished in the political firmament. It is an event which will produce a deep sensation throughout this broad land, and the civilized world.

I have forbore to speak of his domestic relations. They make a sacred circle, and I will not invade it.

Mr. BUTLER then offered the following resolutions:—

Resolved unanimously, That a committee be appointed by the Vice President to take order for superintending the funeral of the Hon: JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN, which will take place to-morrow, at 12 o'clock meridian, and that the Senate will attend the same:

Resolved unanimously, That the members of the Senate, from a sincere desire of showing every mark of respect due to the memory of the Hon: JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN, deceased, late a member thereof, will go into mourning for him for one month, by the usual mode of wearing erape on the left arm:

Resolved unanimously, That, as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn:

Mr. CLAY said:—

Mr. PRESIDENT, prompted by my own feelings of profound regret, and by the intimations of some highly esteemed friends, I wish, in rising to second the resolutions which have been offered, and which have just been read, to add a few words to what has been so well and so justly said by the surviving colleague of the illustrious deceased.

My personal acquaintance with him, Mr. PRESIDENT, commenced upwards of thirty-eight years ago. We entered at the same time, together, the House of Representatives, at the other end of this building. The Congress, of which we thus became members, was that amongst whose deliberations and acts was the declaration of war against the most powerful nation, as it respects us, in the world. During the preliminary discussions which arose in the preparation for that great event, as well as during those which

took place when the resolution was finally adopted, no member displayed a more lively and patriotic sensibility to the wrongs which led to that momentous event than the deceased, whose death we all now so much deplore. Ever active, ardent, able, no one was in advance of him in advocating the cause of his country, and denouncing the foreign injustice which compelled us to appeal to arms. Of all the Congresses with which I have had any acquaintance since my entry into the service of the Federal Government, in none, in my humble opinion, has been assembled such a galaxy of eminent and able men as were in the House of Representatives of that Congress which declared the war, and in that immediately following the peace; and, amongst that splendid constellation, none shone more bright and brilliant than the star which is now set.

It was my happiness, sir, during a large part of the life of the departed, to concur with him on all great questions of national policy. And, at a later period, when it was my fortune to differ from him as to measures of domestic policy, I had the happiness to agree with him generally as to those which concerned our foreign relations, and especially as to the preservation of the peace of the country. During the long session at which the war was declared, we were messmates, as were other distinguished members of Congress from his own patriotic State. I was afforded, by the intercourse which resulted from that fact, as well as the subsequent intimacy and intercourse which arose between us, an opportunity to form an estimate, not merely of his public, but of his private life; and no man with whom I have ever been acquainted, exceeded him in habits of temperance and regularity, and in all the freedom, frankness, and affability of social intercourse, and in all the tenderness, and respect, and affection, which he manifested towards that lady who now mourns more than any other the sad event which has just occurred.

Such, Mr. PRESIDENT, was the high estimate I formed of his transcendent talents, that, if at the end of his service in the executive department, under Mr. Monroe's administration, the duties of which he performed with such signal ability, he had been called to the highest office in the Government, I should have felt perfectly assured that under his auspices, the honor, the prosperity, and the glory of our country would have been safely placed.

Sir, he has gone! No more shall we witness from yonder seat the flashes of that keen and penetrating eye of his, darting through this chamber. No more shall we be thrilled by that torrent of clear, concise, compact logic, poured out from his lips, which, if it did not always carry conviction to our judgment, always commanded our great admiration. Those eyes and those lips are closed forever!

And when, Mr. PRESIDENT, will that great vacancy which has been created by the event to which we are now alluding, when will it be filled by an equal amount of ability, patriotism, and devotion, to what he conceived to be the best interests of his country?

Sir, this is not the appropriate occasion, nor would I be the appropriate person, to attempt a delineation of his character, or the powers of his enlightened mind. I will only say, in a few words, that he possessed an elevated genius of the highest order; that in felicity of generalization of the subjects of which his mind treated, I have seen him surpassed by no one; and the charm and captivating influence of his colloquial powers have been felt by all who have conversed with him. I was his senior, Mr. President, in years—in nothing else. According to the course of nature, I ought to have preceded him. It has been decreed otherwise; but I know that I shall linger here only a short time, and shall soon follow him.

And how brief, how short is the period of human existence allotted even to the youngest amongst us! Sir, ought we not to profit by the contemplation of this melancholy occasion? Ought we not to draw from it the conclusion, how unwise it is to indulge in the acerbity of unbridled debate? How unwise to yield ourselves to the sway of the animosities of party feeling? How wrong it is to indulge in those unhappy and hot strifes which too often exasperate our feelings and mislead our judgments in the discharge of the high and responsible duties which we are called to perform? How unbecoming, if not presumptuous, it is in us, who are the tenants of an hour in this earthly abode, to wrestle and struggle together with a violence which would not be justifiable if it were our perpetual home!

In conclusion, sir, while I beg leave to express my cordial sympathies and sentiments of the deepest condolence towards all who

stand in near relation to him, I trust we shall all be instructed by the eminent virtues and merits of his exalted character, and be taught by his bright example to fulfil our great public duties by the lights of our own judgment, and the dictates of our own consciences, as he did, according to his honest and best comprehension of those duties, faithfully, and to the last.

Mr. WEBSTER said:—

I hope the Senate will indulge me in adding a very few words to what has been said. My apology for this presumption is the very long acquaintance which has subsisted between Mr. CALHOUN and myself. We are of the same age. I made my first entrance into the House of Representatives in May, 1813, and there found Mr. CALHOUN. He had already been in that body for two or three years. I found him then an active and efficient member of the assembly to which he belonged, taking a decided part, and exercising a decided influence, in all its deliberations.

From that day to the day of his death, amidst all the strifes of party and polities, there has subsisted between us, always, and without interruption, a great degree of personal kindness.

Differing widely on many great questions respecting the institutions and government of the country, those differences never interrupted our personal and social intercourse. I have been present at most of the distinguished instances of the exhibition of his talents in debate. I have always heard him with pleasure, often with much instruction, not unfrequently with the highest degree of admiration.

Mr. CALHOUN was calculated to be a leader in whatsoever association of political friends he was thrown. He was a man of undoubted genius, and of commanding talent. All the country and all the world admit that. His mind was both perceptive and vigorous. It was clear, quick, and strong.

Sir, the eloquence of Mr. CALHOUN, or the manner of his exhibition of his sentiments in public bodies, was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned—still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions,

in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner. These are the qualities, as I think, which have enabled him through such a long course of years to speak often, and yet always command attention. His demeanor as a Senator is known to us all—is appreciated, venerated by us all. No man was more respectful to others; no man carried himself with greater decorum, no man with superior dignity. I think there is not one of us but felt when he last addressed us from his seat in the Senate, his form still erect, with a voice by no means indicating such a degree of physical weakness as did, in fact, possess him, with clear tones, and an impressive, and, I may say, an imposing manner, who did not feel that he might imagine that we saw before us a Senator of Rome, when Rome survived.

Sir, I have not in public nor in private life known a more assiduous person in the discharge of his appropriate duties. I have known no man who wasted less of life in what is called recreation, or employed less of it in any pursuits not connected with the immediate discharge of his duty. He seemed to have no recreation but the pleasure of conversation with his friends. Out of the chambers of Congress, he was either devoting himself to the acquisition of knowledge, pertaining to the immediate subject of the duty before him, or else he was indulging in those social interviews in which he so much delighted.

My honorable friend from Kentucky has spoken in just terms of his colloquial talents. They certainly were singular and eminent. There was a charm in his conversation not often found. He delighted, especially, in conversation and intercourse with young men. I suppose that there has been no man among us who had more winning manners, in such an intercourse and conversation, with men comparatively young, than Mr. CALHOUN. I believe one great power of his character, in general, was his conversational talent. I believe it is that, as well as a consciousness of his high integrity, and the greatest reverence for his intellect and ability, that has made him so endeared an object to the people of the State to which he belonged.

Mr. PRESIDENT, he had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character; and that was, unspotted integrity—unimpeached honor and character. If he had aspirations, they were high, and

honorable, and noble. There was nothing groveling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. CAL-
NOUN. Firm in his purpose, perfectly patriotic and honest, as I
am sure he was, in the principles that he espoused, and in the
measures that he defended, aside from that large regard for that
species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for
the benefit of the Republic, I do not believe he had a selfish motive,
or selfish feeling.

However, sir, he may have differed from others of us in his po-
litical opinions, or his political principles, those principles and those
opinions will now descend to posterity, under the sanction of a
great name. He has lived long enough, he has done enough, and
he has done it so well, so successfully, so honorably, as to connect
himself for all time with the records of his country. He is now
a historical character. Those of us who have known him here,
will find that he has left upon our minds and our hearts a strong
and lasting impression of his person, his character, and his public
performances, which, while we live, will never be obliterated. We
shall hereafter, I am sure, indulge in it as a grateful recollection
that we have lived in his age, that we have been his cotemporaries,
that we have seen him, and heard him, and known him. We shall
delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our
places. And, when the time shall come when we ourselves shall
go, one after another, in succession, to our graves, we shall carry
with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and
integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of
his exalted patriotism.

Mr. RUSK said :—

Mr. PRESIDENT: I hope it will not be considered inappropriate
for me to say a word upon this solemn occasion. Being a native
of the same State with the distinguished Senator, whose death has
cast such a gloom upon this Senate and the audience here assem-
bled, I had the good fortune, at an early period of my life, to make
his acquaintance. At that time he was just entering on that
bright career which has now terminated. I was then a boy, with
prospects any thing but flattering. To him, at that period, I was
indebted for words of kindness and encouragement; and often

since, in the most critical positions in which I have been placed, a recurrence to those words of encouragement has inspired me with resolution to meet difficulties that beset my path. Four years ago, I had the pleasure of renewing that acquaintance, after an absence of some fifteen years; and this took place after he had taken an active part in the question of annexing Texas to the United States, adding a new sense of obligation to my feeling of gratitude.

In the stirring questions that have agitated the country, it was my misfortune sometimes to differ from him, but it is a matter of heartfelt gratification for me to know that our personal relations remained unaltered. And, sir, it will be a source of pleasant, though sad, reflection to me throughout life to remember, that on the last day on which he occupied his seat in this chamber, his body worn down by disease, but his mind as vigorous as ever, we held a somewhat extended conversation on the exciting topics of the day, in which the same kind feelings, which had so strongly impressed me in youth, were still manifested toward me by the veteran statesman. But, sir, he is gone from among us; his voice will never again be heard in this chamber; his active and vigorous mind will participate no more in our councils; his spirit has left a world of trouble, care, and anxiety, to join the spirits of those patriots and statesmen who have preceded him to a brighter and better world. If, as many believe, the spirits of the departed hover around the places they have left, I earnestly pray that his may soon be permitted to look back upon our country, which he has left in excitement, confusion, and apprehension, restored to calmness, security, and fraternal feeling, as broad as the bounds of our Union, and as fixed as the eternal principles of justice, in which our Government has its foundation.

Mr. CLEMENS said:- -

I do not expect, Mr. PRESIDENT, to add any thing to what has already been said of the illustrious man, whose death we all so deeply deplore; but silence upon an occasion like this, would by no means meet the expectations of those whose representative I am. To borrow a figure from the Senator from Kentucky, the brightest star in the brilliant galaxy of the Union has gone out, and Ala-

bama claims a place among the chief mourners over the event. Differing often from the great Southern statesman on questions of public policy, she has yet always accorded due homage to his genius, and still more to that blameless purity of life which entitles him to the highest and the noblest epitaph which can be graven upon a mortal tomb. For more than forty years an active participant in all the fierce struggles of party, and surrounded by those corrupting influences to which the politician is so often subjected, his personal character remained not only untarnished, but unsuspected. He walked through the flames, and even the hem of his garment was unscorched.

It is no part of my purpose to enter into a recital of the public acts of JOHN C. CALHOUN. It has already been partly done by his colleague; but even that, in my judgment, was unnecessary. Years after the celebrated battle of Thermopylæ, a traveller, on visiting the spot, found a monument with the simple inscription, "Stranger, go tell at Lacedæmon that we died in obedience to her laws." "Why is it," he asked, "that the names of those who fell here are not inscribed on the stone?" "Because," was the proud reply, "it is impossible that any Greek should ever forget them." Even so it is with him of whom I speak. His acts are graven on the hearts of his countrymen, and time has no power to obliterate the characters. Throughout this broad land —

"The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with his fame forever."

Living, sir, in an age distinguished above all others for its intelligence, surrounded throughout his whole career by men, any one of whom would have marked an era in the world's history, and stamped the time in which he lived with immortality, Mr. CALHOUN yet won an intellectual eminence, and commanded an admiration not only unsurpassed but unequalled, in all its parts, by any of his giant compeers. That great light is now extinguished; a place in this Senate is made vacant which cannot be filled. The sad tidings have been borne upon the lightning's wing to the remotest corners of the Republic, and millions of freemen are now mourning with us over all that is left of one who was scarcely "lower than the angels."

I may be permitted, Mr. PRESIDENT, to express my gratification at what we have heard and witnessed this day. Kentucky has been heard through the lips of one, who is not only her greatest statesman, but the world's greatest living orator. The great expounder of the Constitution, whose massive intellect seems to comprehend and give clearness to all things beneath the sun, has spoken for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. From every quarter, the voice of mourning is mingled with notes of the highest admiration. These crowded galleries, the distinguished gentlemen who fill this floor, all indicate that here have

"Bards, artists, sages, reverently met,
To waive each separating plea
Of sect, clime, party, and degree,
All honoring him on whom nature all honor shed."

The resolutions were then unanimously adopted.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES:

TUESDAY, April 2, 1850.

The remains of the deceased were brought into the Senate at 12 o'clock, attended by the Committee of Arrangements and the Pall-bearers.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

MR. MASON,	MR. DODGE, of WISCONSIN,
MR. DAVIS, of Miss.	MR. DICKINSON,
MR. ATCHISON,	MR. GREENE.

PALL-BEARERS.

MR. MANGUM,	MR. CASS,
MR. CLAY,	MR. KING,
MR. WEBSTER,	MR. BERRIEN.

The funeral cortege left the Senate chamber for the Congressional Burial Ground, (where the body was temporarily deposited,) attended by the President of the United States, both Houses of Congress, the Justices of the Supreme Court, Heads of Departments, the Diplomatic Corps, officers of the Army and Navy, the corporate authorities of the city of Washington, citizens, strangers, &c., &c.

A SERMON
PREACHED IN THE SENATE CHAMBER
APRIL 2, 1850,
AT THE FUNERAL OF THE
HON. JOHN C. CALHOUN,
SENATOR OF THE U. S. FROM SOUTH CAROLINA,
BY THE REV. C. M. BUTLER, D. D.,
CHAPLAIN OF THE SENATE.

I have said ye are gods, and all of you are children of the Most High; but ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.—PSALM IXXXII, 6, 7.

ONE of the princes is fallen! A prince in intellect; a prince in his sway over human hearts and minds; a prince in the wealth of his own generous affections, and in the rich revenues of admiring love poured into his heart; a prince in the dignity of his demeanor—this prince has fallen—fallen!

And ye all, his friends and peers, illustrious statesmen, orators, and warriors—“I have said ye are gods, and all of you are children of the Most High; *but* ye shall die like men, and fall like this one of the princes!”

The praises of the honored dead have been, here and elsewhere, fitly spoken. The beautifully blended benignity, dignity, simplicity, and purity of the husband, the father, and the friend; the integrity, sagacity, and energy of the statesman; the compressed intenseness, the direct and rapid logic of the orator; all these have been vividly portrayed by those who themselves illustrate what they describe. There seem still to linger around this hall echoes of the voices, which have so faithfully sketched the life, so happily discriminated the powers, and so affectionately eulogized the virtues of the departed, that the muse of history will note down the words, as the outline of her future lofty narrative, her nice analysis, and her glowing praise.

But the echo of those eulogies dies away. All that was mortal of their honored object lies here unconscious, in the theatre of his glory. "Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye"—*there he lies!* that strong heart still, that bright eye dim! Another voice claims your ear. The minister of God, standing over the dead, is sent to say—"Ye are gods, and all of you are children of the Most High; *but ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.*" He is sent to remind you that there are those here, not visible to the eye of sense, who are greater than the greatest of ye all—even DEATH, and DEATH'S LORD AND MASTER.

Death is here. I see him stand over his prostrate victim, and grimly smile, and shake at us his unsated spear, and bid us all attend this day on him. He is King to-day, and leads us all captive in his train, to swell his triumph and proclaim his power. And there is no visitant that can stand before the soul of man, with such claims on his awed, intent, and teachable attention. When, as on a day, and in a scene like this, he holds us in his presence and bids us hear him—who can dare to disregard his mandate? Oh, there is no thought or fact, having reference to this brief scene of things, however it may come with a port and tone of dignity and power, which does not dwindle into meanness in the presence of that great thought, that great fact, which has entered and darkened the Capitol to-day—DEATH! To make us see that, by a law perfectly inevitable and irresistible, soul and body are soon to separate; that this busy scene of earth is to be suddenly and forever left; that this human heart is to break through the circle of warm, congenial, familiar, and fostering sympathies and associations, and to put off, all alone, into the silent dark—this is the object of the dread message to us of death. And as that message is spoken to a soul which is conscious of sin; which knows that it has not within itself resources for self-purification, and self-sustaining peace and joy; which realizes, in the very core of its conscience, retribution as a moral law; it comes fraught with the unrest, which causes it to be at once dismissed, or which lodges it in the soul, a visitant whose first coming is gloom, but whose continued presence shall be glory. Then the anxious spirit, peering out with intense earnestness into the dark unknown, may, in vain, question earth of

the destiny of the soul, and lift to heaven the passionate invocation —

“ Answer me, burning stars of night
 Where hath the spirit gone ;
 Which, past the reach of mortal sight,
 Even as a breeze hath flown ? ”

And the stars answer him, “ We roll
 In pomp and power on high ;
 But of the never dying soul,
 Ask things that cannot die ! ”

“ Things that cannot die ! ” God only can tell us of the spirit-world. He assures us, by his Son, that death is the child of sin. He tells us what is the power of this king of terrors. He shows us that in sinning “ Adam all die.” He declares to us that, sinful by nature and by practice, we are condemned to death ; that we are consigned to wo ; that we are unfit for Heaven ; that the condition of the soul which remains thus condemned and unchanged, is far drearier and more dreadful beyond, than this side, the grave. No wonder that men shrink from converse with death ; for all his messages are woful and appalling.

But, thanks be to God ! though death be here, so also is death’s Lord and Master. “ As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.” That Saviour, Christ, assures us that all who repent, and forsake their sins, and believe in him, and live to him, shall rise to a life glorious and eternal, with Him and His, in Heaven. He tells us that if we are his, those sharp shafts which death rattles in our ears to-day, shall but transfix, and only for a season, the garment of our mortality ; and that the emancipated spirits of the righteous shall be borne, on angel wings, to that peaceful paradise where they shall enjoy perpetual rest and felicity. Then it need not be a gloomy message which we deliver to you to-day, that “ ye shall die as men, and fall like one of the prunes ;” for it tells us that the humblest of men may be made equal to the angels ; and that earth’s princes may become “ kings and priests unto God ! ”

In the presence of these simplest yet grandest truths ; with these thoughts of death and the conqueror of death ; with this splendid trophy of his power proudly held up to our view by death, I need utter to you no common-place on the vanity of our mortal life, the

inevitableness of its termination, and the solemnities of our after-being. Here and now, on this theme, the silent dead is proaching to you more impressively than could the most eloquent of the living. You feel now, in your inmost heart, that that great upper range of things with which you are connected as immortals; that moral administration of God, who stretches over the infinite of existence; that magnificent system of ordered governments, to whose lower circle we now belong, which consists of thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers, which rise—

“Orb o'er orb, and height o'er height,”

to the enthroned Supreme; you feel that this, your high relation to the Infinite and Eternal, makes poor and low the most august and imposing scenes and dignities of earth, which flit, like shadows, through your three-score years and ten. Oh, happy will it be, if the vivid sentiment of the hour become the actuating conviction of the life! Happy will it be, if it take its place in the centre of the soul, and inform all its thoughts, feelings, principles, and aims! Then shall this lower system of human things be consciously linked to, and become part of, and take glory from that spiritual sphere, which, all unseen, encloses us, whose actors and heroes are “angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven.” Then would that be permanently and habitually felt by all, which was here, and in the other chamber yesterday so eloquently expressed, that “vain are the personal strifes and party contests in which you daily engage, in view of the great account which you may all so soon be called upon to render;”* and that “it is unbecoming and presumptuous in those who are the tenants of an hour in this earthly abode, to wrestle and struggle together with a violence which would not be justifiable if it were your perpetual home.”† Then, as we see to-day, the sister States, by their Representatives, linked hand in hand, in mournful attitude, around the bier of one in whose fame they all claim a share, we should look upon you as engaged in a sacrament of religious patriotism, whose spontaneous, unpremeditated vow, springing consentient

* Mr. Winthrop's speech in the House of Representatives.

† Mr. Clay's speech in the Senate.

from all your hearts, and going up unitedly to heaven, would be—
“Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!”

But I must no longer detain you. May we all—

“ So live, that when our summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
We go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach our grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
April 3d, 1850.

Resolved, As a mark of the respect entertained by the Senate, for the memory of the late JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN, a Senator from South Carolina, and for his long and distinguished service in the public councils, that his remains be removed at the pleasure of his surviving family, in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and attended by a committee of the Senate, to the place designated for their interment in the bosom of his native State; and that such committee, to consist of six Senators, be appointed by the President of the Senate, who shall have full power to carry the foregoing resolution into effect.

Attest: ASBURY DICKINS, *Secretary.*

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
April 4th, 1850.

In pursuance of the foregoing resolution —

Mr. MASON, Mr. DAVIS, of Miss., Mr. BERRIEN, Mr. WEBSTER, Mr. DICKINSON, and Mr. DODGE, of Iowa, were appointed the committee.

Attest: ASBURY DICKINS, *Secretary.*

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
April 9th, 1850.

Mr. WEBSTER having been, on his motion, excused from serving on the committee to attend the remains of the late JOHN C. CALHOUN to the State of South Carolina,

On motion, by Mr. MASON,

Ordered, That a member be appointed by the Vice President to supply the vacancy, and Mr. CLARKE was appointed.

Attest: ASBURY DICKINS, *Secretary.*

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
April 3d, 1850.

Resolved, That the Vice President be requested to communicate to the Executive of the State of South Carolina, information of the death of the Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, late a Senator from the said State.

Attest: ASBURY DICKINS, *Secretary.*

SENATE CHAMBER, *April 3d, 1850.*

SIR: In pursuance of a resolution of the Senate, a copy of which is enclosed, it becomes my duty to communicate to you the painful intelligence of the decease of the Hon. JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN, late a Senator of the United States from the State of South Carolina, who died in this city the 31st ultimo.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,
 MILLARD FILLMORE,

Vice President of the U. S., and President of the Senate.
 His excellency, GOVERNOR
Of the State of South Carolina, Columbia.

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
Washington city, April 4th, 1850.

To his excellency, W. B. SEABROOK,
Governor of South Carolina.

SIR: I have the honor to make known to you, that a committee of the Senate has been appointed to attend the remains of their late honored associate, Mr. CALHOUN, to the place that may be designated for his interment in his native State, when the surviving family shall express a wish for their removal.

It is desirable to the committee to know whether this removal is contemplated by them; and, should it be, that they be informed as soon as may be, (but entirely at the convenience of the family,) *when* they may desire it.

Knowing the deep interest that will be taken by the State of South Carolina in the matter spoken of, I take the liberty, by this note, of asking that you will, at the proper time, learn what may be necessary to answer the foregoing inquiry, and apprise me, as chairman of the committee, a few days in advance.

With great respect, I have the honor to be, &c., &c., &c.,
J. M. MASON.

WASHINGTON, April 16th, 1850.

His excellency, W. B. SEABROOK,
Governor of South Carolina.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th instant, handed to me by Mr. Ravenel; and, on behalf of my associates on the committee of the Senate, and of myself, to accept the hospitalities you have kindly proffered to us on behalf of the State, on our arrival in South Carolina.

We are directed, by the order of the Senate, to attend the remains of Mr. CALHOUN "to the place designated for their interment in his native State" — a duty we expect strictly to discharge, and are gratified to find by your communication that it will be in accordance with the wishes of your fellow-citizens of Carolina.

Mr. Ravenel, of the committee of South Carolina, will have apprised you of the time of our probable arrival in Charleston, which we learn will be on Thursday, the 25th of this month.

With great respect, I have the honor to be, &c., &c., &c.,
J. M. MASON,
Chairman Committee of Senate

PROCEEDINGS
IN THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, April 1st, 1850.

Mr. VINTON, rising, said that the House might soon expect to receive the usual message from the Senate, announcing the melancholy event occurring yesterday, (the death of the Hon. Senator CALHOUN.) Instead of proceeding with the ordinary business of legislation, he would therefore move the suspension of the rules, that the House might take a recess until the Senate were ready to make that communication.

The question on this motion being put, it was unanimously agreed to.

So the House then took a recess until one o'clock and ten minutes, p. m., at which hour the Secretary of the Senate, Mr. Dickins, appearing at the bar —

The SPEAKER called the House to order.

The Secretary of the Senate then announced that he had been directed to communicate to the House information of the death of JOHN C. CALHOUN, of South Carolina, late a Senator from the State of South Carolina, and delivered the resolutions adopted by the Senate on the occasion.

Mr. HOLMES, of South Carolina, rose and addressed the House as follows:—

It becomes, Mr. SPEAKER, my solemn duty to announce to this House the decease of the honorable JOHN C. CALHOUN, a Senator of the State of South Carolina. He expired at his lodgings in this city yesterday morning, at seven o'clock. He lives no longer among the living; he sleeps the sleep of a long night, which

knows no dawning. The sun which rose so brightly on this morning, brought to him no healing in its beams.

We, the Representatives of our State, come to sorrow over the dead; but the virtue, and the life, and the services of the deceased, were not confined by metes and bounds; but, standing on the broad expanse of this Confederacy, he gave his genius to the States, and his heart to his entire country. Carolina will not, therefore, be suffered to mourn her honored son in secret cells and solitary shades; but her sister States will gather around her in this palace of the nation, and, bending over that bier, weep as she weeps, and mourn with the deep, afflictive mourning of her heart. Yes, sir, her honored son—honored in the associations of his birth, which occurred when the echoes and the shouts of freedom had not yet died along his native hills, born of parents who had partaken of the toils, been affected by the struggles, and fought in the battles for liberty—seemed as if he were baptized in the very fount of freedom. Reared amid the hardy scenery of nature, and amid the stern, pious, and reserved population, unseduced yet by the temptations, and unnerved by the luxuries of life, he gathered from surrounding objects, and from the people of his association, that peculiar hue and coloring which so transcendently marked his life. Unfettered by the restraints of the school-house, he wandered in those regions which surrounded his dwelling unmolested, and indulged those solitary thoughts, in rambling through her mighty forests, which gave that peculiar cast of thinking and reflection to his mighty soul. He was among a people who knew but few books, and over whose minds learning had not yet thrown its effulgence. But they had the Bible; and, with his pious parents, he gathered rich lore, which surpasses that of Greek or Roman story. At an age when youths are generally prepared to scan the classics, he was yet uninitiated in their rudiments. Under the tuition of the venerable Dr. Waddel, his relative and friend, he quickly acquired what that gentleman was able to impart, and even then began to develop those mighty powers of clear perception, rapid analysis, quick comprehension, vast generalization, for which he was subsequently so eminently distinguished. He remained but a very short time at his school, and returned again to his rustic employments. But the spirit had been awoken—the inspiration

had come like to a spirit from on high; and he felt that within him were found treasures that learning was essential to unfold. He gathered up his patrimony, he hastened to the College of Yale, and there, under the tuition of that accomplished scholar and profound theologian, Rev. Dr. Dwight, he became in a short period the first among the foremost, indulging not in the enjoyments, in the luxuries, and the dissipations of a college life, but with toil severe, with energy unbending, with devotion to his studies, he became (to use the language of a contemporary) "a man among boys." In a conflict intellectual with his great master, the keen eye of Dr. Dwight discerned the great qualifications which marked the man, and prophesied the honors that have fallen in his pathway. He was solitary, and associated not much with his class. He indulged his propensity to solitude; he walked among the elms that surround that ancient college; and in the cells, in the secret shades of that institution, he felt that dawning on his mind which was to precede the brighter and the greater day; and raising himself from the materiality around him, he soared on the wings of contemplation to heights sublime, and wending his flight along the zodiac raised his head among the stars. The honors of the college became his meed, and departing thence with the blessings and the benedictions of his venerable instructor, he repaired for a short period to the school of Litchfield, and there imbibed those principles of the common law, based upon the rights of man, and throwing a cordon around the British and the American citizen. He left, and upon his return home was greeted by the glowing presence of his friends, who had heard from a distance the glad tidings of his studies and his success. He took at once his position among his neighbors. He was sent by them to the councils of the State; and there, amid the glittering array of lofty intellects and ennobled characters, he became first among the first.

But that sphere was too limited for the expansibility of a mind which seemed to know no limit but the good of all mankind. At the age of twenty-eight he was transferred to this Hall. He came not sir, to a bower of ease; he came not in the moment of a sunshine of tranquillity; he came when the country was disturbed by dissension from within, and pressed out by the great powers of Europe, then contending for the mastery of the world, and uniting

and harmonizing in this, and this alone—the destruction of American institutions, the annihilation of American trade. The whole country (boy as I then was, I well remember) seemed as if covered with an eternal gloom. The spirits of the best men seemed crushed amid that pressure, and the eye of hope scarce found consolation in any prospect of the future. But he had not been long in these Halls, before he took the gauge and measurement of the depth of these calamities, and the compass of its breadth. He applied himself most vigorously to the application of the remedies to so vital a disease. He found that mistaken policy had added to the calamities on the ocean, that still further calamity of fettering, with a restrictive system, the very motions and energies of the people. He looked down and saw that there was a mighty pressure, a great weight upon the resources of this country, which time had gradually increased, and he resolved at once, with that resolution which characterized him—with that energy which impelled him direct to his purpose—to advise what was considered a remedy too great almost for the advice of any other—once, weak as we were in numbers, unprepared as we were in arms, diminished as were our resources, to bid defiance to Britain, and assume the attitude of a conflicting nation for its rights.

Fortunately for the country that advice was taken, and then the great spirit of America, released from her shackles, burst up, and made her leave her incubent, prostrate condition, and stand erect before the people of the world, and shake her spear in bold defiance. In that war, his counsels contributed as much, I am informed, as those of any man, to its final success. At a period when our troops on the frontier, under the command of the Governor of New York, were about to retire from the line, and that Governor had written to Mr. Madison that he had exhausted his own credit, and the credit of all those whose resources he could command, and his means were exhausted, and, unless in a short period money was sent on to invigorate the troops, the war must end, and our country bow down to a victorious foe; sir, upon that occasion, Mr. Madison became so disheartened that he assembled his counsellors, and asked for advice and aid, but advice and aid they had not to give. At length Mr. Dallas, the Secretary of the Treasury, said to Mr. Madison—you are sick; retire to your

chamber; leave the rest to us. I will send to the Capitol for the youthful Hercules, who hitherto has borne the war upon his shoulders, and he will counsel us a remedy. Mr. CALHOUN came. He advised an appeal to the States for the loan of their credit. It seemed as if a new light had burst upon the Cabinet. His advice was taken. The States generously responded to the appeal. These were times of fearful import. We were engaged in war with a nation whose resources were ample, while ours were crippled. Our ships of war, few in number, were compelled to go forth on the broad bosom of the deep, to encounter those fleets which had signalized themselves at the battles of Aboukir and Trafalgar, and annihilated the combined navies of France and Spain. But there was an inward strength — there was an undying confidence — in the hearts of a free people; and they went forth to battle and to conquest.

Sir, the clang of arms, and the shouts of victory, had scarcely died along the dark waters of the Niagara — the war upon the plains of Orleans had just gone out with a blaze of glory — when all eyes were instinctively turned to this youthful patriot, who had rescued his country in the dark hour of her peril. Mr. Monroe transferred him to his Cabinet; and upon that occasion, so confused was the Department of War, so complicated and disordered, that Mr. William Lowndes, a friend to Mr. CALHOUN, advised him against risking the high honors he had achieved upon this floor, for the uncertain victories of an Executive position. But no man had pondered more thoroughly the depths of his own mind, and the purposes of his own heart — none knew so well the undaunted resolution and energy that always characterized him; and he resolved to accept, and did. He related to me what was extremely characteristic; he went into the Department, but became not of it for a while. He gave no directions — he let the machinery move on by its own impetus. In the mean time he gathered, with that minuteness which characterized him, all the facts connected with the working of the machinery — with that power of generalization which was so remarkable, combined together in one system all the detached parts, instituted the bureaus, imparting individual responsibility to each, and requiring from them that responsibility in turn, but uniting them all in beautiful harmony, and creating

in the workings a perfect unity. And so complete did that work come from his hands, that at this time there has been no change material in this Department. It has passed through the ordeal of another war, and it still remains fresh, and without symptoms of decay. He knew that if we were to have wars, we should have the science to conduct them; and he therefore directed his attention to West Point, which, fostered by his care, became the great school of tactics and of military discipline, the benefits of which have so lately been experienced in the Mexican campaign.

But, sir, having finished this work, his mind instinctively looked for some other great object on which to exercise its powers. He beheld the Indian tribes, broken down by the pressure and the advances of civilization, wasting away before the vices, and acquiring none of the virtues, of the white man. His heart expanded with a philanthropy as extensive as the human race. He immediately conceived the project of collecting them into one nation, of transferring them to the other side of the great river, and freeing them at once from the temptations and the cupidity of the Christian man.

Sir, he did not remain in office to accomplish this great object. But he had laid its foundation so deep, he had spread out his plans so broad, that he has reared to himself, in the establishment of that people, a brighter monument, more glorious trophies, than can be plucked upon the plains of war. The triumphs of war are marked by desolated towns and conflagrated fields; his triumphs will be seen in the collection of the Indian tribes, constituting a confederation among themselves, in the school-houses in the valleys, in the churches that rise with their spires from the hill top, in the clear sunshine of Heaven. The music of that triumph is not heard in the clangor of the trumpet, and the rolling of the drum, but swells from the clang of the anvil, and the tones of the water-wheel, and the cadence of the mill-stream, that rolls down for the benefit of the poor red man.

Sir, he paused not in his career of usefulness; he was transferred, by the votes of a grateful people, to the chair of the second office of the Government. There he presided with a firmness, an impartiality, with a gentleness, with a dignity, that all admired. And yet it is not given unto man to pass unscathed the fiery fur-

nace of this world. While presiding over that body of ambassadors from sovereign States, while regulating their councils, the tongue of calumny assailed him, and accused him of official corruption in the Rip Rap contract. Indignantly he left the Chair, demanded of the Senators an immediate investigation by a committee, and came out of the fire like gold refined in the furnace. From that time to the day that terminated his life, no man dared to breathe aught against the spotless purity of his character.

But, while in that chair, Mr. CALHOUN perceived that there was arising a great and mighty influence to over-shadow a portion of this land. From a patriotic devotion to his country he consented, on this floor, in 1816, upon the reduction of the war duties, to a gradual diminution of the burdens, and thus saved the manufacturers from annihilation. But that interest, then a mere stripling, weak, and requiring nurture, fostered by this aliment, soon increased in strength, and became potent, growing with a giant's growth, and attained a giant's might, and was inclined tyrannously to use it as a giant. He at once resigned his seat, gave up his dignified position, mingled in the strifes of the arena, sounded the tocsin of alarm, waked up the attention of the South, himself no less active than those whom he thus aroused, and at length advised his own State, heedless of danger, to throw herself into the breach for the protection of that sacred Constitution, whose every precept he had imbibed, whose every condition he had admired. Sir, although hostile fleets floated in our waters, and armies threatened our cities, he quailed not; and at length the pleasing realization came to him, and to the country, like balm to the wounded feelings, and by a generous compromise on all parts, the people of the South were freed from onerous taxation, and the North yet left to enjoy the fruits of her industry, and to progress in her glorious advancement in all that is virtuous in industry, and elevated in sentiment.

But he limited not his scope to our domestic horizon. He looked abroad at our relations with the nations. He saw our increase of strength. He measured our resources, and was willing at once to settle all our difficulties with foreign powers on a permanent basis. With Britain we had causes of contention, of deep and long standing. He resolved, if the powers of his intellect could avail aught before he departed hence, that these questions should be

settled, for a nation's honor and a nation's safety. He faltered not. I know (for I was present) that when the Ashburton treaty was about to be made—when there were apprehensions in the Cabinet that it would not be sanctioned by the Senate—a member of that Cabinet called to consult Mr. CALHOUN, and to ask if he would give it his generous support. The reply of Mr. CALHOUN at that moment was eminently satisfactory, and its annunciation to the Cabinet gave assurance to the distinguished Secretary of State, who so eminently had conducted this important negotiation. He at once considered the work as finished; for it is the union of action in the intellectual, as in the physical, world, that moves the spheres into harmony.

When the treaty was before the Senate, it was considered in secret session; and I never shall forget, that sitting upon yonder side of the House, the colleague of Mr. CALHOUN—who at that time was not on social terms with him—my friend, the honorable Mr. Preston, whose heart throbbed with an enthusiastic love of all that is elevated—left his seat in the Senate, and came to my seat in the House, saying, “I must give vent to my feelings; Mr. CALHOUN has made a speech which has settled the question of the Northeastern boundary. All his friends—nay, all the Senators—have collected around to congratulate him, and I have come out to express my emotions, and declare that he has covered himself with a mantle of glory.”

Sir, after a while he retired from Congress; but the unfortunate accident on board the Princeton, which deprived Virginia of two of her most gifted sons, members of the Cabinet, immediately suggested the recall of Mr. CALHOUN from his retirement in private life, and the shades of his own domicil, to aid the country in a great exigency. His nomination as Secretary of State was sent to the Senate, and, without reference to a committee, was unanimously confirmed. Sir, when he arrived here, he perceived that the Southern country was in imminent peril, and that the arts and intrigues of Great Britain were about to wrest from us that imperial territory which is now the State of Texas. By his wisdom, and the exercise of his great administrative talents, the intrigues of Great Britain were defeated, and that portion of the sunny South was soon annexed to this Republic.

With the commencement of Mr. Polk's administration he retired once more from public life, but he retired voluntarily. Mr. Buchanan (for I might as well relate the fact) called upon me, took me to the embrasure of one of those windows, and said: "I am to be Secretary of State; the President appreciates the high talents of Mr. CALHOUN, and considers the country now encircled by danger upon the Oregon question. Go to Mr. CALHOUN, and tender to him the mission to the Court of St. James—special or general, as he may determine—with a transfer of the Oregon question entirely to his charge."

Never can I forget how the muscles of his face became tense, how his great eye rolled, as he received the terms of the proposal. "No, sir—no, (he replied.) If the embassies of all Europe were clustered into one, I would not take it at this time; my country is in danger; here ought to be the negotiation, and here will I stand." Sir, he retired to his farm; but the President, in his inaugural, had indicated so strongly his assertion of the entirety of the Oregon treaty; had inspirited the people of the West almost to madness, and in like manner had dispirited the merchants of the East, and of the North and South, that a presentiment of great dangers stole over the hearts of the people, and a war seemed inevitable, with the greatest naval power of the earth. Impelled by their apprehensions, the merchants sent a message to Mr. CALHOUN, and begged him again to return to the councils of the nation. His predecessor generously resigned. He came, and when he came, though late, he beheld dismay on the countenances of all. There was a triumphant majority in both parts of this Capitol of the Democratic party, who, with a few exceptions, were for carrying out the measures of Mr. Polk. The Whigs, finding that they were too few to stem the current, refused to breast themselves to the shock. But when Mr. CALHOUN announced on the floor of the Senate, the day after his arrival, his firm determination to resist and save from the madness of the hour this great country, they immediately rallied, and soon his friends in this House, and in the Senate, gathered around him, and the country was safe. Reason triumphed, and the Republic was relieved of the calamities of a war. This was the last great work he ever consummated.

But he saw other evils; he beheld this Republic about to lose its poise from a derangement of its weights and levers; he was anxious to adjust the balance, and to restore the equilibrium; he exercised his mind for that purpose; he loved this Union, for I have often heard him breathe out that love; he loved the equality of the States, because he knew that upon that equality rested the stability of the Government; he admired that compact—the Constitution of our fathers—and esteemed it as a great covenant between sovereign States, which, if properly observed, would make us the chosen people of the world.

At length the acting of the spirit chafed the frail tenement of mortality, and, to the eye of his friends, the tide of life began to ebb; but, sir, with an undying confidence in his powers—with a consciousness of the dangers which encircled his physical nature, but without regard to his own sufferings, in the solitudes of disease, unable in the midst of disease even to hold a pen, he dictated his last great speech. That speech has gone forth to the world, and the judgment of that world will now impartially be stamped upon it.

Sir, when his health began gradually to recover, his spirit impelled him, against the advice of his friends, into the Senate chamber; and there, with a manliness of purpose, with a decision of tone, with a clearness of argument, with a rapidity of thought, he met and overthrew his antagonists, one by one, as they came up to the attack. But weakened by the strife, although he retired victorious and encircled with a laurel wreath, he fell exhausted by his own efforts, and soon expired on the plains. And now where is he? Dead, dead, sir; lost to his country and his friends.

“For him no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,”

nor sacred home. But he shall shortly rest amid his own native hills, with no dirge but the rude music of the winds, and, after a while, no tears to moisten his grave but the dews of Heaven.

But though dead, he still liveth; he liveth in the hearts of his friends, in the memory of his services, in the respect of the States, in the affections, the devoted affections, of that household he cherished. He will live in the tomes of time, as they shall unfold their pages, rich with virtues, to the eyes of the yet unborn.

He lives, and will continue to live, for countless ages, in the advance of that science to which, by his intellect, he so much contributed, in the disenthralment of man from the restrictions of government, in the freedom of intercourse of nations, and kindreds, and tongues, which makes our common mother earth throw from her lap her bounteons plenty unto all her children. And it may be, that with the example set to other nations, there shall arise a union of thought and sentiment, and that the strong ties of interest, and the silken cords of love, may unite the hearts of all, until, from the continents and the isles of the sea, there will come up the gratulations of voices that shall mingle with the choral song of the angelic host—"Peace on earth; good will to all mankind."

I move, sir, the adoption of the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That this House has heard, with deep sensibility, the announcement of the death of the Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, a Senator from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That, as a testimony of respect for the memory of the deceased, the members and officers of this House will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this House, in relation to the death of the Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, be communicated to the family of the deceased by the Clerk.

Resolved, That this House will attend the funeral of the deceased in a body; and as a further mark of respect for his memory, that it do now adjourn.

Mr. WINTHROP rose to second the resolutions offered by Mr. Holmes, and proceeded as follows:—

I am not unaware, Mr. SPEAKER, that the voice of New England has already been heard to-day, in its most authentic and most impressive tones, in the other wing of this Capitol. But it has been suggested to me, and the suggestion has met with the promptest assent from my own heart, that here, also, that voice should not be altogether mute on this occasion.

The distinguished person, whose death has been announced to us in the resolutions of the Senate, belonged, not indeed, to us. It is not ours to pronounce his eulogy. It is not ours, certainly, to appropriate his fame. But it is ours to bear witness to his character, to do justice to his virtues, to unite in paying honor to his memory, and to offer our heart-felt sympathies, as I now do, to those who have been called to sustain so great a bereavement.

We have been told, sir, by more than one adventurous navigator, that it was worth all the privations and perils of a protracted voyage beyond the line, to obtain even a passing view of the

Southern Cross—that great constellation of the Southern hemisphere. We can imagine, then, what would be the emotions of those who have always enjoyed the light of that magnificent luminary, and who have taken their daily and their nightly direction from its resplendent rays, if it were suddenly blotted out from the sky.

Such, sir, and so deep, I can conceive to be the emotions at this hour, of not a few of the honored friends and associates whom I see around me.

Indeed, no one who has been ever so distant an observer of the course of public affairs, for a quarter of a century past, can fail to realize that a star of the first magnitude has been struck from our political firmament. Let us hope, sir, that it has only been transferred to a higher and purer sphere, where it may shine on with undimmed brilliancy forever!

Mr. SPEAKER, it is for others to enter into the details of Mr. CALHOUN's life and services. It is for others to illustrate and to vindicate his peculiar opinions and principles. It is for me to speak of him only as he was known to the country at large, and to all, without distinction of party, who have represented the country of late years in either branch of the national councils.

And speaking of him thus, sir, I cannot hesitate to say, that, among what may be called the second generation of American statesmen, since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, there has been no man of a more marked character, of more pronounced qualities, or of a wider and more deserved distinction.

The mere length and variety of his public service, in almost every branch of the National Government, running through a continuous period of almost forty years—as a member of this House, as Secretary of War, as Vice President of the United States, as Secretary of State, and as Senator from his own adored and adoring South Carolina—would alone have secured him a conspicuous and permanent place upon our public records.

But he has left better titles to remembrance than any which mere office can bestow.

There was an unsullied purity in his private life; there was an inflexible integrity in his public conduct; there was an indescribable fascination in his familiar conversation; there was a condensed

energy in his formal discourse; there was a quickness of perception, a vigor of deduction, a directness, and a devotedness of purpose, in all that he said, or wrote, or did; there was a Roman dignity in his whole Senatorial deportment; which, together, made up a character which cannot fail to be contemplated and admired to the latest posterity.

I have said, sir, that New England can appropriate no part of his fame. But we may be permitted to remember, that it was in our schools of learning and of law that he was trained up for the great contests which awaited him in the forum of the Senate chamber. Nor can we forget how long, and how intimately, he was associated in the executive or deliberative branches of the Government, with more than one of our own most cherished statesmen.

The loss of such a man, sir, creates a sensible gap in the public councils. To the State which he represented, and the section of country with which he was so peculiarly identified, no stranger tongue may venture to attempt words of adequate consolation. But let us hope that the event may not be without a wholesome and healing influence upon the troubles of the times. Let us heed the voice, which comes to us all, both as individuals and as public officers, in so solemn and signal a providence of God. Let us remember that, whatever happens to the Republic, we must die! Let us reflect how vain are the personal strifes and partisan contests in which we daily engage, in view of the great account which we may so soon be called on to render! As Cicero exclaimed, in considering the death of Crassus: "*O fallacem hominum spem, fragilem que fortunam, et inanes nostras contentiones.*"

Finally, sir, let us find fresh bonds of brotherhood and of union in the cherished memories of those who have gone before us; and let us resolve that, so far as in us lies, the day shall never come when New England men may not speak of the great names of the South, whether among the dead or among the living, as of Americans and fellow countrymen!

Mr. VENABLE rose and said:—

Mr. SPEAKER: In responding to the announcement just made by the gentleman from South Carolina, (Mr. HOLMES,) I perform a sad

and melancholy office. Did I consult my feelings alone, I would be silent. In the other end of this building we have just heard the touching eloquence of two venerable and distinguished Senators, his cotemporaries and compatriots. Their names belong to their country as well as his; and I thought, while each was speaking, of the valiant warrior, clothed in armor, who, when passing the grave of one with whom he had broken lances and crossed weapons, dropped a tear upon his dust, and gave testimony to his skill, his valor, and his honor. He whose spirit has fled needs no effort of mine to place his name on the bright page of history, nor would any eulogy which I might pronounce swell the vast tide of praises which will flow perennially from a nation's gratitude. The great American statesman who has fallen by the stroke of death, has left the impress of his mind upon the generations among whom he lived—has given to posterity the mines of his recorded thoughts to reward their labor with intellectual wealth—has left an example of purity and patriotism on which the wearied eye may rest—

“ And gaze upon the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state.”

For more than forty years his name is conspicuous in our history. Born at the close of the Revolutionary war, he was in full maturity to guide the councils of his country in our second contest with England. Never unmindful of her claims upon him, he has devoted a long life to her service, and has closed it, like a gallant warrior, with his armor buckled on him. “ Death made no conquest of this conqueror; for now he lives in fame, though not in life.” The only fame, sir, which he ever coveted—an impulse to great and honorable deeds—a fame which none can despise who have not renounced the virtues which deserve it. It is at least some relief to our hearts, now heaving with sighs at this dispensation of Heaven, that he now belongs to bright, to enduring history; for his was one of “the few, the immortal names that were not born to die.” Of his early history the gentleman who preceded me has spoken; of his illustrious life I need not speak; it is known to millions now living, and will be familiar to the world in after times.

But, sir, I propose to say something of him in his last days. Early in the winter of 1848-'9, his failing health gave uneasiness to his friends. A severe attack of bronchitis, complicated with an affection of the heart, disqualified him for the performance of his Senatorial duties, with the punctuality which always distinguished him. It was then that I became intimately acquainted with his mind, and, above all, with his heart. Watching by his bedside, and during his recovery, I ceased to be astonished at the power which his master-mind and elevated moral feelings had always exerted upon those who were included within the circle of his social intercourse. It was a tribute paid spontaneously to wisdom, genius, truth. Patriotism, honesty of purpose, and purity of motive, rendered active by the energies of such an intellect as hardly ever falls to any man, gathered around him sincere admirers and devoted friends. That many have failed to appreciate the value of the great truths which he uttered, or to listen to the warnings which he gave, is nothing new in the history of great minds. Bacon wrote for posterity, and men of profound sagacity always think in advance of their generation. His body was sinking under the invasion of disease before I formed his acquaintance, and he was passing from among us before I was honored with his friendship. I witnessed with astonishment the influence of his mighty mind over his weak physical structure. Like a powerful steam-engine on a frail bark, every revolution of the wheel tried its capacity for endurance to the utmost. But yet his mind moved on, and, as if insensible to the decay of bodily strength, put forth, without stint, his unequalled powers of thought and analysis, until nature well-nigh sunk under the imposition. His intellect preserved its vigor while his body was sinking to decay. The menstruum retained its powers of solution, while the frail crucible which contained it was crumbling to atoms. During his late illness, which, with a short intermission, has continued since the commencement of this session of Congress, there was no abatement of his intellectual labors. They were directed, as well to the momentous questions now agitating the public mind, as to the completion of a work which embodies his thoughts on the subject of government in general, and our own Constitution in particular; thus

distinguishing his last days by the greatest effort of his mind, and bequeathing it as his richest legacy to posterity.

Cheerful in a sick chamber, none of the gloom which usually attends the progress of disease annoyed him; severe in ascertaining the truth of conclusions, because unwilling to be deceived himself, he scorned to deceive others; skilful in appreciating the past, and impartial in his judgment of the present, he looked to the future as dependant on existing causes, and fearlessly gave utterance to his opinions of its nature and character; the philosopher and the statesman, he discarded expedients by which men "construe the times to their necessities." He loved the truth for the truth's sake, and believed that to temporize is but to increase the evil which we seek to remove. The approach of death brought no indication of impatience—no cloud upon his intellect. To a friend who spoke of the time and manner in which it was best to meet death, he remarked: "I have but little concern about either; I desire to die in the discharge of my duty; I have an unshaken reliance upon the providence of God."

I saw him four days after his last appearance in the Senate chamber, gradually sinking under the power of his malady, without one murmur at his affliction, always anxious for the interest of his country, deeply absorbed in the great question which agitates the public mind, and earnestly desiring its honorable adjustment, unchanged in the opinions which he had held and uttered for many years, the ardent friend of the Union and the Constitution, and seeking the perpetuity of our institutions, by inculcating the practice of justice and the duties of patriotism.

Aggravated symptoms, on the day before his death, gave notice of his approaching end. I left him late at night, with but faint hopes of amendment; and, on being summoned early the next morning, I found him sinking in the cold embrace of death; calm, collected, and conscious of his situation, but without any symptom of alarm, his face beaming with intelligence, without one indication of suffering or of pain. I watched his countenance, and the lustre of that bright eye remained unchanged, until the silver cord was broken, and then it went out in instantaneous eclipse. When I removed my hand from closing his eyes, he seemed as one who had fallen into a sweet and refreshing slumber.

Thus, sir, closed the days of JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN, the illustrious American statesman. His life and services shall speak of the greatness of by-gone days with undying testimony. Another jewel has fallen from our crown; an inscrutable Providence has removed from among us one of the great lights of the age. But it is not extinguished. From a height, to which the shafts of malice or the darts of detraction never reach, to which envy cannot crawl, or jealousy approach, it will shine brighter and more gloriously, sending its rays over a more extended horizon, and blessing mankind by its illumination. The friend of constitutional liberty will go to his writings for truth, and to his life for a model. We, too, should be instructed by his experience, while his presages for the future should infuse caution into our counsels, and prudence into our actions. His voice, now no more heard in the Senate, will speak most potentially from the grave. Personal opposition has died with his death. The aspiring cannot fear him, nor the ambitious dread his elevation. His life has become history, and his thoughts the property of his countrymen.

Sir, while we weep over his grave, let us be consoled by the assurance "that honor decks the turf that wraps his clay." He was our own, and his fame is also ours. Let us imitate his great example, in preferring truth and duty to the approbation of men, or the triumphs of party. Be willing to stand alone for the right, nor surrender independence for any inducement. He was brought up in the society of the men of the Revolution, saw the work of our Constitution since its formation, was profoundly skilled in construing its meaning, and sought, by his wisdom and integrity, to give permanency to the Government which it created. If such high purposes be ours, then our sun, like his, will go down serenely, and we shall have secured "a peace above all other dignities—a calm and quiet conscience."

The question was then taken on the resolutions offered by Mr. HOLMES, and they were unanimously agreed to.

And thereupon the House adjourned.

APPENDIX.

PROGRAMME OF PROCEEDINGS IN WASHINGTON ON THE REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF MR. CALHOUN.

THE remains of Mr. CALHOUN will be brought to the Capitol in a hearse, by eight o'clock, a. m., in the morning of Monday, the 22d instant, in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and will so remain in his charge, and with those assistants present who are to accompany it to the South. They will be at the Eastern front.

Carriages will be sent for the committee of the Senate, and Mr. Venable and Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, their guests, and for the committee from South Carolina, to their respective lodgings, to be there *punctually at half-past seven*. They will rendezvous at the Eastern front of the Capitol; and at eight o'clock punctually, a baggage-wagon, in charge of a messenger, will convey the baggage of the South Carolina committee, and have it on board before the procession arrives.

The body, in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms, with his assistants, and the committee, will leave the Capitol at eight o'clock, punctually, and proceed to the mail boat, passing on the southern side of Capitol Hill, and along Maryland Avenue.

The Sergeant-at-Arms will communicate a copy of this to Daniel Ravenel, Esq., chairman of the committee for South Carolina, and to Mr. Venable and Mr. Holmes.

(Signed)

JAMES M. MASON.

[Along the line of route, at Fredericksburg, Richmond, and Petersburg, Virginia, and at Wilmington, North Carolina, the remains of the departed statesman were received with the most profound respect.]

HONORS AT CHARLESTON, S. C., ON THE RECEPTION OF THE
REMAINS OF MR. CALHOUN.

The boom of the signal gun over the waters of Charleston harbor, on the morning of the 25th of April, 1850, announced that the mortal remains of Carolina's great statesman were approaching their native shores, to receive the last honors of a mourning people. At twelve, meridian, the steamer Nina, bearing the body, touched Smith's wharf; on board were the committee of the United States Senate and House of Representatives, the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, the committee of citizens from Wilmington, North Carolina, the committee of Twenty-five from South Carolina, and the sub-committee of arrangements. The revenue cutter Gallatin, the steamers Metamora and Pilot, acting as an escort, with colors at half mast and draped in mourning, lay in her wake. Profound silence reigned around—no idle spectator loitered on the spot—the curiosity incident to the hour was merged into a deep feeling of respect, that evinced itself by being present only where that sentiment could with most propriety be displayed. The solemn minute gun—the wail of the distant bell, the far off spires shrouded in the drapery of grief—the hearse and its attendant mourners waiting on the spot, alone bore witness that the pulse of life still beat within the city—that a whole people in voiceless woe were about to receive and consign to earth all that was mortal of a great and good citizen.

The arrangements for landing having been made, the Committee of Reception advanced, and, through its chairman, tendered a welcome, and the hospitalities of the city, to the committee of citizens from Wilmington, North Carolina, to which the chairman of that committee feelingly responded. The body, enclosed in an iron case, partially shaped to the form, was then borne by the Guard of Honor (clad in deep mourning, with white silk scarfs across the shoulder) from the boat to the magnificent funeral car drawn up to receive it; the pall, prepared of black velvet, edged with heavy silk fringe, and enlouneed in silver, with the escutcheon of the State of South Carolina in the centre and four corners, was spread over it. The pall-bearers, composed of twelve ex-Governors and Lieutenant Governors of the State, arranged themselves at the

sides of the car, the procession advanced, preceded by a military escort of three companies—the German Fusiliers, Washington Light Infantry, and Marion Artillery—under the command of Captain Manigault. The various committees and family of the deceased followed in carriages, the drivers and footmen clad in mourning, with hat-bands and scarfs of white crape. In this order the funeral train slowly moved forward, to the sound of muffled drums, to the Citadel square, the place assigned in the arrangements made, where the committee from the Senate of the United States would surrender the remains under their charge to the Executive of South Carolina, and the funeral procession proceed to the City Hall.

At the Citadel a most imposing spectacle was presented. The entire front and battlements were draped in mourning, and its wide portal heavily hung with black; the spacious area on the South was densely filled with the whole military force of the city, drawn up in proper array; at different points, respectively assigned them, stood the various orders of Free Masons, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the Sons of Temperance, the Order of Rechabites, in their rich regalia, the different Fire Companies in uniform, the various Societies and Associations; the pupils of public and private schools, with their tutors, bearing banners inscribed with the names of the several States of the Confederacy, their arms, and mottoes; the Seamen, with their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Yates, bearing a banner with this inscription, "The children of Old Ocean mourn for him," and citizens on horse and foot. The most perfect order prevailed; no sound was heard, but the subdued murmur of the collected thousands. At the appointed hour the funeral car slowly entered the grounds from the east, and halted before the gates of the Citadel; the hush of death brooded over all as the hearse, towering aloft its mourning curtains waving in air, revealed to the assembled multitude the sarcophagus reposing within.

In the centre of the square, and directly fronting the gates of the Citadel, stood the Governor of the State, attended by the members of the Senate and House of Representatives, and the delegates from different sections of the State. On the right the Mayor and Aldermen of the city, habited in deep mourning, their wands of office bound with crape; on the left, the reverend the clergy, of all

denominations. In front of the funeral car were arranged the various committees, who had attended the removal of the remains from the seat of Government; at the proper moment they slowly advanced, with heads uncovered, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, with his golden rod, to the spot occupied by the Governor and suite. Alderman Banks, chairman of the Committee of Reception, stood forth, and announced to the Governor the presence of the Hon. Mr. MASON, chairman of the Senate's committee, who, with a manner deeply solemn and impressive, thus surrendered his sacred trust:—

“Governor SEABROOK:

“The Senate of the United States, by its order, has deputed a committee of six Senators to bring back the remains of their colleague, your illustrious statesman, JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN, to his native State. He fell in the fullness of his fame, without stain or blot, without fear, and without reproach, a martyr to the great and holy cause to which his life had been devoted—the safety and equality of the Southern States in their Federal alliance.

“It is no disparagement to your State or her people, to say their loss is irreparable, for CALHOUN was a man of a century; but to the entire South, the absence of his counsels can scarcely be supplied. With a judgment stern, with decided and indomitable purpose, there was united a political and moral purity, that threw around him an atmosphere which nothing unholy could breathe and yet live. But, sir, I am not sent here to eulogize your honored dead; that has been already done in the Senate House, with the memories of his recent triumphs there clustering around us, and by those far abler than I. It is our melancholy duty only, which I have performed on behalf of the committee of the Senate, to surrender all that remains of him on earth to the State of South Carolina; and, having done this, our mission is ended. We shall return to our duties in the Senate, and those performed, to our separate and distant homes, bearing with us the treasured memory of his exalted worth, and the great example of his devoted and patriotic life.”

Mr. MASON having concluded, Governor SEABROOK responded:

"I receive, Mr. Chairman, with the deepest emotions, the mortal remains of him for whom South Carolina entertained an unbounded affection Implicitly relying on the faithful exercise of his great moral and intellectual endowments, on no occasion, for a period of about forty years, which constituted indeed his whole political life, did her confidence in him suffer the slightest abatement. Although the spirit that animated its tenement of clay now inhabits another and a purer mansion, yet the name of JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN will live while time shall be permitted to endure. That name is printed in indelible characters on the hearts of those whose feelings and opinions he so truly reflected, and will forever be fondly cherished, not only by his own countrymen, but by every human being who is capable of appreciating the influence of a gigantic intellect, unceasingly incited by the dictates of wisdom, virtue, and patriotism.

"In the name of the people of the State he so dearly loved, I tender, through you, to the Senate of the United States, their warmest acknowledgments, for the honors conferred by that distinguished body on the memory of our illustrious statesman; and, by this committee, I ask their acceptance of their heartfelt gratitude, for the very kind and considerate manner in which, gentlemen, the melancholy yet honorable task assigned you has been executed.

"The first of April, 1850, exhibited a scene in the Halls of the Federal Congress, remarkable for its moral sublimity. On that day, the North and the South, the East and the West, together harmoniously met at the altar consecrated to the noblest affections of our nature, and, moved by a common impulse, portrayed, in strains of fervid eloquence, before the assembled wisdom of the land, the character and services of him around whose bier we are assembled. To every member of the Senate and House of Representatives, whose voice was heard on that solemn occasion, South Carolina proffers the right hand of fellowship.

"I trust it will not be considered a departure from the strictest rules of propriety, to say to an honorable member of Congress before me, that the Palmetto State owes him a debt of gratitude, which, at her bidding, and in obedience to my own feelings, I am

imperatively summoned at this time to liquidate in part. From the first day of Mr. CALHOUN's protracted illness, to the moment when death achieved his victory, you, Mr. Venable, were rarely absent from his bed side. With the anxious solicitude of a devoted friend, you ministered to his wants, and watched the reflux of that noble stream whose fertilizing powers were about to be buried in the great ocean of eternity. For services so disinterested, spontaneously bestowed by a stranger, I offer the tribute of thanks, warm, from overflowing hearts."

Mr. VENABLE replied:—

"The manner in which your excellency has been pleased to refer to the attention which I was enabled to bestow on our illustrious friend, has deeply affected my heart. It is but the repeated expression of the feelings of the people of Charleston, on the same subject, contained in a resolution which has reached me, and for which manifestation of kindness I now return to you, and to them, my most sincere and heartfelt thanks. Nothing has so fully convinced me of the extended popularity, I should rather say, feeling of veneration, towards the statesman whose death has called us together to-day, as the high estimate which you and your people have placed upon the services of an humble friend. Sir, the impulses of humanity would have demanded nothing less, and that man is more than rewarded, who is permitted to soothe the pain or alleviate the suffering of a philosopher, sage, patriot, and statesman, so exalted above his cotemporaries, that were we not admonished by his subjection to the invasion of disease and death, we might well doubt whether he did not belong to a superior race. To be even casually associated with his memory, in the gratitude of a State, is more than a reward for any services which I could render him.

"Sir, as his life was a chronicle of instructive events, so his death but furnished a commentary on that life. It is said of Hampden, when in the agonies of death, rendered most painful by the nature of his wound, that he exclaimed—'O God of my fathers, save, save my country!' thus breathing the desire of his soul on earth into the vestibule of the court of heaven. So our illustrious friend, but a few hours before his departure, employed the last effort in

which he was enabled to utter more than a single sentence, saying, ‘If I had my health and strength to devote one hour to my country in the Senate, I could do more than in my whole life.’ He is gone! and when, in my passage here, I saw the manifestations of deep feeling, of heartfelt veneration, in Virginia and my own Carolina, I felt as one making a pilgrimage to the tomb of his father, whose sad heart was cheered by spontaneous testimonials of the merits of the one he loved and honored. But when, with this morning’s dawn, I approached your harbor and saw the city in the peaceful rest of the Sabbath, heard not the stroke of a hammer, or the hum of voices engaged in the business of life; when, from the deck of the steamer, in the midst of your harbor, I could descry the habiliments of mourning which consecrated your houses; the stillness—the solemn stillness—spoke a language that went to my heart. But when, added to this, I behold this vast multitude of mourners, I exclaim—‘A people’s tears water the dust of one who loved and served them.’ No military fame was his; he never set a squadron in the field. The death of the civilian and patriot who loved his country, and his whole country, gave rise to this great demonstration of sorrow and regard. Permit me again to assure your excellency, and the people of Charleston, and of South Carolina, that I shall ever cherish, as one of the dearest recollections of my life, the expressions of kindness which have been made to me as the friend and the companion, in the sick chamber of JOHN C. CALHOUN. His society and his friendship were more than a compensation for any attentions which any man could bestow. Such were his gifts, that whether in sickness or in health, no man retired from a conversation with him who was not greatly his debtor. By the courtesies of this day, and the association of my name with his, I am both his debtor and yours; the sincere acknowledgment of which I tender to your excellency, requesting that it may be received by you, both for yourself and the people whose sovereignty you represent.”

Gov. SEABROOK now turned to the Hon. T. Leger Hutchinson, Mayor of the city, and said:—

“**MR. MAYOR:** I commit to your care these precious remains. After the solemn ceremonies of the day, I request that you put

over them a Guard of Honor, until the hour shall arrive to consign them to their temporary resting place."

To which the Mayor replied:—

"Governor SEABROOK: As the organ of the corporation of the city of Charleston, I receive from you, with profound emotion, the mortal remains of JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN—a sacred trust, confided to us, to be retained until the desire of the people of South Carolina, expressed through their constituted authorities, shall be declared respecting their final resting place."

The ceremony of the reception of the body from the hands of the Senatorial committee by the Executive of the State being over, the members constituting the civic and military portions of the solemn pageant were, with consummate skill, arranged in their respective positions by the Chief Marshal and his assistants. With order and precision each department fell into its allotted place, and the whole mass moved onward, a vast machine, obeying, with perfect motion, the impulse given by the directing power.

The gates opening from the Citadel square upon Boundary street, (the name since changed to Calhoun street,) through which the procession passed, were supported on each side by Palmetto trees, draped in mourning; from the branches which over-arched the gateway hung the escutcheon of the State; between the folds of funeral cloth, in which it was enveloped, appeared the inscription—"CAROLINA MOURNS."

The procession moved from the Citadel square down Boundary to King street, down King street to Hasell, through Hasell to Meeting street, down Meeting to South Bay Battery, along the Battery to East Bay, up East Bay to Broad street to the City Hall.

Along the streets through which the procession passed, the public and private buildings and temples of worship were draped with mourning, the windows and doors of the houses were closed, and no one was seen to gaze upon the spectacle; it seemed that those who did not participate directly in the obsequies were mourning within.

When the head of the escort reached the City Hall, it halted; the troops formed into line on the south side of Broad street, facing

the City Hall. The funeral car, drawn by six horses, caparisoned in mourning trappings that touched the ground, each horse attended by a groom clad in black, slowly moved along the line until it reached the front steps of the City Hall. The division composing the procession then passed through the space intervening between the body and the military, with heads uncovered; the Marshals having the respective divisions in charge dismounted, and, leading their horses, proceeded to the points where the divisions were to be dismissed. When the last division had passed through, the body was then removed from the funeral car by the Guard of Honor, borne up the steps, and received at the threshold of the City Hall by the Mayor and Aldermen; it was then deposited within the magnificent catafalque prepared for its reception.

Here the body remained in state until the next day, under the special charge of the Honorary Guard of two hundred citizens, who kept watch at intervals during the day and night. Thousands of citizens and strangers of all sexes, ages, and conditions in life, repaired to the City Hall to pay their tribute of respect to the illustrious dead; the most perfect propriety and decorum prevailed; the incessant stream of visitors entered by the main doors, passed upward to the catafalque, ascended, gazed upon the sarcophagus resting within, and in silence retired through the passage in the rear. The iron case that enshrined the body, and the tomb-shaped structure upon which it lay, were covered with flowers, the offerings of that gentler sex, who in sorrow had lingered around its precincts.

The ceremonies of the day completed, the various deputations and committees of this and other States, who had repaired to the city in performance of the mournful duties assigned them, were invited to the Council Chamber, where the hospitalities of the city were tendered by the municipal authorities; they were afterwards escorted to the lodgings provided for them by the committees appointed for the purpose. The committee from the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States repaired to the head-quarters of his excellency Governor Seabrook, where they were received and entertained as the guests of South Carolina during their stay.

The next day, the 26th of April, was appointed for the removal of the remains to the tomb. At early dawn the bells resumed their toll; business remained suspended, and all the evidences of public mourning were continued.

At ten o'clock a civic procession, under the direction of the marshals, having been formed, the body was then removed from the catafalque in the City Hall, and borne on a bier by the Guard of Honor to St. Philip's church; on reaching the church, which was draped in deepest mourning, the cortege proceeded up the centre aisle to a stand covered with black velvet, upon which the bier was deposited. After an anthem sung by a full choir, the Right Rev. Dr. Gadsden, Bishop of the Diocese, with great feeling and solemnity, read the burial service, to which succeeded an eloquent funeral discourse by the Rev. Mr. Miles. The Holy rites ended, the body was again borne by the Guard of Honor to the western cemetery of the church, to the tomb erected for its temporary abode, a solid structure of masonry raised above the surface, and lined with cedar wood. Near by, pendent from the tall spar that supported it, drooped the flag of the Union, its folds mournfully sweeping the verge of the tomb, as swayed by the passing wind. Wrapped in the pall that first covered it on reaching the shores of Carolina, the iron coffin, with its sacred trust, was lowered to its resting place, and the massive marble slab, simply inscribed with the name of "CALHOUN," adjusted to its position. The lingering multitude then slowly passed from the burial ground—

"And we left him alone with his glory."

The last offices of respect and veneration, such as no man ever received from the hearts and hands of Carolinians, had been rendered, but it was felt by all that no monument could be raised too high for his excellency, no record too enduring for his virtue.

"Tanto nomini nullum par elogium."

For many weeks after the interment, the marble that covered the tomb was daily strewn with roses, and other fragrant flowers, and vases containing such, and filled with water freshly renewed, were placed around, the spontaneous offerings of the people. An

oak, the emblem of his strength of character, was planted at the foot, and a willow, whose branches soon drooped over the grave, became a type of the general sorrow.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,

Harrisburg, April 22d, 1850.

To his excellency W. B. SEABROOK,

Governor of the State of South Carolina.

DEAR SIR: The accompanying resolutions of the Legislature of this State have been presented to me for transmission to your excellency, with a request that the same be communicated to the Legislature of South Carolina.

In performing this duty, allow me to express my personal regard for the social and public virtues of the illustrious deceased, and my deep sense of the great loss which this dispensation of Providence has inflicted upon the American nation.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, yours, &c.,

WM. F. JOHNSTON.

R E S O L U T I O N S

*Of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, relative to the death of
the Hon. John C. Calhoun.*

Whereas, it has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from the scenes of earth one of America's most distinguished sons, whose name has been associated with her history during the last forty years, and whose distinguished talent, private virtues, and purity of character, have shed lustre on her name.

And whereas, it is becoming and proper that society, whilst humbly bowing to the dispensations of infinite wisdom, should, in such cases, testify its sense of the worth and exalted character of the illustrious deceased, by appropriate tributes of respect to his memory, forgetting all points of difference, and cherishing the recollection only of his virtues.

Be it therefore resolved, unanimously, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That this General Assembly has heard, with profound sensibility and heartfelt sorrow, of the death of the Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, of South Carolina, for whom, in his long and distinguished public career, whilst often differing from his views and policy, we have ever entertained the most profound respect; and in whose private virtues, and personal character, there has been every thing to win admiration, and conciliate affection.

Resolved, That, as a further testimony of respect for the memory of the deceased, an extract from the Journal of each House, to be signed by the Speakers, be communicated to the Governor, with a request that he forward the same to the widow and family of the deceased, with a letter of condolence, expressing the sincere sympathy of this General Assembly with them in this, their afflicting bereavement.

Resolved, That the Governor be further requested to forward a copy of the foregoing resolutions to the Governor of South Carolina, with a request that he communicate the same to the Legislature of said Commonwealth.

J. S. McCALMONT,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

V. BEST,
Speaker of the Senate.

Approved the sixth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and fifty.

WILLIAM F. JOHNSTON.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

SENATE.

The Governor transmitted the following communication:—

STATE OF NEW YORK, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Albany, April 2, 1850.

To the LEGISLATURE:

We learn, from the public journals, that the Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN died at Washington, on the morning of Sunday last. His death is an event of interest, and a source of grief to all sections of the country, in whose service nearly the whole of his active life has been spent. I believe, therefore, that I consult the public sense of propriety, not less than my own feelings, in giving you this official information of his decease.

Mr. CALHOUN became connected with the Federal Government at an early age, and died in its service. He has been a member of the House of Representatives, Secretary of State, Secretary of War, Senator in Congress, and Vice President of the United States.

In each of these stations he has been distinguished for ability, integrity, and independence. He has taken a prominent part in every great question which has agitated the country during the last forty years, and has exerted a commanding influence upon the whole course of our public policy.

In his death the nation has lost a statesman of consummate ability, and of unsullied character. It is fitting that this State should evince sorrow at his death, by such action as her Representatives may deem appropriate.

HAMILTON FISH.

Mr. MORGAN offered the following resolution:

That a select committee of three be appointed on the part of the Senate, to meet with a committee on the part of the Assembly, to report resolutions expressive of the sense of the Legislature relative to the death of the Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, and that the Senate will meet at four o'clock this afternoon to hear the report of said committee.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

The select committee, on the part of the Senate, on the CALHOUN resolutions, are Messrs. Morgan, Man, and Babcock.

ASSEMBLY.

The Governor transmitted to the House a message, announcing the death of Mr. CALHOUN.

The proceedings of the Senate on this subject were read, designating a committee on the part of the Senate, and requesting a like committee on the part of the House.

Mr. FORD, after a few appropriate remarks, moved a concurrence in the resolution of the Senate.

Mr. RAYMOND concurred in the motion, and paid a brief tribute to the memory of the deceased, as a citizen and statesman.

Mr. BACON followed, conceding to Mr. CALHOUN great intellect and virtue. Messrs. MONROE and VARNUM also sustained the motion.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the Chair named Messrs. Ford, Monroe, Godard, Raymond, and Church, as the committee on the part of the House.

Recess to four o'clock.

EVENING SESSION.

Mr. MORGAN, from the Joint Select Committee appointed on the message of the Governor, announcing the death of the Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That the Legislature of the State of New York have heard, with deep regret, of the death of the Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, United States Senator from South Carolina; that they entertain sentiments of profound respect for the pre-eminent ability, the unsullied character, and the high-minded independence, which, throughout his life, distinguished his devotion to the public service; and that they unite, with their fellow-citizens throughout the Union, in deplored his death as a public calamity.

Resolved, That the Governor of this State be requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the President of the Senate of the United States, with a request that the same be entered on their journal; and a copy to the Governor of the State of South Carolina, with a request that he transmit the same to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That, as a token of respect to the memory of the deceased, the public offices be closed, and the flag at the Capitol be displayed at half-mast for twenty-four hours, and that the Senate do now adjourn.

The same resolutions were passed by the Assembly, which also adjourned.





H. Clay



OBITUARY HONORS

TO THE MEMORY OF

H E N R Y C L A Y .

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
WEDNESDAY, *June 30, 1852.*

After the reading of the Journal, Mr. UNDERWOOD rose, and addressed the Senate as follows:—

Mr. PRESIDENT: I rise to announce the death of my colleague, Mr. CLAY. He died at his lodgings, in the National Hotel of this city, at seventeen minutes past eleven o'clock yesterday morning, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He expired with perfect composure, and without a groan or struggle.

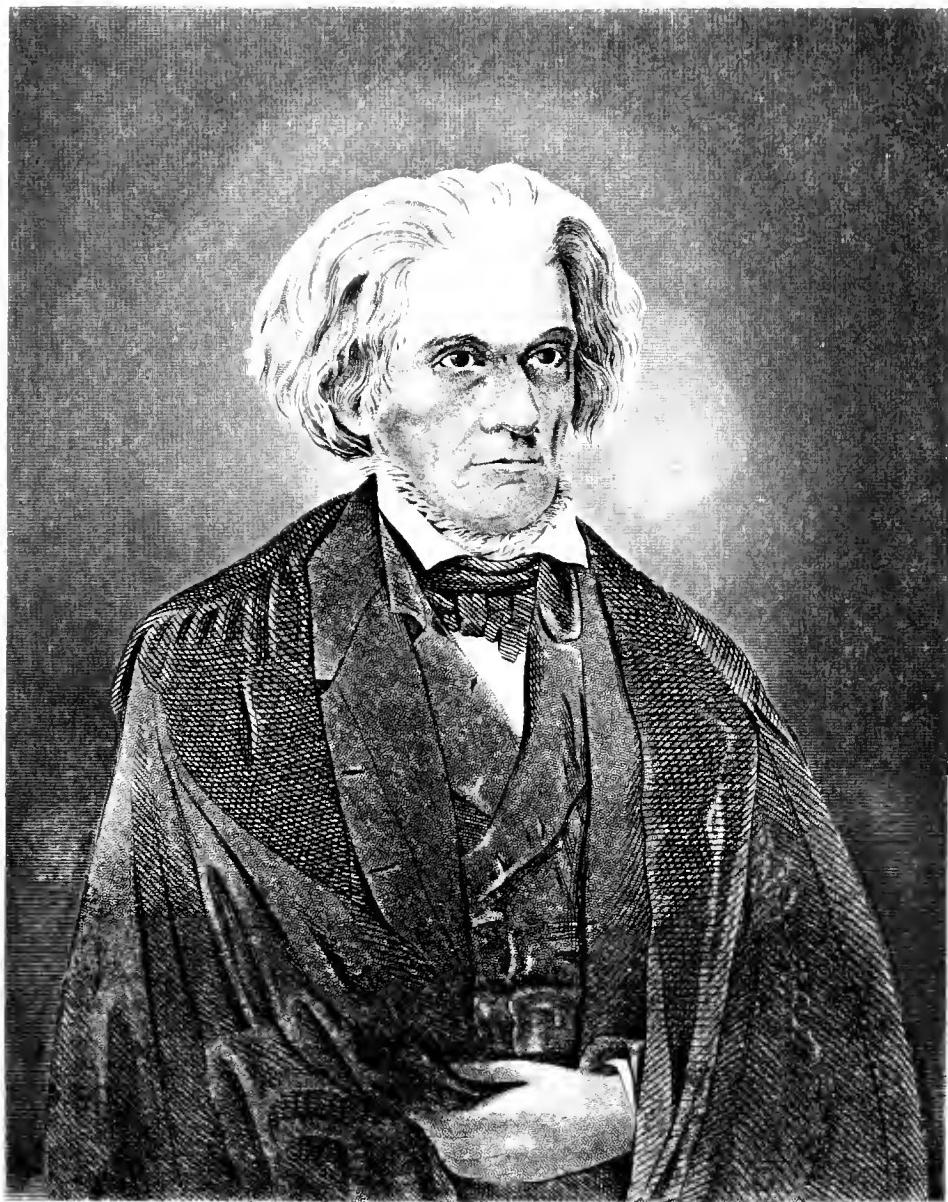
By his death our country has lost one of its most eminent citizens and statesmen; and, I think, its greatest genius. I shall not detain the Senate by narrating the transactions of his long and useful life. His distinguished services as a statesman are inseparably connected with the history of his country. As Representative and Speaker in the other House of Congress, as Senator in this body, as Secretary of State, and as envoy abroad, he has, in all these positions, exhibited a wisdom and patriotism which have made a deep and lasting impression upon the grateful hearts of his countrymen. His thoughts and his actions have already been published to the world in written biography; in Congressional debates and reports; in the journals of the two Houses; and in the pages of American history. They have been commemorated by monuments erected on the way side. They have been engraven on medals of gold. Their memory will survive the monuments of

marble and the medals of gold; for these are effaced and decay by the friction of ages. But the thoughts and actions of my late colleague have become identified with the immortality of the human mind, and will pass down, from generation to generation, as a portion of our national inheritance, incapable of annihilation so long as genius has an admirer, or liberty a friend.

Mr. PRESIDENT, the character of HENRY CLAY was formed and developed by the influence of our free institutions. His physical, mental, and moral faculties, were the gift of God. That they were greatly superior to the faculties allotted to most men cannot be questioned. They were not cultivated, improved, and directed by a liberal or collegiate education. His respectable parents were not wealthy, and had not the means of maintaining their children at college. Moreover, his father died when he was a boy. At an early period Mr. CLAY was thrown upon his own resources, without patrimony. He grew up in a clerk's office, in Richmond, Virginia. He there studied law. He emigrated from his native State and settled in Lexington, Kentucky, where he commenced the practice of his profession before he was of full age.

The road to wealth, to honor, and fame, was open before him. Under our Constitution and laws he might freely employ his great faculties, unobstructed by legal impediments, and unaided by exclusive privileges. Very soon Mr. CLAY made a deep and favorable impression upon the people among whom he began his career. The excellence of his natural faculties was soon displayed. Necessity stimulated him in their cultivation. His assiduity, skill, and fidelity in professional engagements, secured public confidence. He was elected member of the Legislature of Kentucky, in which body he served several sessions prior to 1806. In that year he was elevated to a seat in the Senate of the United States.

At the bar, and in the General Assembly of Kentucky, Mr. CLAY first manifested those high qualities as a public speaker, which have secured to him so much popular applause and admiration. His physical and mental organization eminently qualified him to become a great and impressive orator. His person was tall, slender, and commanding. His temperament ardent, fearless, and full of hope. His countenance clear, expressive, and variable—indicating the emotion which predominated at the moment with exact simili-



J. C. Calhoun



tude. His voice, cultivated and modulated in harmony with the sentiment he desired to express, fell upon the ear like the melody of enrapturing music. His eye beaming with intelligence, and flashing with coruscations of genius. His gestures and attitudes graceful and natural. These personal advantages won the prepossessions of an audience, even before his intellectual powers began to move his hearers; and when his strong common sense, his profound reasoning, his clear conceptions of his subject in all its bearings, and his striking and beautiful illustrations, united with such personal qualities, were brought to the discussion of any question, his audience was enraptured, convinced, and led by the orator as if enchanted by the lyre of Orpheus.

No man was ever blessed by his Creator with faculties of a higher order of excellence than those given to Mr. CLAY. In the quickness of his perceptions, and the rapidity with which his conclusions were formed, he had few equals, and no superior. He was eminently endowed with a nice discriminating taste for order, symmetry, and beauty. He detected in a moment every thing out of place or deficient in his room, upon his farm, in his own or the dress of others. He was a skilful judge of the form and qualities of his domestic animals, which he delighted to raise on his farm. I could give you instances of the quickness and minuteness of his keen faculty of observation, which never overlooked any thing. A want of neatness and order was offensive to him. He was particular and neat in his handwriting, and his apparel. A slovenly blot, or negligence of any sort, met his condemnation; while he was so organized that he attended to, and arranged little things to please and gratify his natural love for neatness, order, and beauty, his great intellectual faculties grasped all the subjects of jurisprudence and polities with a facility amounting almost to intuition. As a lawyer, he stood at the head of his profession. As a statesman, his stand at the head of the Republican Whig party for nearly half a century, establishes his title to pre-eminence among his illustrious associates.

Mr. CLAY was deeply versed in all the springs of human action. He had read and studied biography and history. Shortly after I left college, I had occasion to call on him in Frankfort, where he was attending court, and well I remember to have found him with

Plutarch's Lives in his hands. No one better than he knew how to avail himself of human motives, and all the circumstances which surrounded a subject, or could present them with more force and skill to accomplish the object of an argument.

Mr. CLAY, throughout his public career, was influenced by the loftiest patriotism. Confident in the truth of his convictions, and the purity of his purposes, he was ardent, sometimes impetuous, in the pursuit of objects which he believed essential to the general welfare. Those who stood in his way were thrown aside without fear or ceremony. He never affected a courtier's deference to men or opinions, which he thought hostile to the best interests of his country; and hence he may have wounded the vanity of those who thought themselves of consequence. It is certain, whatever the cause, that, at one period of his life, Mr. CLAY might have been referred to as proof that there is more truth than fiction in those profound lines of the poet—

“ He who ascends the mountain top shall find
Its loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below:
Though far above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread.
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.”

Calumny and detraction emptied their vials upon him. But how glorious the change! He outlived malice and envy. He lived long enough to prove to the world that his ambition was no more than a holy aspiration to make his country the greatest, most powerful, and best governed on the earth. If he desired its highest office, it was because the greater power and influence resulting from such elevation would enable him to do more than he otherwise could for the progress and advancement—first of his own countrymen, then of his whole race. His sympathies embraced all. The African slave, the Creole of Spanish America, the children of renovated classic Greece—all families of men, without respect to color or clime, found in his expanded bosom and comprehensive intellect a friend of their elevation and amelioration. Such ambition as that, is God's implantation in the human heart for raising

the down-trodden nations of the earth, and fitting them for regenerated existence in polities, in morals, and religion.

Bold and determined as Mr. CLAY was in all his actions, he was, nevertheless, conciliating. He did not obstinately adhere to things impracticable. If he could not accomplish the best, he contented himself with the highest approach to it. He has been the great compromiser of those political agitations and opposing opinions which have, in the belief of thousands, at different times, endangered the perpetuity of our Federal Government and Union.

Mr. CLAY was no less remarkable for his admirable social qualities than for his intellectual abilities. As a companion, he was the delight of his friends, and no man ever had better or truer. They have loved him from the beginning, and loved him to the last. His hospitable mansion at Ashland was always open to their reception. No guest ever thence departed without feeling happier for his visit. But, alas! that hospitable mansion has already been converted into a house of mourning; already has intelligence of his death passed with electric velocity to that aged and now widowed lady, who, for more than fifty years, bore to him all the endearing relations of wife, and whose feeble condition prevented her from joining him in this city, and soothing the anguish of life's last scene, by those endearing attentions which no one can give so well as woman and a wife. May God infuse into her heart and mind the Christian spirit of submission under her bereavement! It cannot be long before she may expect a reunion in Heaven. A nation condoles with her and her children on account of their irreparable loss.

Mr. CLAY, from the nature of his disease, declined very gradually. He bore his protracted sufferings with great equanimity and patience. On one occasion he said to me, that when death was inevitable, and must soon come, and when the sufferer was ready to die, he did not perceive the wisdom of praying to be "delivered from sudden death." He thought, under such circumstances, the sooner suffering was relieved by death the better. He desired the termination of his own sufferings, while he acknowledged the duty of patiently waiting and abiding the pleasure of God. Mr. CLAY frequently spoke to me of his hope of eternal life, founded upon the merits of Jesus Christ as a Saviour; who, as he remarked,

came into the world to bring "life and immortality to light." He was a member of the Episcopalian Church. In one of our conversations he told me, that, as his hour of dissolution approached, he found that his affections were concentrating more and more upon his domestic circle—his wife and children. In my daily visits he was in the habit of asking me to detail to him the transactions of the Senate. This I did, and he manifested much interest in passing occurrences. His inquiries were less frequent as his end approached. For the week preceding his death he seemed to be altogether abstracted from the concerns of the world. When he became so low that he could not converse without being fatigued, he frequently requested those around him to converse. He would then quietly listen. He retained his mental faculties in great perfection. His memory remained perfect. He frequently mentioned events and conversations of recent occurrence, showing that he had a perfect recollection of what was said and done. He said to me that he was grateful to God for continuing to him the blessing of reason, which enabled him to contemplate and reflect on his situation. He manifested, during his confinement, the same characteristics which marked his conduct through the vigor of his life. He was exceedingly averse to give his friends "trouble," as he called it. Some time before he knew it, we commenced waiting through the night in an adjoining room. He said to me, after passing a painful day, "perhaps some one had better remain all night in the parlor." From this time he knew some friend was constantly at hand ready to attend to him.

Mr. PRESIDENT, the majestic form of Mr. CLAY will no more grace these Halls. No more shall we hear that voice, which has so often thrilled and charmed the assembled Representatives of the American people. No more shall we see that waving hand and eye of light, as when he was engaged unfolding his policy in regard to the varied interests of our growing and mighty Republican empire. His voice is silent on earth for ever. The darkness of death has obscured the lustre of his eye. But the memory of his services—not only to his beloved Kentucky, not only to the United States, but for the cause of human freedom and progress throughout the world—will live through future ages, as a bright example, stimulating and encouraging his own countrymen, and

the people of all nations, in their patriotic devotions to country and humanity.

With Christians, there is yet a nobler and a higher thought in regard to Mr. CLAY. They will think of him in connexion with eternity. They will contemplate his immortal spirit, occupying its true relative magnitude among the moral stars of glory in the presence of God. They will think of him as having fulfilled the duties allotted to him on earth, having been regenerated by Divine grace, and having passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and reached an everlasting and happy home in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

On Sunday morning last, I was watching alone at Mr. CLAY's bedside. For the last hour he had been unusually quiet, and I thought he was sleeping. In that, however, he told me I was mistaken. Opening his eyes, and looking at me, he said, "Mr. Underwood, there may be some question where my remains shall be buried. Some persons may designate Frankfort. I wish to repose at the cemetery in Lexington, where many of my friends and connexions are buried." My reply was, "I will endeavor to have your wish executed."

I now ask the Senate to have his corpse transmitted to Lexington, Kentucky, for sepulture. Let him sleep with the dead of that city, in and near which his home has been for more than half a century. For the people of Lexington, the living and the dead, he manifested, by the statement made to me, a pure and holy sympathy, and a desire to cleave unto them as strong as that which bound Ruth to Naomi. It was his anxious wish to return to them before he died, and to realize what the daughter of Moab so strongly felt and beautifully expressed: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

It is fit that the tomb of HENRY CLAY should be in the city of Lexington. In our Revolution, liberty's first libation-blood was poured out in a town of that name in Massachusetts. On hearing it, the pioneers of Kentucky consecrated the name, and applied it to the place where Mr. CLAY desired to be buried. The associations connected with the name harmonize with his character; and the monument erected to his memory at the spot selected by him,

will be visited by the votaries of genius and liberty with that reverence which is inspired at the tomb of Washington. Upon that monument let his epitaph be engraved.

Mr. PRESIDENT, I have availed myself of Dr. Johnson's paraphrase of the epitaph on Thomas Hammer, with a few alterations and additions, to express, in borrowed verse, my admiration for the life and character of Mr. CLAY, and, with this heart-tribute to the memory of my illustrious colleague, I conclude my remarks:—

Born when Freedom her stripes and stars unfurl'd,
 When Revolution shook the startled world—
 Heroes and sages taught his brilliant mind
 To know and love the rights of all mankind.
 "In life's first bloom his public toils began,
 At once commenced the Senator and man :
 In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
 Near fifty years he labor'd for the State.
 In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
 In every act resplendent virtue glow'd ;
 Suspended faction ceased from rage and strife,
 To hear his eloquence and praise his life.
 Resistless merit fixed the Members' choice,
 Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice."
 His talents ripening with advancing years—
 His wisdom growing with his public cares—
 A chosen envoy, war's dark horrors cease,
 And tides of carnage turn to streams of peace.
 Conflicting principles, internal strife,
 Tariff and slavery, disunion rife,
 Are all *compromised* by his great hand,
 And beams of joy illuminate the land.
 Patriot, Christian, Husband, Father, Friend,
 Thy work of life achieved a glorious end !

I offer the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That a committee of six be appointed by the President of the Senate, to take order for superintending the funeral of HENRY CLAY, late a member of this body, which will take place to-morrow at twelve o'clock, m., and that the Senate will attend the same.

Resolved, That the members of the Senate, from a sincere desire of showing every mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, will go into mourning for one month, by the usual mode of wearing crape on the left arm.

Resolved, As a further mark of respect entertained by the Senate for the memory of HENRY CLAY, and his long and distinguished services to his country, that his remains, in pursuance of the known wishes of his family, be removed to the place of sepulture selected by himself at Lexington, in Kentucky, in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and attended by a committee of six Senators, to be appointed by the President of the Senate, who shall have full power to carry this resolution into effect.

Mr. CASS said:—

Mr. PRESIDENT: Again has an impressive warning come to teach us, that in the midst of life we are in death. The ordinary labors of this Hall are suspended, and its contentions hushed, before the power of Him, who says to the storm of human passion as He said of old to the waves of Galilee — PEACE, BE STILL. The lessons of His providence, severe as they may be, often become merciful dispensations, like that which is now spreading sorrow through the land, and which is reminding us that we have higher duties to fulfil, and graver responsibilities to encounter, than those that meet us here, when we lay our hands upon His holy word, and invoke His holy name, promising to be faithful to that Constitution which He gave us in His mercy, and will withdraw only in the hour of our blindness and disobedience, and of His own wrath.

Another great man has fallen in our land, ripe indeed in years and in honors, but never dearer to the American people than when called from the theatre of his services and renown to that final bar where the lofty and the lowly must all meet at last.

I do not rise, upon this mournful occasion, to indulge in the language of panegyric. My regard for the memory of the dead, and for the obligations of the living, would equally rebuke such a course. The severity of truth is, at once, our proper duty and our best consolation. Born during the Revolutionary struggle, our deceased associate was one of the few remaining public men who connect the present generation with the actors in the trying scenes of that eventful period, and whose names and deeds will soon be known only in the history of their country. He was another illustration, and a noble one, too, of the glorious equality of our institutions, which freely offer all their rewards to all who justly seek them; for he was the architect of his own fortune, having made his way in life by self-exertion; and he was an early adventurer in the great forest of the West, then a world of primitive vegetation, but now the abode of intelligence and religion, of prosperity and civilization. But he possessed that intellectual superiority which overcomes surrounding obstacles, and which local seclusion cannot long withhold from general knowledge and appreciation.

It is almost half a century since he passed through Chillicothe, then the seat of Government of Ohio, where I was a member of the Legislature, on his way to take his place in this very body, which is now listening to this reminiscence, and to a feeble tribute of regard from one who then saw him for the first time, but who can never forget the impression he produced by the charms of his conversation, the frankness of his manner, and the high qualities with which he was endowed. Since then he has belonged to his country, and has taken a part, and a prominent part, both in peace and war, in all the great questions affecting her interest and her honor; and though it has been my fortune often to differ from him, yet I believe he was as pure a patriot as ever participated in the councils of a nation, anxious for the public good, and seeking to promote it, during all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life. That he exercised a powerful influence, within the sphere of his action, through the whole country, indeed, we all feel and know; and we know, too, the eminent endowments to which he owed this high distinction. Frank and fearless in the expression of his opinion, and in the performance of his duties, with rare powers of eloquence, which never failed to rivet the attention of his auditory, and which always commanded admiration, even when they did not carry conviction—prompt in decision, and firm in action, and with a vigorous intellect, trained in the contests of a stirring life, and strengthened by enlarged experience and observation, joined withal to an ardent love of country, and to great purity of purpose—these were the elements of his power and success; and we dwell upon them with mournful gratification now, when we shall soon follow him to the cold and silent tomb, where we shall commit “earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” but with the blessed conviction of the truth of that Divine revelation which teaches us that there is life and hope beyond the narrow house, where we shall leave him alone to the mercy of his God and ours.

He has passed beyond the reach of human praise or censure; but the judgment of his contemporaries has preceded and pronounced the judgment of history, and his name and fame will shed lustre upon his country, and will be proudly cherished in the hearts of his countrymen for long ages to come. Yes, they will be cherished and freshly remembered when these marble columns,

that surround us, so often the witnesses of his triumph — but in a few brief hours, when his mortal frame, despoiled of the immortal spirit, shall rest under this dome for the last time, to become the witnesses of his defeat in that final contest, where the mightiest fall before the great destroyer — when these marble columns shall themselves have fallen, like all the works of man, leaving their broken fragments to tell the story of former magnificence, amid the very ruins which announce decay and desolation.

I was often with him during his last illness, when the world and the things of the world were fast fading away before him. He knew that the silver cord was almost loosened, and that the golden bowl was breaking at the fountain; but he was resigned to the will of Providence, feeling that He who gave has the right to take away, in His own good time and manner. After his duty to his Creator, and his anxiety for his family, his first care was for his country, and his first wish for the preservation and perpetuation of the Constitution and the Union — dear to him in the hour of death, as they had ever been in the vigor of life. Of that Constitution and Union, whose defence in the last and greatest crisis of their peril had called forth all his energies, and stimulated those memorable and powerful exertions, which he who witnessed can never forget, and which no doubt hastened the final catastrophe a nation now deplores with a sincerity and unanimity not less honorable to themselves than to the memory of the object of their affections. And when we shall enter that narrow valley, through which he has passed before us, and which leads to the judgment-seat of God, may we be able to say, through faith in his Son, our Saviour, and in the beautiful language of the hymn of the dying Christian — dying, but ever living, and triumphant —

“The world recedes, it disappears —
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend, your wings! I mount — I fly!
Oh, Grave! where is thy victory?
Oh, Death! where is thy sting?”

“Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last hour be like his.”

Mr. HUNTER said:—

Mr. PRESIDENT: We have heard, with deep sensibility, what has just fallen from the Senators who have preceeded me. We have heard, sir, the voice of Kentucky—and, upon this occasion, she had a right to speak—in mingled accents of pride and sorrow; for it has rarely fallen to the lot of any State to lament the loss of such a son. But, Virginia, too, is entitled to her place in this procession; for she cannot be supposed to be unmindful of the tie which bound her to the dead. When the earth opens to receive the mortal part which she gave to man, it is then that affection is eager to bury in its bosom every recollection but those of love and kindness. And, sir, when the last sensible tie is about to be severed, it is then that we look with anxious interest to the deeds of the life, and to the emanations of the heart and the mind, for those more enduring monuments which are the creations of an immortal nature.

In this instance, we can be at no loss for these. This land, sir, is full of the monuments of his genius. His memory is as imperishable as Ameriean history itself, for he was one of those who made it. Sir, he belonged to that marked class who are the men of their century; for it was his rare good fortune not only to have been endowed with the capacity to do great things, but to have enjoyed the opportunities of achieving them. I know, sir, it has been said and deplored, that he wanted some of the advantages of an early education; but it, perhaps, has not been remembered that, in many respects, he enjoyed such opportunities for mental training as can rarely fall to the lot of man. He had not a chanee to learn as much from books, but he had such opportunities of learning from men as few have ever enjoyed. Sir, it is to be remembered that he was reared at a time when there was a state of society, in the Commonwealth which gave him birth, such as has never been seen there before nor since. It was his early privilege to see how justice was administered by a Pendleton and a Wythe, with the last of whom he was in the daily habit of familiar intercourse. He had constant opportunities to observe how forensic questions were managed by a Marshall and a Wickham. He was old enough, too, to have heard and to have appreciated the eloquence of a Patrick Henry, and of George Keith Taylor. In

short, sir, he lived in a society in which the examples of a Jefferson, and a Madison, and a Monroe, were living influences, and on which the setting sun of a Washington cast the mild effulgence of its departing rays.

He was trained, too, as has been well said by the Senator from Michigan, [Mr. Cass,] at a period when the recent Revolutionary struggle had given a more elevated tone to patriotism, and imparted a higher cast to public feeling and to public character. Such lessons were worth, perhaps, more to him than the whole encyclopedia of scholastic learning. Not only were the circumstances of his early training favorable to the development of his genius, but the theatre upon which he was thrown was eminently propitious for its exercise. The circumstances of the early settlement of Kentucky, the generous, daring, and reckless character of the people—all fitted it to be the theatre for the display of those commanding qualities of heart and mind which he so eminently possessed. There can be little doubt but that those people, and their chosen leader, exercised a mutual influence upon each other; and no one can be surprised that, with his brave spirit and commanding eloquence, and fascinating address, he should have led not only there but elsewhere.

I did not know him, Mr. PRESIDENT, as you did, in the freshness of his prime, or in the full maturity of his manhood. I did not hear him, sir, as you have heard him, when his voice roused the spirit of his countrymen for war—when he cheered the drooping, when he rallied the doubting, through all the vicissitudes of a long and doubtful contest. I have never seen him, sir, when, from the height of the Chair, he ruled the House of Representatives by the energy of his will, or when upon the level of the floor he exercised a control almost as absolute, by the mastery of his intellect. When I first knew him, his sun had a little passed its zenith. The effacing hand of time had just begun to touch the lineaments of his manhood. But yet, sir, I saw enough of him to be able to realize what he might have been in the prime of his strength, and in the full vigor of his maturity. I saw him, sir, as you did, when he led the “opposition” during the administration of Mr. Van Buren. I had daily opportunities of witnessing the exhibition of his powers during the extra session under Mr. Tyler’s

administration. And I saw, as we all saw, in a recent contest, the exhibition of power on his part, which was most marvellous in one of his years.

Mr. PRESIDENT, he may not have had as much of analytic skill as some others, in dissecting a subject. It may be, perhaps, that he did not seek to look quite so far ahead as some who have been most distinguished for political forecast. But it may be truly said of Mr. CLAY, that he was no exaggerator. He looked at events through neither end of the telescope, but surveyed them with the natural and the naked eye. He had the capacity of seeing things as the people saw them, and of feeling things as the people felt them. He had, sir, beyond any other man whom I have ever seen, the true mesmeric touch of the orator—the rare art of transferring his impulses to others. Thoughts, feelings, emotions, came from the ready mould of his genius, radiant and glowing, and communicated their own warmth to every heart which received them. His, too, was the power of wielding the higher and intenser forms of passion with a majesty and an ease which none but the great masters of the human heart can ever employ. It was his rare good fortune to have been one of those who form, as it were, a sensible link, a living tradition, which connects one age with another, and through which one generation speaks its thoughts and feelings, and appeals to another. And, unfortunate is it for a country, when it ceases to possess such men, for it is to them that we chiefly owe the capacity to maintain the unity of the great Epos of human history, and preserve the consistency of political action.

Sir, it may be said that the grave is still new-made which covers the mortal remains of one of those great men who have been taken from our midst, and the earth is soon to open to receive another. I know not whether it can be said to be a matter of lamentation, so far as the dead are concerned, that the thread of this life has been clipped when once it has been fully spun. They escape the infirmities of age, and they leave an imperishable name behind them. The loss, sir, is not theirs, but ours; and a loss the more to be lamented, that we see none to fill the places thus made vacant on the stage of public affairs. But it may be well for us, who have much more cause to mourn and to lament such deaths, to

pause amidst the business of life for the purpose of contemplating the spectacle before us, and of drawing the moral from the passing event. It is when death seizes for its victims those who are, by "a head and shoulders, taller than all the rest," that we feel most deeply the uncertainty of human affairs, and that "the glories of our mortal state are shadows, not substantial things." It is, sir, in such instances as the present that we can best study by the light of example the true objects of life, and the wisest ends of human pursuit.

Mr. HALE said:—

MR. PRESIDENT: I hope I shall not be considered obtrusive, if on this occasion for a brief moment, I mingle my humble voice with those that, with an ability that I shall neither attempt nor hope to equal, have sought to do justice to the worth and memory of the deceased, and at the same time appropriately to minister to the sympathies and sorrows of a stricken people. Sir, it is the teaching of inspiration that "no man liveth and no man dieth unto himself."

There is a lesson taught no less in the death than in the life of every man—eminently so in the case of one who has filled a large space and occupied a distinguished position in the thoughts and regard of his fellow-men. Particularly instructive at this time is the event which we now deplore, although the circumstances attending his decease are such as are calculated to assuage rather than aggravate the grief which it must necessarily cause. His time had fully come. The three score and ten marking the ordinary period of human life had for some years been passed, and, full of years and of honors, he has gone to his rest. And now, when the nation is marshalling itself for the contest which is to decide "who shall be greatest," as if to chasten our ambition, to restrain and subdue the violence of passion, to moderate our desires and elevate our hopes, we have the spectacle of one who, by the force of his intellect and the energy of his own purpose, had achieved a reputation which the highest official honors of the Republic might have illustrated, but could not have enhanced, laid low in death—as if, at the very outset of this political contest, on which the nation is now entering, to teach the ambitious and as-

piring the vanity of human pursuit and end of earthly honor. But, sir, I do not intend to dwell on that moral which is taught by the silent lips and closed eye of the illustrious dead, with a force such as no man ever spoke with; but I shall leave the event, with its silent and mute eloquence, to impress its own appropriate teachings on the heart.

In the long and eventful life of Mr. CLAY, in the various positions which he occupied, in the many posts of public duty which he filled, in the many exhibitions which his history affords of untiring energy, of unsurpassed eloquence, and of devoted patriotism, it would be strange indeed if different minds, as they dwell upon the subject, were all to select the same incidents of his life as pre-eminently calculated to challenge admiration and respect.

Sir, my admiration — aye, my affection for Mr. CLAY — was won and secured many years since, even in my school-boy days — when his voice of counsel, encouragement, and sympathy was heard in the other Hall of this Capitol, in behalf of the struggling colonies of the southern portion of this continent, who, in pursuit of their inalienable rights, in imitation of our own forefathers, had unfurled the banner of liberty, and, regardless of consequences, had gallantly rushed into that contest where “life is lost, or freedom won.” And again, sir, when Greece, rich in the memories of the past, awoke from the slumber of ages of oppression and centuries of shame, and resolved

“To call her virtues back, and conquer time and fate” —

there, over the plains of that classic land, above the din of battle and the clash of arms, mingling with the shouts of the victors and the groans of the vanquished, were heard the thrilling and stirring notes of that same eloquence, excited by a sympathy which knew no bounds, wide as the world, pleading the cause of Grecian liberty before the American Congress, as if to pay back to Greece the debt which every patriot and orator felt was her due. Sir, in the long and honorable career of the deceased, there are many events and circumstances upon which his friends and posterity will dwell with satisfaction and pride, but none which will preserve his memory with more unfading lustre to future ages than the course he pursued in the Spanish-American and Greek revolutions.

Mr. CLEMENS said:—

Mr. PRESIDENT: I should not have thought it necessary to add any thing to what has already been said, but for a request preferred by some of the friends of the deceased. I should have been content to mourn him in silence, and left it to other tongues to pronounce his eulogy. What I have now to say shall be brief—very brief.

Mr. PRESIDENT, it is now less than three short years ago since I first entered this body. At that period it numbered among its members many of the most illustrious statesmen this Republic has ever produced, or the world has ever known. Of the living, it is not my purpose to speak; but in that brief period, death has been busy here; and, as if to mark the feebleness of human things, his arrows have been aimed at the highest, the mightiest of us all. First, died CALHOUN. And well, sir, do I remember the deep feeling evinced on that occasion by him whose death has been announced here to-day, when he said: “I was his senior in years—in nothing else. In the course of nature I ought to have preceded him. It has been decreed otherwise; but I know that I shall linger here only a short time, and shall soon follow him.” It was genius mourning over his younger brother, and too surely predicting his own approaching end.

He, too, is now gone from among us, and left none like him behind. That voice, whose every tone was music, is hushed and still. That clear, bright eye is dim and lustreless, and that breast, where grew and flourished every quality which could adorn and dignify our nature, is cold as the clod that soon must cover it. A few hours have wrought a mighty change—a change for which a lingering illness had, indeed, in some degree, prepared us; but which, nevertheless, will still fall upon the nation with crushing force. Many a sorrowing heart is now asking, as I did yesterday, when I heard the first sound of the funeral bell—

“And is he gone?—the pure of the purest,
The hand that upheld our bright banner the surest,
Is he gone from our struggles away?
But yesterday lending a people new life,
Cold, mute, in the coffin to-day.”

MR. PRESIDENT, this is an occasion when eulogy must fail to perform its office. The long life which is now ended is a history of glorious deeds too mighty for the tongue of praise. It is in the hearts of his countrymen that his best epitaph must be written. It is in the admiration of a world that his renown must be recorded. In that deep love of country which distinguished every period of his life, he may not have been unrivalled. In loftiness of intellect, he was not without his peers. The skill with which he touched every chord of the human heart may have been equalled. The iron will, the unbending firmness, the fearless courage, which marked his character, may have been shared by others. But where shall we go to find all these qualities united, concentrated, blended into one brilliant whole, and shedding a lustre upon one single head, which does not dazzle the beholder only because it attracts his love and demands his worship?

I scarcely know, sir, how far it may be allowable, upon an occasion like this, to refer to party struggles which have left wounds not yet entirely healed. I will venture, however, to suggest, that it should be a source of consolation to his friends that he lived long enough to see the full accomplishment of the last great work of his life, and to witness the total disappearance of that sectional tempest which threatened towhelm the Republic in ruins. Both the great parties of the country have agreed to stand upon the platform which he erected, and both of them have solemnly pledged themselves to maintain unimpaired the work of his hands. I doubt not the knowledge of this cheered him in his dying moments, and helped to steal away the pangs of dissolution.

MR. PRESIDENT, if I knew any thing more that I could say, I would gladly utter it. To me, he was something more than kind, and I am called upon to mingle a private with the public grief. I wish that I could do something to add to his fame. But he built for himself a monument of immortality, and left to his friends no task but that of soothing their own sorrow for his loss. We pay to him the tribute of our tears. More we have no power to bestow. Patriotism, honor, genius, courage, have all come to strew their garlands about his tomb; and well they may, for he was the peer of them all.

Mr. COOPER said:—

Mr. PRESIDENT: It is not always by words that the living pay to the dead the sincerest and most eloquent tribute. The tears of a nation, flowing spontaneously over the grave of a public benefactor, is a more eloquent testimonial of his worth and of the affection and veneration of his countrymen, than the most highly-wrought eulogium of the most gifted tongue. The heart is not necessarily the fountain of words, but it is always the source of tears, whether of joy, gratitude, or grief. But sincere, truthful, and eloquent, as they are, they leave no permanent record of the virtues and greatness of him on whose tomb they are shed. As the dews of heaven falling at night are absorbed by the earth, or dried up by the morning sun, so the tears of a people, shed for their benefactor, disappear without leaving a trace to tell to future generations of the services, sacrifices, and virtues of him to whose memory they were a grateful tribute. But as homage paid to virtue is an incentive to it, it is right that the memory of the good, the great, and noble of the earth should be preserved and honored.

The ambition, Mr. PRESIDENT, of the truly great, is more the hope of living in the memory and estimation of future ages than of possessing power in their own. It is this hope that stimulates them to perseverance; that enables them to encounter disappointment, ingratitude, and neglect, and to press on through toils, privations, and perils to the end. It was not the hope of discovering a world, over which he should himself exercise dominion, that sustained Columbus in all his trials. It was not for this he braved danger, disappointment, poverty, and reproach. It was not for this he subdued his native pride, wandered from kingdom to kingdom, kneeling at the feet of princes, a suppliant for means to prosecute his sublime enterprise. It was not for this, after having at last secured the patronage of Isabella, that he put off in his crazy and ill-appointed fleet into unknown seas, to struggle with storms and tempests, and the rage of a mutinous crew. It was another and nobler kind of ambition that stimulated him to contend with terror, superstition, and despair, and to press forward on his perilous course, when the needle in his compass, losing its polarity, seemed to unite with the fury of the elements and the insub-

ordination of his crew in turning him back from his perilous but glorious undertaking. It was the hope which was realized at last, when his ungrateful country was compelled to inscribe, as an epitaph on his tomb—

“COLUMBUS HAS GIVEN A NEW WORLD TO THE KINGDOMS OF
CASTILE AND LEON,”

that enabled him, at first, to brave so many disappointments, and at last, to conquer the multitude of perils that beset his pathway on the deep. This, sir, is the ambition of the truly great—not to achieve present fame, but future immortality. This being the case, it is befitting here to-day, to add to the life of HENRY CLAY the record of his death, signalized as it is by a nation's gratitude and grief. It is right that posterity should learn from us, the contemporaries of the illustrious deceased, that his virtues and services were appreciated by his country, and acknowledged by the tears of his countrymen poured out upon his grave.

The career of HENRY CLAY was a wonderful one. And what an illustration of the excellence of our institutions would a retrospect of his life afford! Born in an humble station, without any of the adventitious aids of fortune by which the obstructions on the road to fame are smoothed, he rose not only to the most exalted eminence of position, but likewise to the highest place in the affections of his countrymen. Taking into view the disadvantages of his early position, disadvantages against which he had always to contend, his career is without a parallel in the history of great men. To have seen him a youth, without friends or fortune, and with but a scanty education, who would have ventured to predict for him a course so brilliant and beneficent, and a fame so well deserved and enduring? Like the pine, which sometimes springs up amidst the rocks on the mountain side, with scarce a crevice in which to fix its roots, or soil to nourish them, but which, nevertheless, overtops all the trees of the surrounding forest, HENRY CLAY, by his own inherent, self-sustaining energy and genius, rose to an altitude of fame almost unequalled in the age in which he lived. As an orator, legislator, and statesman, he had no superior. All his faculties were remarkable, and in remarkable combination. Possessed of a brilliant genius and fertile imagination, his judgment

was sound, discriminating, and eminently practical. Of an ardent and impetuous temperament, he was nevertheless persevering and firm of purpose. Frank, bold, and intrepid, he was cautious in providing against the contingencies and obstacles which might possibly rise up in the road to success. Generous, liberal, and entertaining broad and expanded views of national policy, in his legislative course he never transcended the limits of a wise economy.

But, Mr. PRESIDENT, of all his faculties, that of making friends, and attaching them to him, was the most remarkable and extraordinary. In this respect, he seemed to possess a sort of fascination, by which all who came into his presence were attracted towards, and bound to him by ties which neither time nor circumstances had power to dissolve or weaken. In the admiration of his friends was the recognition of the divinity of intellect; in their attachment to him, a confession of his generous personal qualities and social virtues.

Of the public services of Mr. CLAY, the present occasion affords no room for a sketch more extended than that which his respected colleague [Mr. UNDERWOOD] has presented. It is, however, sufficient to say, that for more than forty years he has been a prominent actor in the drama of American affairs. During the late war with England, his voice was more potent than any other in awakening the spirit of the country, infusing confidence into the people, and rendering available the resources for carrying on the contest. In our domestic controversies, threatening the peace of the country and the integrity of the Union, he has always been first to note danger, as well as to suggest the means of averting it. When the waters of the great political deep were upheaved by the tempest of discord, and the ark of the Union, freighted with the hopes and destinies of freedom, tossing about on the raging billows, and drifting every moment nearer to the vortex which threatened to swallow it up, it was his clarion voice, rising above the storm, that admonished the crew of impending peril, and counselled the way to safety.

But, Mr. PRESIDENT, devotedly as he loved his country, his aspirations were not limited to its welfare alone. Wherever freedom had a votary, that votary had a friend in HENRY CLAY; and

in the struggle of the Spanish colonies for independence he uttered words of encouragement, which have become the mottos on the banners of freedom in every land. But neither the services which he has rendered his own country, nor his wishes for the welfare of others, nor his genius, nor the affection of friends, could turn aside the destroyer. No price could purchase exemption from the common lot of humanity. HENRY CLAY, the wise, the great, the gifted, had to die; and his history is summed up in the biography which the Russian poet has prepared for all, kings and serfs—

* * * * “born, living, dying,
Quitting the still shore for the troubled wave,
Struggling with storm-clouds, over shipwrecks flying,
And casting anchor in the silent grave.”

But though time would not spare him, there is still this of consolation: he died peacefully and happy, ripe in renown, full of years and of honors, and rich in the affections of his country. He had, too, the unspeakable satisfaction of closing his eyes whilst the country he had loved so much, and served so well, was still in the enjoyment of peace, happiness, union, and prosperity—still advancing in all the elements of wealth, greatness, and power.

I know, Mr. PRESIDENT, how unequal I have been to the apparently self-imposed task of presenting, in an appropriate manner, the merits of the illustrious deceased. But if I had remained silent on an occasion like this, when the hearts of my constituents are swelling with grief, I would have been disowned by them. It is for this reason—that of giving utterance to their feelings as well as of my own—that I have trespassed on the time of the Senate. I would that I could have spoken fitter words; but, such as they are, they were uttered by the tongue in response to the promptings of the heart.

Mr. SEWARD said:—

Mr. PRESIDENT: Fifty years ago, HENRY CLAY of Virginia, already adopted by Kentucky, then as youthful as himself, entered the service of his country, a representative in the unpretending Legislature of that rising State; and having thenceforward, with ardor and constancy, pursued the gradual paths of an aspiring change through Halls of Congress, Foreign Courts, and Executive

Councils, he has now, with the cheerfulness of a patriot, and the serenity of a Christian, fitly closed his long and arduous career, here in the Senate, in the full presence of the Republic, looking down upon the scene with anxiety and alarm, not merely a Senator like one of us, who yet remain in the Senate House, but filling that character which, though it had no authority of law, and was assigned without suffrage, Augustus Cæsar, nevertheless, declared was above the title of Emperor—*Primus inter Illustres*—the Prince of the Senate.

Generals are tried, Mr. PRESIDENT, by examining the campaigns they have lost or won, and statesmen by reviewing the transactions in which they have been engaged. Hamilton would have been unknown to us, had there been no Constitution to be created; as Brutus would have died in obscurity, had there been no Cæsar to be slain.

Colonization, Revolution, and Organization—three great acts in the drama of our National Progress—had already passed when the Western Patriot appeared on the public stage. He entered in that next division of the majestic scenes which was marked by an inevitable reaction of political forces, a wild strife of factions, and ruinous embarrassments in our foreign relations. This transition stage is always more perilous than any other in the career of nations, and especially in the career of republics. It proved fatal to the Commonwealth in England. Scarcely any of the Spanish-American States have yet emerged from it; and more than once it has been sadly signalized by the ruin of the Republican cause in France.

The continuous administration of Washington and John Adams had closed under a cloud, which had thrown a broad, dark shadow over the future; the nation was deeply indebted at home and abroad, and its credit was prostrate. The Revolutionary factions had given place to two inveterate parties, divided by a gulf which had been worn by the conflict in which the Constitution was adopted, and made broader and deeper by a war of prejudices concerning the merits of the belligerents in the great European struggle that then convulsed the civilized world. Our extraordinary political system was little more than an ingenious theory, not yet practically established. The union of the States was as yet

only one of compact; for the political, social, and commercial necessities to which it was so marvellously adapted, and which, clustering thickly upon it, now render it indissoluble, had not then been broadly disclosed, nor had the habits of acquiescence, and the sentiments of loyalty, always slow of growth, fully ripened. The bark that had gone to sea, thus unfurnished and untried, seemed quite certain to founder by reason of its own inherent frailty, even if it should escape unharmed in the great conflict of nations, which acknowledged no claims of justice, and tolerated no pretensions of neutrality. Moreover, the territory possessed by the nation was inadequate to commercial exigencies and indispensable social expansion; and yet no provision had been made for enlargement, nor for extending the political system over distant regions, inhabited or otherwise, which must inevitably be acquired. Nor could any such acquisition be made, without disturbing the carefully-adjusted balance of powers among the members of the Confederacy.

These difficulties, Mr. PRESIDENT, although they grew less with time and by slow degrees, continued throughout the whole life of the statesman whose obsequies we are celebrating. Be it known, then, and I am sure that history will confirm the instruction, that Conservatism was the interest of the nation, and the responsibility of its rulers, during the period in which he flourished. He was ardent, bold, generous, and even ambitious; and yet with a profound conviction of the true exigencies of the country, like Alexander Hamilton, he disciplined himself and trained a restless nation, that knew only self-control, to the rigorous practice of that often humiliating conservatism, which its welfare and security in that particular crisis so imperiously demanded.

It could not happen, sir, to any citizen to have acted alone, nor even to have acted always the most conspicuous part in a trying period so long protracted. HENRY CLAY, therefore, shared the responsibilities of Government with not only his proper contemporaries, but also survivors of the Revolution, as well as also many who will succeed himself. Delicacy forbids the naming of those who retain their places here, but we may, without impropriety, recall among his conpeers a Senator of vast resources and inflexible resolve, who has recently withdrawn from this Chamber, but

I trust not altogether from public life, (Mr. BENTON;) and another, who, surpassing all his contemporaries within his country, and even throughout the world, in proper eloquence of the forum, now in autumnal years, for a second time dignifies and adorns the highest seat in the Executive Council, (Mr. WEBSTER.) Passing by these eminent and noble men, the shades of Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Monroe, and Jefferson, rise up before us — statesmen, whose living and local fame has ripened already into historical and world-wide renown.

Among geniuses so lofty as these, HENRY CLAY bore a part in regulating the constitutional freedom of political debate; establishing that long-contested and most important line which divides the sovereignty of the several States from that of the States confederated; asserting the right of Neutrality, and vindicating it by a war against Great Britain, when that just but extreme measure became necessary; adjusting the terms on which that perilous yet honorable contest was brought to a peaceful close; perfecting the Army and the Navy, and the national fortifications; settling the fiscal and financial policy of the Government in more than one crisis of apparently threatened revolution; asserting and calling into exercise the powers of the Government for making and improving internal communications between the States; arousing and encouraging the Spanish-American Colonies on this continent to throw off the foreign yoke, and to organize Governments on principles congenial to our own, and thus creating external bulwarks for our own national defence; establishing equal and impartial peace and amity with all existing maritime Powers; and extending the constitutional organization of Government over all the vast regions secured in his lifetime by purchase or by conquest, whereby the pillars of the Republic have been removed from the banks of the St. Mary to the borders of the Rio Grande, and from the margin of the Mississippi to the Pacific coast. We may not yet discuss here the wisdom of the several measures which have thus passed in review before us, nor of the positions which the deceased statesman assumed in regard to them, but we may, without offence, dwell upon the comprehensive results of them all.

The Union exists in absolute integrity, and the Republican system is in complete and triumphant development. Without

having relinquished any part of their individuality, the States have more than doubled already, and are increasing in numbers and political strength and expansion, more rapidly than ever before. Without having absorbed any State, or having even encroached on any State, the Confederation has opened itself, so as to embrace all the new members who have come, and now, with capacity for further and indefinite enlargements, has become fixed, enduring, and perpetual. Although it was doubted only half a century ago whether our political system could be maintained at all, and whether, if maintained, it could guarantee the peace and happiness of society, it stands now confessed by the world the form of Government not only most adapted to Empire, but also most congenial with the constitution of Human Nature.

When we consider that the nation has been conducted to this haven, not only through stormy seas, but altogether, also, without a course and without a star; and when we consider, moreover, the sum of happiness that has already been enjoyed by the American People, and still more the influence which the great achievement is exerting for the advancement and melioration of the condition of mankind, we see at once that it might have satisfied the highest ambition to have been, no matter how humbly, concerned in so great transaction.

Certainly, sir, no one will assert that HENRY CLAY in that transaction performed an obscure or even a common part. On the contrary, from the day on which he entered the public service until that on which he passed the gates of death, he was never a follower, but always a leader; and he marshalled either the party which sustained or that which resisted every great measure, equally in the Senate and among the people. He led where duty seemed to him to indicate, reckless whether he encountered one President or twenty Presidents, whether he was opposed by factions or even by the whole people. Hence it has happened, that although that people are not yet agreed among themselves on the wisdom of all, or perhaps of even any of his great measures, yet they are nevertheless unanimous in acknowledging that he was at once the greatest, the most faithful and the most reliable of their statesmen. Here the effort at discriminating praise of HENRY CLAY, in regard

to his public policy, must stop in this place, even on this sad occasion which awakens the ardent liberality of his generous survivors.

But his personal qualities may be discussed without apprehension. What were the elements of the success of that extraordinary man? You, sir, knew him longer and better than I, and I would prefer to hear you speak of them. He was indeed eloquent—all the world knows that. He held the keys to the hearts of his countrymen, and he turned the wards within them with a skill attained by no other master.

But eloquence was nevertheless only an instrument, and one of many that he used. His conversation, his gesture, his very look, was persuasive, seductive, irresistible. And his appliance of all these was courteous, patient and indefatigable. Defeat only inspired him with new resolution. He divided opposition by his assiduity of address, while he rallied and strengthened his own bands of supporters by the confidence of success which, feeling himself, he easily inspired among his followers. His affections were high, and pure, and generous, and the chiefest among them was that which the great Italian poet designated as the charity of native land. And in him that charity was an enduring and over-powering enthusiasm, and it influenced all his sentiments and conduct, rendering him more impartial between conflicting interests and sections than any other statesman who has lived since the Revolution. Thus with very great versatility of talent and the most catholic equality of favor, he identified every question, whether of domestic administration or foreign policy, with his own great name, and so became a perpetual Tribune of the people. He needed only to pronounce in favor of a measure or against it, here, and immediately popular enthusiasm, excited as by a magic wand, was felt, overcoming all opposition in the Senate Chamber.

In this way he wrought a change in our political system, that I think was not foreseen by its founders. He converted this branch of the Legislature from a negative position, or one of equilibrium between the Executive and the House of Representatives, into the active ruling power of the Republic. Only time can disclose whether this great innovation shall be beneficent, or even permanent.

Certainly, sir, the great lights of the Senate have set. The obscuration is not less palpable to the country than to us, who are

left to grope our uncertain way here, as in a labyrinth, oppressed with self-distrust. The times, too, present new embarrassments. We are rising to another and a more sublime stage of natural progress,—that of expanding wealth and rapid territorial aggrandizement. Our institutions throw a broad shadow across the St. Lawrence, and stretching beyond the valley of Mexico, reaches even to the plains of Central America; while the Sandwich Islands and the shores of China recognise its renovating influence. Wherever that influence is felt, a desire for protection under those institutions is awakened. Expansion seems to be regulated, not by any difficulties of resistance, but by the moderation which results from our own internal constitution. No one knows how rapidly that restraint may give way. Who can tell how far or how fast it ought to yield? Commerce has brought the ancient continents near to us, and created necessities for new positions—perhaps connections or colonies there—and with the trade and friendship of the elder nations their conflicts and collisions are brought to our doors and to our hearts. Our sympathy kindles, our indifference extinguishes the fire of freedom in foreign lands. Before we shall be fully conscious that a change is going on in Europe, we may find ourselves once more divided by that eternal line of separation that leaves on the one side those of our citizens who obey the impulses of sympathy, while on the other are found those who submit only to the counsels of prudence. Even prudence will soon be required to decide whether distant regions, East and West, shall come under our own protection, or be left to aggrandize a rapidly spreading and hostile domain of despotism.

Sir, who among us is equal to these mighty questions? I fear there is no one. Nevertheless, the example of HENRY CLAY remains for our instruction. His genius has passed to the realms of light, but his virtues still live here for our emulation. With them there will remain also the protection and favor of the Most High, if by the practice of justice and the maintenance of freedom we shall deserve it. Let, then, the bier pass on. With sorrow, but not without hope, we will follow the revered form that it bears to its final resting place; and then, when that grave opens at our feet to receive such an inestimable treasure, we will invoke the God of

our fathers to send us new guides, like him that is now withdrawn, and give us wisdom to obey their instructions.

Mr. JONES, of Iowa, said :

Mr. PRESIDENT: Of the vast number who mourn the departure of the great man whose voice has so often been heard in this Hall, I have peculiar cause to regret that dispensation which has removed him from among us. He was the guardian and director of my collegiate days; four of his sons were my collegemates and my warm friends. My intercourse with the father was that of a youth and a friendly adviser. I shall never cease to feel grateful to him — to his now heart-stricken and bereaved widow and children, for their many kindnesses to me during four or five years of my life. I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with him, first, as a delegate in Congress, while he was a member of this body from 1835 to 1839, and again in 1848, as a member of this branch of Congress; and during the whole of which period, some eight years, none but the most kindly feeling existed between us.

As an humble and unimportant Senator, it was my fortune to co-operate with him throughout the whole of the exciting session of 1849-'50 — the labor and excitement of which is said to have precipitated his decease. That co-operation did not end with the accordant vote on this floor, but, in consequence of the unyielding opposition to the series of measures known as the "compromise," extended to many private meetings held by its friends, at all of which Mr. CLAY was present. And whether in public or private life, he everywhere continued to inspire me with the most exalted estimate of his patriotism and statesmanship. Never shall I forget the many ardent appeals he made to Senators, in and out of the Senate, in favor of the settlement of our then unhappy sectional differences.

Immediately after the close of that memorable session of Congress, during which the nation beheld his great and almost super-human efforts upon this floor to sustain the wise counsels of the "Father of his Country," I accompanied him home to Ashland, at his invitation, to revisit the place where my happiest days had been spent, with the friends who there continued to reside. During that, to me, most agreeable and instructive journey, in many

conversations he evinced the utmost solicitude for the welfare and honor of the Republic, all tending to show that he believed the happiness of the people and the cause of liberty throughout the world depended upon the continuance of our glorious Union, and the avoidance of those sectional dissensions which could but alienate the affections of one portion of the people from another. With the sincerity and fervor of a true patriot, he warned his companions in that journey to withhold all aid from men who labored, and from every cause which tended, to sow the seeds of disunion in the land; and to oppose such, he declared himself willing to forego all the ties and associations of mere party.

At a subsequent period, sir, this friend of my youth, at my earnest and repeated entreaties, consented to take a sea voyage from New York to Havana. He remained at the latter place a fortnight, and then returned by New Orleans to Ashland. That excursion by sea, he assured me, contributed much to relieve him from the sufferings occasioned by the disease which has just terminated his eventful and glorious life. Would to Heaven that he could have been persuaded to abandon his duties as a Senator, and to have remained during the past winter and spring upon that Island of Cuba! The country would not now, perhaps, have been called to mourn his loss.

In some matters of policy connected with the administration of our General Government, I have disagreed with him, yet the purity and sincerity of his motives I never doubted; and as a true lover of his country, as an honorable and honest man, I trust his example will be reverenceed and followed by the men of this, and of succeeding generations.

Mr. BROOKE said:—

Mr. PRESIDENT: As an ardent, personal admirer and political friend of the distinguished dead, I claim the privilege of adding my humble tribute of respect to his memory, and of joining in the general expression of sorrow that has gone forth from this Chamber. Death, at all times, is an instructive monitor, as well as a mournful messenger; but when his fatal shaft hath stricken down the great in intellect and renown, how doubly impressive the lesson that it brings home to the heart, that the grave is the com-

mon lot of all—the great leveller of all earthly distinctions! But at the same time we are taught, that in one sense, the good and great can never die; for the memory of their virtues and their bright example will live through all coming time, in an immortality that blooms beyond the grave. The consolation of this thought may calm our sorrow; and, in the language of one of our own poets, it may be asked—

“Why weep ye, then, for him, who having run
The bound of man’s appointed years, at last,
Life’s blessings all enjoyed, life’s labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has pass’d;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers, like twilight hues when the bright sun has set?”

It will be doing no injustice, sir, to the living or the dead, to say, that no better specimen of the true American character can be found in our history than that of Mr. CLAY. With no adventitious advantages of birth or fortune, he won his way by the efforts of his own genius to the highest distinction and honor. Ardently attached to the principles of civil and religious liberty, patriotism was with him both a passion and a sentiment—a passion that gave energy to his ambition, and a sentiment that pervaded all his thoughts and actions, concentrating them upon his country as the idol of his heart. The bold and manly frankness in the expression of his opinions which always characterized him, has often been the subject of remark; and in all his victories it may be truly said, he never “stooped to conquer.” In his long and brilliant political career, personal considerations never for a single instant caused him to swerve from the strict line of duty, and none have ever doubted his deep sincerity in that memorable expression to Mr. Preston, “Sir, I had rather be right than be President.”

This is not the time nor occasion, sir, to enter into a detail of the public services of Mr. CLAY, interwoven, as they are, with the history of the country for half a century; but I cannot refrain from adverting to the last crowning act of his glorious life—his great effort in the Thirty-first Congress, for the preservation of the peace and integrity of this great Republic, as it was this effort that shattered his bodily strength, and hastened the consummation of

death. The Union of the States, as being essential to our prosperity and happiness, was the paramount proposition in his political creed, and the slightest symptom of danger to its perpetuity filled him with alarm, and called forth all the energies of his body and mind. In his earlier life he had met this danger and overcome it. In the conflict of contending factions it again appeared; and coming forth from the repose of private life, to which age and infirmity had carried him, with unabated strength of intellect, he again entered upon the arena of political strife, and again success crowned his efforts, and peace and harmony were restored to a distracted people. But unequal to the mighty struggle, his bodily strength sank beneath it, and he retired from the field of his glory to yield up his life as a holy sacrifice to his beloved country. It has well been said, that peace has its victories as well as war; and how bright upon the page of history will be the record of this great victory of intellect, of reason, and of moral suasion, over the spirit of discord and sectional animosities!

We this day, Mr. PRESIDENT, commit his memory to the regard and affection of his admiring countrymen. It is a consolation to them, and to us, to know that he died in full possession of his glorious intellect, and, what is better, in the enjoyment of that "peace which the world can neither give nor take away." He sank to rest as the full-orbed king of day, unshorn of a single beam, or rather like the planet of morning, his brightness was but eclipsed by the opening to him of a more full and perfect day —

"No waning of fire, no paling of ray,
But rising, still rising, as passing away.
Farewell, gallant eagle, thou'rt buried in light —
God speed thee to Heaven, lost star of our night."

The resolutions submitted by Mr. UNDERWOOD were then unanimously agreed to.

Ordered, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

On motion, by Mr. UNDERWOOD,

Resolved, That, as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

PROCEEDINGS
IN THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, June 30, 1852.

THE Journal of yesterday having been read—

A message was received from the Senate, by ASBURY DICKINS, Esq., its Secretary, communicating information of the death of HENRY CLAY, late Senator from the State of Kentucky, and the proceedings of the Senate thereon.

The resolutions of the Senate having been read—

Mr. BRECKINRIDGE rose and said:—

Mr. SPEAKER: I rise to perform the melancholy duty of announcing to this body the death of HENRY CLAY, late a Senator in Congress from the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

Mr. CLAY expired at his lodgings in this city yesterday morning, at seventeen minutes past eleven o'clock, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His noble intellect was unclouded to the last. After protracted sufferings, he passed away without pain; and so gently did the spirit leave his frame, that the moment of departure was not observed by the friends who watched at his bedside. His last hours were cheered by the presence of an affectionate son; and he died surrounded by friends who, during his long illness, had done all that affection could suggest to soothe his sufferings.

Although this sad event has been expected for many weeks, the shock it produced, and the innumerable tributes of respect to his memory exhibited on every side, and in every form, prove the depth of the public sorrow, and the greatness of the public loss.

Imperishably associated as his name has been for fifty years with every great event affecting the fortunes of our country, it is difficult to realize that he is indeed gone for ever. It is difficult to feel that we shall see no more his noble form within these walls—that we shall hear no more his patriot tones, now rousing his countrymen to vindicate their rights against a foreign foe, now imploring them to preserve concord among themselves. We shall see him no more. The memory and the fruits of his services alone remain to us. Amidst the general gloom the Capitol itself looks desolate, as if the genius of the place had departed. Already the intelligence has reached almost every quarter of the Republic, and a great people mourn with us, to-day, the death of their most illustrious citizen. Sympathizing, as we do, deeply, with his family and friends, yet private affliction is absorbed in the general sorrow. The spectacle of a whole community lamenting the loss of a great man, is far more touching than any manifestation of private grief. In speaking of a loss which is national, I will not attempt to describe the universal burst of grief with which Kentucky will receive these tidings. The attempt would be vain to depict the gloom that will cover her people, when they know that the pillar of fire is removed, which has guided their footsteps for the life of a generation.

It is known to the country that, from the memorable session of 1849-'50, Mr. CLAY's health gradually declined. Although several years of his Senatorial term remained, he did not propose to continue in the public service longer than the present session. He came to Washington chiefly to defend, if it should become necessary, the measures of adjustment, to the adoption of which he so largely contributed; but the condition of his health did not allow him, at any time, to participate in the discussions of the Senate. Through the winter he was confined almost wholly to his room, with slight changes in his condition, but gradually losing the remnant of his strength. Through the long and dreary winter he conversed much and cheerfully with his friends, and expressed a deep interest in public affairs. Although he did not expect a restoration to health, he cherished the hope that the mild season of spring would bring to him strength enough to return to Ashland, and die in the bosom of his family. But, alas! spring, that brings life to all nature, brought no life nor hope to him. After

the month of March his vital powers rapidly wasted, and for weeks he lay patiently awaiting the stroke of death. But the approach of the destroyer had no terrors for him. No clouds overhung his future. He met the end with composure, and his pathway to the grave was brightened by the immortal hopes which spring from the Christian faith.

Not long before his death, having just returned from Kentucky, I bore to him a token of affection from his excellent wife. Never can I forget his appearance, his manner, or his words. After speaking of his family, his friends, and his country, he changed the conversation to his own future, and looking on me with his fine eye undimmed, and his voice full of its original compass and melody, he said, "I am not afraid to die, sir. I have hope, faith, and some confidence. I do not think any man can be entirely certain in regard to his future state, but I have an abiding trust in the merits and mediation of our Saviour." It will assuage the grief of his family to know that he looked hopefully beyond the tomb, and a Christian people will rejoice to hear that such a man, in his last hours, reposed with simplicity and confidence upon the promises of the Gospel.

It is the custom, on occasions like this, to speak of the parentage and childhood of the deceased, and to follow him, step by step, through life. I will not attempt to relate even all the great events of Mr. CLAY's life, because they are familiar to the whole country, and it would be needless to enumerate a long list of public services which form a part of American history.

Beginning life as a friendless boy, with few advantages, save those conferred by nature, while yet a minor he left Virginia, the State of his birth, and commenced the practice of law at Lexington, in Kentucky. At a bar remarkable for its numbers and talent, Mr. CLAY soon rose to the first rank. At a very early age he was elected from the county of Fayette to the General Assembly of Kentucky, and was the Speaker of that body. Coming into the Senate of the United States, for the first time, in 1806, he entered upon a parliamentary career the most brilliant and successful in our annals. From that time he remained habitually in the public eye. As a Senator, as a member of this House and its Speaker, as a Representative of his country abroad, and as a high

officer in the Executive department of the Government, he was intimately connected for fifty years with every great measure of American policy. Of the mere party measures of this period I do not propose to speak. Many of them have passed away, and are remembered only as the occasions for the great intellectual efforts which marked their discussion. Concerning others, opinions are still divided. They will go into history, with the reasons on either side rendered by the greatest intellects of the time.

As a leader in a deliberative body, Mr. CLAY had no equal in America. In him, intellect, person, eloquence, and courage, united to form a character fit to command. He fired with his own enthusiasm, and controlled by his amazing will, individuals and masses. No reverse could crush his spirit, nor defeat reduce him to despair. Equally erect and dauntless in prosperity and adversity, when successful, he moved to the accomplishment of his purposes with severe resolution; when defeated, he rallied his broken bands around him, and from his eagle eye shot along their ranks the contagion of his own courage. Destined for a leader, he everywhere asserted his destiny. In his long and eventful life he came in contact with men of all ranks and professions, but he never felt that he was in the presence of a man superior to himself. In the assemblies of the people, at the bar, in the Senate—everywhere within the circle of his personal presence he assumed and maintained a position of pre-eminence.

But the supremacy of Mr. CLAY, as a party leader, was not his only, nor his highest title to renown. That title is to be found in the purely patriotic spirit which, on great occasions, always signalized his conduct. We have had no statesman, who, in periods of real and imminent public peril, has exhibited a more genuine and enlarged patriotism than HENRY CLAY. Whenever a question presented itself actually threatening the existence of the Union, Mr. CLAY, rising above the passions of the hour, always exerted his powers to solve it peacefully and honorably. Although more liable than most men, from his impetuous and ardent nature, to feel strongly the passions common to us all, it was his rare faculty to be able to subdue them in a great crisis, and to hold toward all sections of the confederacy the language of concord and brotherhood.

Sir, it will be a proud pleasure to every true American heart to remember the great occasions when Mr. CLAY has displayed a sublime patriotism — when the ill-temper engendered by the times, and the miserable jealousies of the day, seemed to have been driven from his bosom by the expulsive power of nobler feelings — when every throb of his heart was given to his country, every effort of his intellect dedicated to her service. Who does not remember the three periods when the American system of Government was exposed to its severest trials; and who does not know that when history shall relate the struggle which preceded, and the dangers which were averted by the Missouri compromise, the Tariff compromise of 1832, and the adjustment of 1850, the same pages will record the genius, the eloquence, and the patriotism of HENRY CLAY?

Nor was it in Mr. CLAY's nature to lag behind until measures of adjustment were matured, and then come forward to swell a majority. On the contrary, like a bold and real statesman, he was ever among the first to meet the peril, and hazard his fame upon the remedy. It is fresh in the memory of us all that, when lately the fury of sectional discord threatened to sever the confederacy, Mr. CLAY, though withdrawn from public life, and oppressed by the burden of years, came back to the Senate — the theatre of his glory — and devoted the remnant of his strength to the sacred duty of preserving the union of the States.

With characteristic courage he took the lead in proposing a scheme of settlement. But while he was willing to assume the responsibility of proposing a plan, he did not, with petty ambition, insist upon its adoption to the exclusion of other modes; but, taking his own as a starting point for discussion and practical action, he nobly labored with his compatriots to change and improve it in such form as to make it an acceptable adjustment. Throughout the long and arduous struggle, the love of country expelled from his bosom the spirit of selfishness, and Mr. CLAY proved, for the third time, that though he was ambitious and loved glory, he had no ambition to mount to fame on the confusions of his country. And this conviction is lodged in the hearts of the people; the party measures and the party passions of former times have not, for several years, interposed between Mr. CLAY and the masses of his

countrymen. After 1850, he seemed to feel that his mission was accomplished, and, during the same period, the regards and affections of the American people have been attracted to him in a remarkable degree. For many months, the warmest feelings, the deepest anxieties of all parties, centered upon the dying statesman; the glory of his great actions shed a mellow lustre on his declining years; and to fill the measure of his fame, his countrymen, weaving for him the laurel wreath, with common hands, did bind it about his venerable brows, and send him crowned, to history.

The life of Mr. CLAY, sir, is a striking example of the abiding fame which surely awaits the direct and candid statesman. The entire absence of equivocation or disguise, in all his acts, was his master-key to the popular heart; for while the people will forgive the errors of a bold and open nature, he sins past forgiveness, who deliberately deceives them. Hence Mr. CLAY, though often defeated in his measures of policy, always secured the respect of his opponents without losing the confidence of his friends. He never paltered in a double sense. The country was never in doubt as to his opinions or his purposes. In all the contests of his time, his position on great public questions, was as clear as the sun in a cloudless sky. Sir, standing by the grave of this great man, and considering these things, how contemptible does appear the mere legerdemain of politics! What a reproach is his life on that false policy which would trifle with a great and upright people! If I were to write his epitaph, I would inscribe, as the highest eulogy, on the stone which shall mark his resting-place, "Here lies a man who was in the public service for fifty years, and never attempted to deceive his countrymen."

While the youth of America should imitate his noble qualities, they may take courage from his career, and note the high proof it affords that, under our equal institutions, the avenues to honor are open to all. Mr. CLAY rose by the force of his own genius, unaided by power, patronage, or wealth. At an age when our young men are usually advanced to the higher schools of learning, provided only with the rudiments of an English education, he turned his steps to the West, and amidst the rude collisions of a border-life, matured a character whose highest exhibitions were destined to mark eras in his country's history. Beginning on the frontiers

of American civilization, the orphan boy, supported only by the consciousness of his own powers, and by the confidence of the people, surmounted all the barriers of adverse fortune, and won a glorious name in the annals of his country. Let the generous youth, fired with honorable ambition, remember that the American system of government offers on every hand bounties to merit. If, like CLAY, orphanage, obscurity, poverty, shall oppress him; yet if, like CLAY, he feels the Promethean spark within, let him remember that this country, like a generous mother, extends her arms to welcome and to cherish every one of her children whose genius and worth may promote her prosperity or increase her renown.

MR. SPEAKER, the signs of woe around us, and the general voice, announce that another great man has fallen. Our consolation is that he was not taken in the vigor of his manhood, but sank into the grave at the close of a long and illustrious career. The great statesmen who have filled the largest space in the public eye, one by one are passing away. Of the three great leaders of the Senate, one alone remains, and he must follow soon. We shall witness no more their intellectual struggles in the American Forum; but the monuments of their genius will be cherished as the common property of the people, and their names will continue to confer dignity and renown upon their country.

Not less illustrious than the greatest of these will be the name of CLAY—a name pronounced with pride by Americans in every quarter of the globe; a name to be remembered while history shall record the struggles of modern Greece for freedom, or the spirit of liberty burn in the South American bosom; a living and immortal name—a name that would descend to posterity without the aid of letters, borne by tradition from generation to generation. Every memorial of such a man will possess a meaning and a value to his countrymen. His tomb will be a hallowed spot. Great memories will cluster there, and his countrymen, as they visit it, may well exclaim—

“Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no creed or code confined;
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meechas of the mind.”

Mr. SPEAKER, I offer the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That the House of Representatives of the United States has received, with the deepest sensibility, intelligence of the death of HENRY CLAY.

Resolved, That the officers and members of the House of Representatives will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, as a testimony of the profound respect this House entertains for the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That the officers and members of the House of Representatives, in a body, will attend the funeral of HENRY CLAY, on the day appointed for that purpose by the Senate of the United States.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this House, in relation to the death of HENRY CLAY, be communicated to the family of the deceased by the Clerk.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, this House do now adjourn.

Mr. EWING rose and said:—

A noble heart has ceased to beat for ever. A long life of brilliant and self-devoted public service is finished at last. We now stand at its conclusion, looking back through the changeful history of that life to its beginning, contemporaneous with the very birth of the Republic, and its varied events mingle, in our hearts and our memories, with the triumphs and calamities, the weakness and the power, the adversity and prosperity, of a country we love so much. As we contemplate this sad event, in this place, the shadows of the past gather over us; the memories of events long gone crowd upon us, and the shades of departed patriots seem to hover about us, and wait to receive into their midst the spirit of one who was worthy to be a co-laborer with them in a common cause, and to share in the rewards of their virtues. Henceforth he must be to us as one of them.

They say he was ambitious. If so, it was a grievous fault, and grievously has he answered it. He has found in it naught but disappointment. It has but served to aggravate the mortification of his defeats, and furnish an additional lustre to the triumph of his foes. Those who come after us may, aye, they will, inquire why his statue stands not among the statues of those whom men thought ablest and worthiest to govern.

But his ambition was a high and holy feeling, unselfish, magnanimous. Its aspirations were for his country's good, and its triumph was his country's prosperity. Whether in honor or reproach, in triumph or defeat, that heart of his never throbbed with one pulsation, save for her honor and her welfare. Turn to him

in that last best deed, and crowning glory of a life so full of public service and of honor, when his career of personal ambition was finished for ever. Rejected again and again by his countrymen; just abandoned by a party which would scarce have had an existence without his genius, his courage, and his labors, that great heart, ever firm and defiant to the assaults of his enemies, but defenceless against the ingratitude of friends, doubtless wrung with the bitterest mortification of his life—then it was, and under such circumstances as these, the gathering storm rose upon his country. All eyes turned to him; all voices called for those services which, in the hour of prosperity and security, they had so carelessly rejected. With no misanthropic chagrin; with no morose, selfish resentment, he forgot all but his country, and that country endangered. He returns to the scene of his labors and his fame which he had thought to have left for ever. A scene—that American Senate Chamber—clothed in no gorgeous drapery, shrouded in no superstitious awe or ancient reverence for hereditary power, but to a reflecting American mind more full of interest, or dignity, and of grandeur than any spot on this broad earth, not made holy by religion's consecrating seal. See him as he enters there, tremblingly, but hopefully, upon the last, most momentous, perhaps most doubtful conflict of his life. Sir, many a gay tournament has been more dazzling to the eye of fancy, more gorgeous and imposing in the display of jewelry and cloth of gold, in the sound of heralds' trumpets, in the grand array of princely beauty and of royal pride. Many a battle-field has trembled beneath a more ostentatious parade of human power, and its conquerors have been crowned with laurels, honored with triumphs, and apotheosised amid the demigods of history; but to the thoughtful, hopeful, philanthropic student of the annals of his race, never was there a conflict in which such dangers were threatened, such hopes imperiled, or the hero of which deserved a warmer gratitude, a nobler triumph, or a prouder monument.

Sir, from that long, anxious, and exhausting conflict, he never rose again. In that last battle for his country's honor and his country's safety, he received the mortal wound which laid him low, and we now mourn the death of a martyred patriot.

But never, in all the grand drama which the story of his life arrays, never has he presented a sublimer or a more touching spectacle than in those last days of his decline and death. Broken with the storms of State, wounded and seathed in many a fiery conflict, that aged, worn, and decayed body, in such mournful contrast with the never-dying strength of his giant spirit, he seemed a proud and sacred, though a crumbling monument of past glory. Standing among us, like some ancient colossal ruin amid the degenerate and more diminutive structures of modern times, its vast proportions magnified by the contrast, he reminded us of those days when there were giants in the land, and we remembered that even then there was none whose prowess could withstand his arm. To watch him in that slow decline, yielding with dignity, and, as it were, inch by inch, to that last enemy, as a hero yields to a conquering foe, the glorious light of his intellect blazing still in all its wonted brilliancy, and setting at defiance the clouds that vainly attempted to obscure it, he was more full of interest than in the day of his glory and his power. There are some men whose brightest intellectual emanations rise so little superior to the instincts of the animal, that we are led fearfully to doubt that cherished truth of the soul's immortality, which, even in despair, men press to their doubting hearts. But it is in the death of such a man as he that we are reassured by the contemplation, of a kindred, though superior, spirit, of a soul which, immortal, like his fame, knows no old age, no decay, no death.

The wondrous light of his unmatched intellect may have dazzled a world; the eloquence of that inspired tongue may have enchanted millions, but there are few who have sounded the depths of that noble heart. To see him in sickness and in health, in joy and in sadness, in the silent watches of the night and in the busy daytime—this it was to know and love him. To see the impetuous torrent of that resistless will; the hurricane of those passions hushed in peace, breathe calm and gently as a summer zephyr; to feel the gentle pressure of that hand in the grasp of friendship, which, in the rage of fiery conflict, would hurl scorn and defiance at his foe; to see that eagle eye, which oft would burn with patriotic ardor, or flash with the lightning of his anger, beam with the kindest expressions of tenderness and affection—then it was,

and then alone, we could learn to know and feel that that heart was warmed by the same sacred fire from above which enkindled the light of his resplendent intellect. In the death of such a man even patriotism itself might pause, and for a moment stand aloof while friendship shed a tear of sorrow upon his bier.

“ His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix’d in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*”

But who can estimate his country’s loss ? What tongue portray the desolation which in this hour throughout this broad land hangs like a gloomy pall over his grief-stricken countrymen ? How poorly can words like mine translate the eloquence of a whole people’s grief for a patriot’s death. For a nation’s loss let a nation mourn. For that stupendous calamity to our country and mankind, be the heavens hung with black ; let the wailing elements chant his dirge, and the universal heart of man throb with one common pang of grief and anguish.

Mr. CASKIE said :—

Mr. SPEAKER: Unwell as I am, I must try to lay a single laurel leaf in that open coffin which is already garlanded by the eloquent tributes to the illustrious departed, which have been heard in this now solemn Hall ; for I come, sir, from the district of his birth. I represent on this floor that old Hanover so proud of her Henrys—her Patrick Henry and her HENRY CLAY. I speak for a People among whom he has always had as earnest and devoted friends as were ever the grace and glory of a patriot and statesman.

I shall attempt no sketch of his life. That you have had from other and abler hands than mine. Till yesterday that life was, of his own free gift, the property of his country ; to-day it belongs to her history. It is known to all, and will not be forgotten. Constant, stern opponent of his political school, as has been my State, I say for her, that no where in this broad land are his great qualities more admired, or is his death more mourned, than in Virginia. Well may this be so ; for she is his mother, and he was her son.

MR. SPEAKER, when I remember the party strifes in which he was so much mingled, and through which we all more or less have passed, and then survey this scene, and think how far, as the lightning has borne the news that he is gone, half-masted flags are drooping and church bells are tolling, and hearts are sorrowing, I can but feel that it is good for man to die. For when Death enters, O! how the unkindnesses, and jealousies, and rivalries of life do vanish, and how like incense from an altar do peace, and friendship, and all the sweet charities of our nature, rise around the corpse which was once a man ! And of a truth, MR. SPEAKER, never was more of veritable noble *manhood* cased in mortal mould than was found in him to whose memory this brief and humble, yet true and heartfelt, tribute is paid. But his eloquent voice is hushed, his high heart is stilled. "Like a shock of corn fully ripe, he has been gathered to his fathers." With more than three score years and ten upon him, and honors clustered thick about him, in the full possession of unclouded intellect, and all the consolations of Christianity, he has met the fate which is evitable by none. Lamented by all his countrymen, his name is bright on Fame's immortal roll. He has finished his course, and he has his crown. What more fruit can life bear? What can it give that HENRY CLAY has not gained?

Then, MR. SPEAKER, around his tomb should be heard, not only the dirge that wails his loss, but the jubilant anthem which sounds that on the world's battle-field another victory has been won—another *incontestable greatness* achieved.

MR. CHANDLER, of Pennsylvania, said :—

MR. SPEAKER: It would seem as if the solemn invocation of the honorable gentleman from Kentucky (Mr. EWING) was receiving an early answer, and that the heavens are hung in black, and the wailing elements are singing the funeral dirge of HENRY CLAY. Amid this elemental gloom, and the distress which pervades the nation at the death of HENRY CLAY, private grief should not obtrude itself upon notice, nor personal anguish seek for utterance. Silence is the best exponent of individual sorrow, and the heart that knoweth its own bitterness shrinks from an exposition of its affliction.

Could I have consulted my own feelings on the event which occupies the attention of the House at the present moment, I should even have forborne attendance here, and, in the solitude and silence of my chamber, have mused upon the terrible lesson which has been administered to the people and the nation. But I represent a constituency who justly pride themselves upon the unwavering attachment they have ever felt and manifested to HENRY CLAY — a constant, pervading, hereditary love. The son has taken up the father's affection, and amid all the professions of political attachments to others, whom the accidents of party have made prominent, and the success of party has made powerful, true to his own instincts, and true to the sanctified legacy of his father, he has placed the name of HENRY CLAY forward and pre-eminent, as the exponent of what is greatest in statesmanship and purest in patriotism. And even, sir, when party fealty caused other attachments to be avowed for party uses, the preference was limited to the occupancy of office, and superiority admitted for CLAY in all that is reckoned above party estimation.

Nor ought I to forbear to add that, as the senior member of the delegation which represents my Commonwealth, I am requested to utter the sentiments of the people of Pennsylvania at large, who yield to no portion of this great Union in their appreciation of the talents, their reverence for the lofty patriotism, their admiration of the statesmanship, and hereafter their love of the memory of HENRY CLAY.

I cannot, therefore, be silent on this occasion without injustice to the affections of my constituency, even though I painfully feel how inadequate to the reverence and love my people have toward that great statesman must be all that I have to utter on this mournful occasion.

I know not, Mr. CHAIRMAN, where now the nation is to find the men she needs in peril; either other calls than those of politics are holding in abeyance the talents which the nation may need, or else a generation is to pass undistinguished by the greatness of our statesmen. Of the noble minds that have swayed the Senate one yet survives in the maturity of powerful intellect, carefully disciplined, and nobly exercised. May He who has thus far blessed our nation, spare to her and the world that of which the world

must always envy our country the possession! But my business is with the dead.

The biography of HENRY CLAY, from his childhood upward, is too familiar to every American for me to trespass on the time of this House, by a reference directly thereto; and the honorable gentlemen who have preceded me have, with affectionate hand and appropriate delicacy, swept away the dust which nearly fourscore years have scattered over a part of the record, and have made our pride greater in his life, and our grief more poignant at his death, by showing some of those passages which attract respect to our republican institutions, of which Mr. CLAY's whole life was the able support, and the most successful illustration.

It would, then, be a work of supererogation for me to renew that effort, though inquiry into the life and conduct of HENRY CLAY would present new themes for private eulogy, new grounds for public gratitude.

How rare is it, Mr. SPEAKER, that the great man, living, can with confidence rely on extensive personal friendship, or dying, think to awaken a sentiment of regret beyond that which includes the public loss or the disappointment of individual hopes. Yet, sir, the message which yesterday went forth from this city that HENRY CLAY was dead, brought sorrow, personal, private, special sorrow, to the hearts of thousands; each of whom felt that from his own love for, his long attachment to, his disinterested hopes in HENRY CLAY, he had a particular sorrow to cherish and express, which weighed upon his heart separate from the sense of national loss.

No man, Mr. SPEAKER, in our nation had the art so to identify himself with public measures of the most momentous character, and to maintain at the same time almost universal affection, like that great statesman. His business, from his boyhood, was with national concerns, and he dealt with them as with familiar things. And yet his sympathies were with individual interests, enterprises, affections, joys, and sorrows; and while every patriot bowed in humble deference to his lofty attainments and heartfelt gratitude for his national services, almost every man in this vast Republic knew that the great statesman was, in feeling and experience, identified with his own position. Hence the universal love of the

people; hence their enthusiasm in all times for his fame. Hence, sir, their present grief.

Many other public men of our country have distinguished themselves and brought honor to the nation by superiority in some peculiar branch of public service, but it seems to have been the gift of Mr. CLAY to have acquired peculiar eminence in every path of duty he was called to tread. In the earnestness of debate, which great public interests and distinguished opposing talents excited in this House, he had no superior in energy, force, or effect. Yet, as the presiding officer, by blandness of language and firmness of purpose, he soothed and made orderly; and thus, by official dignity, he commanded the respect which energy had secured to him on the floor.

Wherever official or social duties demanded an exercise of his power there was a pre-eminence which seemed prescriptively his own. In the lofty debate of the Senate and the stirring harangues to popular assemblages, he was the orator of the nation and of the people; and the sincerity of purpose and the unity of design evinced in all he said or did, fixed in the public mind a confidence strong and expansive as the affections he had won.

Year after year, sir, has HENRY CLAY been achieving the work of the mission with which he was intrusted; and it was only when the warmest wishes of his warmest friends were disappointed, that he entered on the fruition of a patriot's highest hopes, and stood in the full enjoyment of that admiration and confidence which nothing but the antagonism of party relations could have divided.

How rich that enjoyment must have been it is only for us to imagine. How eminently deserved it was we and the world can attest.

The love and the devotion of his political friends were cheering and grateful to his heart, and were acknowledged in all his life — were recognised even to his death.

The contest in the Senate Chamber or the forum were rewarded with success achieved, and the great victor could enjoy the ovation which partial friendship or the gratitude of the benefit prepared. But the triumph of his life was no party achievement. It was not in the applause which admiring friends and defeated antagonists

offered to his measureless success, that he found the reward of his labors, and comprehended the extent of his mission.

It was only when friends and antagonists paused in their contests, appalled at the public difficulties and national dangers which had been accumulating, unseen and unregarded; it was only when the nation itself felt the danger, and acknowledged the inefficacy of party action as a remedy, that HENRY CLAY calculated the full extent of his powers, and enjoyed the reward of their saving exercise. Then, sir, you saw, and I saw, party designations dropped, and party allegiance disavowed, and anxious patriots, of all localities and name, turn toward the country's benefactor as the man for the terrible exigencies of the hour; and the sick chamber of HENRY CLAY became the Delphos whence were given out the oracles that presented the means and the measures of our Union's safety. There, sir, and not in the high places of the country, were the labors and sacrifices of half a century to be rewarded and closed. With his right yet in that Senate which he had entered the youngest, and lingered still the eldest member, he felt that his work was done, and the object of his life accomplished. Every cloud that had dimmed the noonday lustre had been dissipated; and the retiring orb, which sunk from the sight of the nation in fullness and in beauty, will yet pour up the horizon a posthumous glory that shall tell of the splendor and greatness of the luminary that has passed away.

Mr. BAYLY, of Virginia, said :

MR. SPEAKER: Although I have been all my life a political opponent of Mr. CLAY, yet from my boyhood I have been upon terms of personal friendship with him. More than twenty years ago, I was introduced to him by my father, who was his personal friend. From that time to this, there has existed between us as great personal intimacy as the disparity in our years and our political difference would justify. After I became a member of this House, and upon his return to the Senate, subsequent to his resignation in 1842, the warm regard upon his part for the daughter of a devoted friend of forty years' standing, made him a constant visitor at my house, and frequently a guest at my table. These circumstances make it proper, that upon this occasion, I should pay

this last tribute to his memory. I not only knew him well as a statesman, but I knew him better in most unreserved social intercourse. The most happy circumstance, as I esteem it, of my political life has been, that I have thus known each of our great Congressional triumvirate.

I, sir, never knew a man of higher qualities than Mr. CLAY. His very faults originated in high qualities. With as great self-possession, with greater self-reliance than any man I ever knew, he possessed moral and physical courage to as high a degree as any man who ever lived. Confident in his own judgment, never doubting as to his own course, fearing no obstacle that might lie in his way, it was almost impossible that he should not have been imperious in his character. Never doubting himself as to what, in his opinion, duty and patriotism required at his hands, it was natural that he should sometimes have been impatient with those more doubting and timid than himself. His were qualities to have made a great general, as they were qualities that did make him a great statesman, and these qualities were so obvious that during the darkest period of our late war with Great Britain, Mr. Madison had determined, at one time, to make him General-in-Chief of the American army.

Sir, it is but a short time since the American Congress buried the first one that went to the grave of that great triumvirate. We are now called upon to bury another. The third, thank God ! still lives, and long may he live to enlighten his countrymen by his wisdom, and set them the example of exalted patriotism. Sir, in the lives and characters of these great men, there is much resembling those of the great triumvirate of the British Parliament. It differs principally in this: Burke preceded Fox and Pitt to the tomb. Webster survives Clay and Calhoun. When Fox and Pitt died, they left no peer behind them. Webster still lives, now that Calhoun and Clay are dead, the unrivalled statesman of his country. Like Fox and Pitt, Clay and Calhoun lived in troubled times. Like Fox and Pitt they were each of them the leader of rival parties. Like Fox and Pitt they were idolized by their respective friends. Like Fox and Pitt, they died about the same time, and in the public service; and as has been said of Fox and

Pitt, Clay and Calhoun died with "their harness upon them."
Like Fox and Pitt—

"With more than mortal powers endow'd
How high they soar'd above the crowd ;
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place—
Like fabled gods their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar.
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Look'd up the noblest of the land.

* * * * *

Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom ;
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb ;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like again?"

Mr. VENABLE said :—

Mr. SPEAKER : I trust that I shall be pardoned for adding a few words upon this sad occasion. The life of the illustrious statesman which has just terminated is so interwoven with our history, and the lustre of his great name so profusely shed over its pages, that simple admiration of his high qualities might well be my excuse. But it is a sacred privilege to draw near; to contemplate the end of the great and the good. It is profitable, as well as purifying, to look upon and realize the office of death in removing all that can excite jealousy or produce distrust, and to gaze upon the virtues which, like jewels, have survived his powers of destruction. The light which radiates from the life of a great and patriotic statesman is often dimmed by the mists which party conflicts throw around it. But the blast which strikes him down purifies the atmosphere which surrounded him in life, and it shines forth in bright examples and well-earned renown. It is then that we witness the sincere acknowledgment of gratitude by a people who, having enjoyed the benefits arising from the services of an eminent statesman, embalm his name in their memory and hearts. We should cherish such recollections as well from patriotism as self-respect. Ours, sir, is now the duty, in the midst of sadness, in this high place, in the face of our Republic, and before the world,

to pay this tribute, by acknowledging the merits of our colleague, whose name has ornamented the Journals of Congress for near half a century. Few, very few, have ever combined the high intellectual powers and distinguished gifts of this illustrious Senator. Cast in the finest mould by nature, he more than fulfilled the anticipations which were indulged by those who looked to a distinguished career as the certain result of that zealous pursuit of fame and usefulness upon which he entered in early life. Of the incidents of that life it is unnecessary for me to speak—they are as familiar as household words, and must be equally familiar to those who come after us. But it is useful to refresh memory, by recurrence to some of the events which marked his career. We know, sir, that there is much that is in common in the histories of distinguished men. The elements which constitute greatness are the same in all times; hence those who have been the admiration of their generations present in their lives much which, although really great, ceases to be remarkable, because illustrated by such numerous examples—

“But there are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither.”

Of such deeds the life of HENRY CLAY affords many and bright examples. His own name, and those with whom he associated, shall live with a freshness which time cannot impair, and shine with a brightness which passing years cannot dim. His advent into public life was as remarkable for the circumstances as it was brilliant in its effect. It was at a time in which genius and learning, statesmanship and eloquence, made the American Congress the most august body in the world. He was the contemporary of a race of statesmen, some of whom—then administering the Government, and others retiring and retired from office—presented an array of ability unsurpassed in our history. The elder Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Gallatin, Clinton, and Monroe, stood before the Republic in the maturity of their fame; while Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, Lowndes, Randolph, Crawford, Gaston, and Cheves, with a host of others, rose a bright galaxy upon our horizon. He who won his spurs in such a field earned his knighthood. Distinction amid such competition was true renown—

"The fame which a man wins for himself is best
That he may call his own."

It was such a fame that he made for himself in that most eventful era in our history. To me, sir, the recollections of that day, and the events which distinguish it, is filled with an overpowering interest. I never can forget my enthusiastic admiration of the boldness, the eloquence, and the patriotism of HENRY CLAY during the war of 1812. In the bright array of talent which adorned the Congress of the United States; in the conflict growing out of the political events of that time; in the struggles of party, and amid the gloom and disasters which depressed the spirits of most men, and well nigh paralyzed the energies of the Administration, his cheerful face, high bearing, commanding eloquence, and iron will, gave strength and consistency to those elements which finally gave not only success but glory to the country. When dark clouds hovered over us, and there was little to save from despair, the country looked with hope to CLAY and Calhoun, to Lowndes, and Crawford, and Cheves, and looked not in vain. The unbending will, the unshaken nerve, and the burning eloquence of HENRY CLAY did as much to command confidence and sustain hope as even the news of our first victory after a succession of defeats. Those great names are now canonized in history; he, too, has passed to join them on its pages. Associated in his long political life with the illustrious Calhoun, he survived him but two years. Many of us heard his eloquent tribute to his memory in the Senate Chamber, on the annunciation of his death. And we this day unite in a similar manifestation of reverential regard to him, whose voice shall never more charm the ear, whose burning thoughts, borne on that medium, shall no more move the hearts of listening assemblies.

In the midst of the highest specimens of our race, he was always an equal; *he was a man among men.* Bold, skilful, and determined, he gave character to the party which acknowledged him as a leader; impressed his opinions upon their minds, and an attachment to himself upon their hearts. No man, sir, can do this without being eminently great. Whoever attains this position must first overcome the aspirations of antagonist ambition, quiet the clamors of rivalry, hold in check the murmurs of jealousy,

and overcome the instincts of vanity and self-love in the masses thus subdued to his control. But few men ever attain it. Very rare are the examples of those whose plastic touch forms the minds and directs the purposes of a great political party. This infallible indication of superiority belonged to Mr. CLAY. He has exercised that control during a long life; and now through our broad land the tidings of his death, borne with electric speed, have opened the fountains of sorrow. Every city, town, village, and hamlet, will be clothed with mourning; along our extended coast the commercial and military marine, with flags drooping at half-mast, own the bereavement; State-houses draped in black proclaim the extinguishment of one of the great lights of Senates; and minute-guns sound his requiem!

Sir, during the last five years I have seen the venerable John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, and HENRY CLAY, pass from among us, the legislators of our country. The race of giants who "were on the earth in those days" is well-nigh gone. Despite their skill, their genius, their might, they have sunk under the stroke of time. They were our admiration and our glory; a few linger with us, the monuments of former greatness, the beacon-lights of a past age. The death of HENRY CLAY cannot fail to suggest melancholy associations to each member of this House. These walls have re-echoed the silvery tones of his bewitching voice; listening assemblies have hung upon his lips. The chair which you fill has been graced by his presence, while his commanding person and unequalled parliamentary attainments inspired all with deference and respect. Chosen by acclamation, because of his high qualifications, he sustained himself before the House and the country. In his supremacy with his party, and the uninterrupted confidence which he enjoyed to the day of his death, he seems to have almost discredited the truth of those lines of the poet Laberius --

"Non possunt primi esse omnes omni in tempore,
Summum ad gradum cum claritatis veneris,
Censistes a gre, et citius, quam aseendas, cades."

If not at all times first, he stood equal with the foremost, and a brilliant rapid rise knew no decline in the confidence of those whose just appreciation of his merits had confirmed his title to renown.

The citizens of other countries will deplore his death; the struggling patriots who, on our own continent, were cheered by his sympathies, and who must have perceived his influence in the recognition of their independence by this Government, have taught their children to venerate his name. He won the civic crown, and the demonstrations of this hour own the worth of civil services.

It was with great satisfaction that I heard my friend from Kentucky, [Mr. BRECKENRIDGE,] the immediate Representative of Mr. CLAY, detail a conversation, which disclosed the feelings of that eminent man in relation to his Christian hope. These, Mr. SPEAKER, are rich memorials, precious reminiscences. A Christian statesman is the glory of his age, and his memory will be glorious in after times; it reflects a light coming from a source which clouds cannot dim nor shadows obscure. It was my privilege, also, a short time since, to converse with this distinguished statesman on the subject of his hopes in a future state. Feeling a deep interest, I asked him frankly what were his hopes in the world to which he was evidently hastening. "I am pleased," said he, "my friend, that you have introduced the subject. Conscious that I must die very soon, I love to meditate upon the most important of all interests. I love to converse and to hear conversations about them. The vanity of the world, and its insufficiency to satisfy the soul of man, has long been a settled conviction of my mind. Man's inability to secure by his own merits the approbation of God, I feel to be true. I trust in the atonement of the Saviour of men, as the ground of my acceptance and my hope of salvation. My faith is feeble, but I hope in His mercy and trust in His promises." To such declarations I listened with the deepest interest, as I did on another occasion, when he said: "I am willing to abide the will of Heaven, and ready to die when that will shall determine it."

He is gone, sir, professing the humble hope of a Christian. That hope, alone, sir, can sustain you, or any of us. There is one lonely and crushed heart that has bowed before this afflictive event. Far away, at Ashland, a widowed wife, prevented by feeble health from attending his bedside and soothing his painful hours, she has thought even the electric speed of the intelligence daily transmitted of his condition too slow for her aching, anxious bosom. She

will find consolation in his Christian submission, and will draw all of comfort that such a case admits, from the assurance that nothing was neglected by the kindness of friends which could supply her place. May the guardianship of the widow's God be her protection, and His consolations her support!

"All cannot be at all times first,
To reach the topmost step of glory ; to stand there
More hard. Even swifter than we mount we fall."

Mr. HAVEN, said :

MR. SPEAKER: Representing a constituency distinguished for the constancy of its devotion to the political principles of Mr. CLAY, and for its unwavering attachment to his fortunes and his person—sympathizing deeply with those whose more intimate personal relations with him have made them feel most profoundly this general bereavement—I desire to say a few words of him, since he has fallen amongst us, and been taken to his rest.

After the finished eulogies which have been so eloquently pronounced by the honorable gentlemen who have preceeded me, I will avoid a course of remark which might otherwise be deemed a repetition, and refer to the bearing of some of the acts of the deceased upon the interests and destinies of my own State. The influence of his public life, and of his *purely American character*, the benefits of his wise forecast, and the results of his efforts for wholesome and rational progress, are nowhere more strongly exhibited than in the State of New York.

Our appreciation of his anxiety for the general diffusion of knowledge and education, is manifested in our twelve thousand public libraries, our equal number of common schools, and a large number of higher institutions of learning, all of which draw portions of their support from the share of the proceeds of the public lands, which his wise policy gave to our State. Our whole people are thus constantly reminded of their great obligations to the statesman whose death now afflicts the nation with sorrow. Our extensive public works, attest our conviction of the utility and importance of the system of internal improvements he so ably advocated; and their value and productiveness, afford a most striking evidence of the soundness and wisdom of his policy. Nor has his

influence been less sensibly felt in our agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. Every department of human industry acknowledges his fostering care; and the people of New York are, in no small measure, indebted to his statesmanship for the wealth, comfort, contentment, and happiness so widely and generally diffused throughout the State.

Well may New York cherish his memory and acknowledge with gratitude the benefits that his life has conferred. That memory will be cherished throughout the Republic.

When internal discord and sectional strife have threatened the integrity of the Union, his just weight of character, his large experience, his powers of conciliation and acknowledged patriotism, have enabled him to pacify the angry passions of his countrymen, and to raise the bow of promise and of hope upon the clouds which have darkened the political horizon.

He has passed from amongst us, ripe in wisdom and pure in character—full of years and full of honors—he has breathed his last amidst the blessings of a united and grateful nation.

He was, in my judgment, particularly fortunate in the time of his death.

He lived to see his country, guided by his wisdom, come once again unhurt, out of trying sectional difficulties and domestic strife; and he has closed his eyes in death upon that country, whilst it is in the enjoyment of profound peace, busy with industry, and blessed with unequalled prosperity.

It can fall to the lot of but few to die amidst so warm a gratitude flowing from the hearts of their countrymen; and none can leave a brighter example or a more enduring fame.

Mr. BROOKS, of New York, said :

MR. SPEAKER: I rise to add my humble tribute to the memory of a great and good man now to be gathered to his fathers. I speak for, and from, a community in whose heart is enshrined the name of him whom we mourn; who, however much Virginia, the land of his birth, or Kentucky, the land of his adoption, may love him, is, if possible, loved where I live yet more. If idolatry had been Christian, or allowable even, he would have been our idol. But as it is, for a quarter of a century now, his bust, his portrait,

or some medal, has been one of our household gods, gracing not alone the saloons and the halls of wealth, but the humblest room or workshop of almost every mechanic or laborer. Proud monuments of his policy as a statesman, as my colleague has justly said, are all about us; and we owe to him, in a good degree, our growth, our greatness, our prosperity and happiness as a people.

The great field of HENRY CLAY, Mr. SPEAKER, has been here, on the floor of this House, and in the other wing of the Capitol. He has held other posts of higher nominal distinction, but they are all eclipsed by the brilliancy of his career as a Congressman. What of glory he has acquired, or what most endear him to his countrymen, have been won, here, amid these pillars, under these domes of the Capitol.

“Si quæris monumentum, circumspice.”

The mind of Mr. CLAY has been the governing mind of the country, more or less, ever since he has been on the stage of public action. In a minority or majority—more, perhaps, even in a minority than in a majority—he seems to have had some commission, divine as it were, to persuade, to convince, to govern other men. His patriotism, his grand conceptions, have created measures which the secret fascination of his manners, in-doors, or his irresistible eloquence without, have enabled him almost always to frame into laws. Adverse administrations have yielded to him, or been borne down by him, or he has taken them captive as a leader and carried the country and Congress with him. This power he has wielded now for nearly half a century, with nothing but Reason and Eloquence to back him. And yet when he came here, years ago, he came from a then frontier State of this Union, heralded by no loud trumpet of fame, nay, quite unknown! unfortified even by any position, social or pecuniary;—to quote his own words, “My only heritage has been infancy, indigence, and ignorance.”

In these days, Mr. SPEAKER, when mere civil qualifications for high public places—when long civil training and practical statesmanship are held subordinate—a most discouraging prospect would be rising up before our young men, were it not for some such names as Lowndes, Crawford, Clinton, Gaston, Calhoun,

CLAY, and the like, scattered along the pages of our history, as stars or constellations along a cloudless sky. They shine forth and show us, that if the Chief Magistracy cannot be won by such qualifications, a memory among men can be—a hold upon posterity, as firm, as lustrous—nay, more imperishable. In the Capitolium of Rome there are long rows of marble slabs, on which are recorded the names of the Roman consuls; but the eye wanders over this wilderness of letters but to light up and kindle upon some Cato or Cicero. To win such fame, thus unsullied, as Mr. CLAY has won, is worth any man's ambition. And how was it won? By courting the shifting gales of popularity? No, never! By truckling to the schemes, the arts, and seductions of the demagogue? Never, never! His hardest battles as a public man—his greatest, most illustrious achievements—have been against, at first, an adverse public opinion. To gain an imperishable name, he has often braved the perishable popularity of the moment. That sort of courage which, in a public man, I deem the highest of all courage, that sort of courage most necessary under our form of government to guide as well as to save a State, Mr. CLAY was possessed of more than any public man I ever knew. Physical courage, valuable, indispensable though it be, we share but with the brute; but moral courage, to dare to do right amid all temptations to do wrong, is, as it seems to me, the very highest species, the noblest heroism, under institutions like ours. “I had rather be right than be President,” was Mr. CLAY’s sublime reply when pressed to refrain from some measure that would mar his popularity. These lofty words were the clue of his whole character—the secret of his hold upon the heads as well as hearts of the American people; nay, the key of his immortality.

Another of the keys, Mr. SPEAKER, of his universal reputation was his intense nationality. When taunted but recently, almost within our hearing, as it were, on the floor of the Senate by a Southern Senator, as being a Southern man unfaithful to the South—his indignant but patriotic exclamation was, “I know no *South*, no North, no East, no West.” The country, the *whole* country, loved, reverenced, adored such a man. The soil of Virginia may be his birthplace, the sod of Kentucky will cover his grave—what was mortal they claim—but the spirit, the soul, the

genius of the mighty man, the immortal part, these belong to his country and to his God.

Mr. FAULKNER, of Virginia, said:—

Representing, in part, the State which gave birth to that distinguished man whose death has just been announced upon this floor, and having for many years held toward him the most cordial relations of friendship, personal and political, I feel that I should fail to discharge an appropriate duty, if I permitted this occasion to pass by without some expression of the feeling which such an event is so well calculated to elicit. Sir, this intelligence does not fall upon our ears unexpectedly. For months the public mind has been prepared for the great national loss which we now deplore; and yet, as familiar as the daily and hourly reports have made us with his hopeless condition and gradual decline, and although

“Like a shadow thrown
Softly and sweetly from a passing cloud,
Death fell upon him,”

it is impossible that a light of such surpassing splendor should be, as it is now, for ever extinguished from our view, without producing a shock, deeply and painfully felt, to the utmost limits of this great Republic. Sir, we all feel that a mighty intellect has passed from among us; but, happily for this country, happily for mankind, not until it had accomplished to some extent the exalted mission for which it had been sent upon this earth; not until it had reached the full maturity of its usefulness and power; not until it had shed a bright and radiant lustre over our national renown; not until time had enabled it to bequeath the rich treasures of its thought and experience for the guidance and instruction of the present and of succeeding generations.

Sir, it is difficult,—it is impossible,—within the limit allowed for remarks upon occasions of this kind, to do justice to a great historical character like HENRY CLAY. He was one of that class of men whom Scaliger designates as *homines centenarii*—men that appear upon the earth but once in a century. His fame is the growth of years, and it would require time to unfold the elements which have combined to impart to it so much of stability

and grandeur. Volumes have already been written, and volumes will continue to be written, to record those eminent and distinguished public services which have placed him in the front rank of American statesmen and patriots. The highest talents, stimulated by a fervid and patriotic enthusiasm, has already and will continue to exhaust its powers to portray those striking and generous incidents of his life,—those shining and captivating qualities of his heart, which have made him one of the most beloved, as he was one of the most admired, of men; and yet the subject itself will remain as fresh and exhaustless as if hundreds of the best intellects of the land had not quaffed the inspiration of their genius from the ever-gushing and overflowing fountains of his fame. It could not be that a reputation so grand and colossal as that which attaches to the name of HENRY CLAY could rest for its base upon any single virtue, however striking; nor upon any single act, no matter how marked or distinguished. Such a reputation as he has left behind him, could only be the result of a long life of illustrious public service. And such in truth it was. For nearly half a century he has been a prominent actor in all the stirring and eventful scenes of American history, fashioning and moulding many of the most important measures of public policy by his bold and sagacious mind, and arresting others by his unconquerable energy and resistless force of eloquence. And however much the members of this body may differ in opinion as to the wisdom of many of his views of national domestic policy, there is not one upon this floor—no, sir, not one in this nation—who will deny to him frankness and directness as a public man; a genius for statesmanship of the highest order; extraordinary capacities for public usefulness, and an ardent and elevated patriotism, without stain and without reproach.

In referring to a career of public service so varied and extended as that of Mr. CLAY, and to a character so rich in every great and manly virtue, it is only possible to glance at a few of the most prominent of those points of his personal history, which have given to him so distinguished a place in the affections of his countrymen.

In the whole character of Mr. CLAY, in all that attached or belonged to it, you find nothing that is not essentially AMERICAN. Born in the darkest period of our Revolutionary struggle; reared

from infancy to manhood among those great minds which gave the first impulse to that mighty movement, he early imbibed, and sedulously cherished, those great principles of civil and political liberty, which he so brilliantly illustrated in his subsequent life, and which has made his name a watchword of hope and consolation to the oppressed of all the earth. In his intellectual training he was the pure creation of our own republican soil. Few, if any, allusions are to be seen in his speeches or writings to ancient or modern literature, or to the thoughts and ideas of other men. His country, its institutions, its policy, its interests, its destiny, form the exclusive topics of those eloquent harangues which, while they are destitute of the elaborate finish, have all the ardor and intensity of thought, the earnestness of purpose, the cogency of reasoning, the vehemence of style, and the burning patriotism which mark the productions of the great Athenian orator.

One of the most distinguishing characteristics of Mr. CLAY, as a public man, was his loyalty to truth, and to the honest convictions of his own mind. He deceived no man; he would not permit his own heart to be deceived by any of those seductive influences which too often warp the judgment of men in public station. He never paused to consider how far any step which he was about to take would lead to his own personal advancement; he never calculated what he might lose or what he might gain by his advocacy of, or his opposition to, any particular measure. His single inquiry was, Is it right? Is it in accordance with the Constitution of the land? Will it redound to the permanent welfare of the country? When satisfied upon these points, his determination was fixed; his purpose was immovable. "I would rather be right than President," was the expression of his genuine feelings, and the principle by which he was controlled in his public career—a saying worthy of immortality, and proper to be inscribed upon the heart of every young man in this Republic. And yet, sir, with all of that personal and moral intrepidity which so eminently marked the character of Mr. CLAY; with his well-known inflexibility of purpose and unyielding resolution, such was the genuine sincerity of his patriotism, and such his thorough comprehension of those principles of compromise, upon which the whole structure of our Government was founded, that no one was more prompt to relax

the rigor of his policy the moment he perceived that it was calculated to disturb the harmony of the States, or to endanger, in any degree, the stability of the Government. With him the love of this Union was a passion — an absorbing sentiment — which gave color to every act of his public life. It triumphed over party; it triumphed over policy; it subdued the natural fierceness and haughtiness of his temper, and brought him into the most kindly and cordial relations with those who, upon all other questions, were deeply and bitterly opposed to him. It has been asserted, sir, upon high medical authority, and doubtless with truth, that his life was, in all probability, shortened ten years by the arduous and extraordinary labors which he assumed at the memorable session of 1850. If so, he has added the crowning glory of the *martyr* to the spotless fame of the *patriot*; and we may well hope that a great national pacification, purchased at such a sacrifice, will long continue to cement the bonds of this now happy and prosperous Union.

Mr. CLAY possessed, in an eminent degree, the qualities of a great popular leader; and history, I will assume to say, affords no example in any Republic, ancient or modern, of any individual that so fearlessly carried out the convictions of his own judgment, and so sparingly flattered the prejudices of popular feeling, who, for so long a period, exercised the same controlling influence over the public mind. Earnest in whatever measure he sustained, fearless in attack — dexterous in defence — abounding in intellectual resource — eloquent in debate — of inflexible purpose, and with a “courage never to submit or yield,” no man ever lived with higher qualifications to rally a desponding party, or to lead an embattled host to victory. That he never attained the highest post of honorable ambition in this country, is not to be ascribed to any want of capacity as a popular leader, nor to the absence of those qualities which attract the fidelity and devotion of “troops” of admiring friends. It was the fortune of Napoleon, at a critical period of his destiny, to be brought into collision with the star of Wellington; and it was the fortune of HENRY CLAY to have encountered, in his political orbit, another great and original mind, gifted with equal power for commanding success, and blessed with more fortunate elements, concurring at the time, of securing popular favor. The struggle was such as might have been anticipated from the collision

of two such fierce and powerful rivals. For near a quarter of a century this great Republic has been convulsed to its centre by the divisions which have sprung from their respective opinions, policy, and personal destinies; and even now, when they have both been removed to a higher and a better sphere of existence, and when every unkind feeling has been quenched in the triumphs of the grave, this country still feels, and for years will continue to feel, the influence of those agitations to which their powerful and impressive characters gave impulse.

But I must pause. If I were to attempt to present all the aspects in which the character of this illustrious man will challenge the applause of history, I should fatigue the House, and violate the just limit allowed for such remarks.

I cannot however conclude, sir, without making some more speacial allusion to Mr. CLAY, as a native of that State which I have the honor in part to represent upon this floor. We are all proud, and very properly proud, of the distinguished men to whom our respective States have given birth. It is a just and laudable emulation, and one, in a confederated government like ours, proper to be encouraged. And while men like Mr. CLAY very rapidly rise above the confined limits of a State reputation, and acquire a national fame, in which all claim, and all have an equal interest, still there is a propriety and fitness in preserving the relation between the individual and his State. Virginia has given birth to a large number of men who have, by their distinguished talents and services, impressed their names upon the hearts and memories of their countrymen; but certainly, since the colonial era, she has given birth to no man, who, in the massive and gigantic proportions of his character, and in the splendor of his native endowments, can be compared to HENRY CLAY. At an early age he emigrated from his native State, and found a home in Kentucky. In a speech which he delivered in the Senate of the United States, in February, 1842—and which I well remember—upon the occasion of his resigning his seat in that body, he expressed the wish that, when that event should occur which has now clothed this city in mourning, and filled the nation with grief, his “earthly remains should be laid under the green sod of Kentucky, with those of her gallant and patriotic sons.”

Sir, however gratifying it might be to us that his remains should be transferred to his native soil, to there mingle with the ashes of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Lee, and Henry, we cannot complain of the very natural preference which he has himself expressed. If Virginia did give him birth — Kentucky has nourished him in his manhood — has freely lavished upon him her highest honors — has shielded him from harm when the clouds of calumny and detraction gathered heavily and loweringly about him, and she has watched over his fame with the tenderness and zeal of a mother. Sir, it is not to be wondered that he should have expressed the wish he did, to be laid by the side of her gallant and patriotic sons. Happy Kentucky! Happy in having an adopted son so worthy of her highest honors. Happy, in the unshaken fidelity and loyalty with which, for near half a century, those honors have been so steadfastly and gracefully accorded to him.

Sir, whilst Virginia, in the exercise of her own proper judgment, has differed from Mr. CLAY in some of his views of national policy, she has never, at any period of his public career, failed to regard him with pride, as one of her most distinguished sons; to honor the purity and the manliness of his character, and to award to him the high credit of an honest and sincere devotion to his country's welfare. And now, sir, that death has arrested for ever the pulsations of that mighty heart, and sealed in eternal silence those eloquent lips, upon whose accents thousands have so often hung in rapture, I shall stand justified in saying, that a wail of lamentation will be heard from her people — her whole people — reverberating through her mountains and valleys, as deep, as genuine, and as sincere as that, which I know, will swell the noble hearts and the heaving bosoms of the people of his own cherished and beloved Kentucky.

Sir, as I walked to the Capitol this morning, every object which attracted my eye admonished me that a nation's benefactor had departed from amongst us. He is gone! HENRY CLAY, the idol of his friends, the ornament of the Senate Chamber, the pride of his country; he whose presence gathered crowds of his admiring fellow-men around him, as if he had been one descended from above, has passed for ever from our view.

"His soul, enlarged from its vile bonds, has gone
To that **REFULGENT** world, where it shall swim
In liquid light, and float on seas of bliss."

But the memory of his virtues, and of his services, will be gratefully embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen, and generations yet unborn will be taught to lisp, with reverence and enthusiasm, the name of **HENRY CLAY**.

Mr. PARKER, of Indiana, said:—

Mr. SPEAKER: This is a solemn—a consecrated hour. And I would not detain the members of the House from indulging in the silence of their own feelings, so grateful to hearts chastened as ours.

But I cannot restrain an expression from a bosom pained with its fullness.

When my young thoughts first took cognizance of the fact that I have a country—my eye was attracted by the magnificent proportions of **HENRY CLAY**.

The idea absorbed me then, that he was, above all other men, the embodiment of my country's genius.

I have watched him; I have studied him; I have admired him—and, God forgive me! for he was but a man, "of like passions with us"—I fear I have *idolized* him, until this hour.

But he has gone from among men; and it is for us now to awake and apply ourselves, with renewed fervor and increased fidelity, to the welfare of the country he loved so well, and served so truly and so long—the glorious country yet saved to us!

Yes, **HENRY CLAY** has fallen, at last!—as the ripe oak falls in the stillness of the forest. But the verdant and gorgeous richness of his glories will only fade and wither from the earth, when his country's history shall have been forgotten.

"One generation passeth away and another generation cometh." Thus it has been from the beginning, and thus it will be, until time shall be no longer.

Yesterday morning, at eleven o'clock, the spirit of **HENRY CLAY**—so long the pride and glory of his own country, and the admiration of all the world—was yet with us, though struggling to be free. Ere "high noon" came, it had passed over "the dark

river," through the gate, into the celestial city, inhabited by all the "just men made perfect."

May not our rapt vision contemplate him there, this day, in sweet communion with the dear friends that have gone before him?—with Madison, and Jefferson, and Washington, and Henry, and Franklin— with the eloquent Tully, with the "divine Plato," with Aaron the Levite, who could "speak well"— with all the great and good, since and before the flood!

His princely tread has graced these aisles for the last time. These Halls will wake no more to the magic music of his voice.

Did that tall spirit, in its ethereal form, enter the courts of the upper sanctuary, bearing itself comparably with the spirits there, as was his walk among men?

Did the mellifluous tones of his greeting there enrapture the hosts of Heaven, comparably with his strains "to stir men's blood" on earth?

Then, may we not fancy, when it was announced to the inhabitants of that better country, HE COMES!—HE COMES!—there was a rustling of angel-wings—a thrilling joy—*up there*, only to be witnessed once in an earthly age?

Adieu!—a last adieu to thee, HENRY CLAY!

The hearts of all thy countrymen are melted, on this day, because of the thought that thou art gone.

Could we have held the hand of the "insatiate archer," thou hadst not died; but thou wouldest have tarried with us, in the full grandeur of thy greatness, until we had no longer need of a country.

But we thank our Heavenly Father that thou wast given to us; and that thou didst survive so long.

We would cherish thy memory while we live, as our country's JEWEL—than which none is richer. And we will teach our children the lessons of matchless patriotism thou hast taught us; with the fond hope that our *Liberty* and our *Union* may only expire with "the last of earth."

Mr. GENTRY said:—

Mr. SPEAKER: I do not rise to pronounce an eulogy on the life and character, and public services, of the illustrious orator and

statesman whose death this nation deplores. Suitably to perform that task, a higher eloquence than I possess might essay in vain. The gushing tears of the nation, the deep grief which oppresses the hearts of more than twenty millions of people, constitute a more eloquent eulogium upon the life and character, and patriot services of HENRY CLAY, than the power of language can express. In no part of our country is that character more admired, or those public services more appreciated, than in the State which I have the honor, in part, to represent. I claim for the people of that State a full participation in the general woe which the sad announcement of to-day will every where inspire.

Mr. BOWIE, said :—

Mr. SPEAKER: I rise not to utter the measured phrases of pre-meditated woe, but to speak, as my constituency would, if they stood around the grave now opening to receive the mortal remains, not of a statesman only, but of a beloved friend.

If there is a State in this Union, other than Kentucky, which sends up a wail of more bitter and sincere sorrow than another, that State is Maryland.

In her midst, the departed statesman was a frequent and a welcome guest. At many a board, and many a fireside, his noble form was the light of the eyes, the idol of the heart. Throughout her borders, in cottage, hamlet, and city, his name is a household word, his thoughts are familiar sentences.

Though not permitted to be the first at his cradle, Maryland would be the last at his tomb.

Through all the phases of political fortune, amid all the storms which darkened his career, Maryland cherished him in her inmost heart, as the most gifted, patriotic, and eloquent of men. To this hour, prayers ascend from many domestic altars, evening and morning, for his temporal comfort and eternal welfare. In the language of inspiration, Maryland would exclaim, "There is a prince and a great man, fallen this day, in Israel." Daughters of America! weep for him "who hath clothed you in scarlet and fine linen."

The husbandman at his plough, the artisan at the anvil, and the seaman on the mast, will pause and drop a tear when he hears CLAY is no more.

The advocate of Freedom in both hemispheres, he will be lamented alike on the shores of the Hellespont and the banks of the Mississippi and Orinoco. The freed men of Liberia, learning and practising the art of self-government, and civilizing Africa, have lost in him a patron and protector, a father and a friend. America mourns the eclipse of a luminary, which enlightened and illuminated the continent; the United States, a counsellor of deepest wisdom and purest purpose; mankind, the advocate of human rights and constitutional liberty.

Mr. WALSH said:—

Mr. SPEAKER: The illustrious man whose death we this day mourn, was so long my political leader—so long almost the object of my personal idolatry—that I cannot allow that he shall go down to the grave, without a word at least of affectionate remembrance—without a tribute to a memory which will exact tribute as long as a heart shall be found to beat within the bosom of civilized man, and human agency shall be adequate in any *form* to give them an expression; and even, sir, if I had no heartfelt sigh to pour out here—if I had no tear for that coffin's lid, I should do injustice to those whose representative in part I am, if I did not in this *presence*, and at this time, raise the voice to swell the accents of the profoundest public sorrow.

The State of Maryland has always vied with Kentucky in love and adoration of his name. Her people have gathered around him with all the fervor of a first affection, and with more than its *duration*. Troops of friends have ever clustered about his pathway with a personal devotion which each man of them regarded as the highest individual honor—friends, sir, to whose firesides the tidings of his death will go with all the withering influences which are felt when household ties are severed.

I wish, sir, I could offer now a proper memorial for such a subject and such an affection. But as I strive to utter it, I feel the disheartening influence of the well-known truth, that in view of death all minds sink into triteness. It would seem, indeed, sir,

that the great leveller of our race would vindicate his *title* to be so considered, by making all men think alike in regard to his visitation—"the thousand thoughts that begin and end in one"—the *desolation* here—the eternal hope *hereafter*—are influences felt alike by the lowest intellect and the loftiest genius.

Mr. SPEAKER, a statesman for more than fifty years in the councils of his country, whose peculiar charge it was to see that the Republic suffered no detriment—a patriot for all times, all circumstances, and all emergencies—has passed away from the trials and triumphs of the world, and gone to his reward. Sad as are the emotions which such an event would ordinarily excite, their intensity is heightened by the matters so fresh within the memories of us all:

"Oh! think how to his latest day,
When death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,
With Palinurus' unalter'd mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood,
Each call for needful rest repell'd,
With dying hand the rudder held;
Then while on freedom's thousand plains
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around,
The bloody toesin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallow'd day,
Convoke the swans to praise and pray,
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Greet his cold marble with a tear,
He who preserved them—CLAY lies here."

In a character, Mr. SPEAKER, so illustrious and beautiful, it is difficult to select any point for particular notice, from those which go to make up its noble proportions; but we may now, around his honored grave, call to grateful recollection that invincible spirit which no personal sorrow could sully, and no disaster could overcome. Be assured, sir, that he has in this regard left a legacy to the young men of the Republic, almost as sacred and as dear as that liberty of which his life was a blessed illustration.

We can all remember, sir, when adverse political results disheartened his friends, and made them feel even as men without hope, that his own clarion voice was still heard in the purpose and the pursuit of right, as bold and as eloquent as when it first proclaimed the freedom of the seas, and its talismanic tones struck

off the badges of bondage from the lands of the Incas, and the plains of Marathon.

Mr. SPEAKER, in the exultation of the statesman he did not forget the duties of the man. He was an affectionate adviser on all points wherein inexperienced youth might require counsel. He was a disinterested sympathizer in personal sorrows that called for consolation. He was ever upright and honorable in all the duties incident to his relations in life.

To an existence so lovely, Heaven in its mercy granted a fitting and appropriate close. It was the prayer, Mr. SPEAKER, of a distinguished citizen, who died some years since in the metropolis, even while his spirit was fluttering for its final flight, that he might depart gracefully. It may not be presumptuous to say, that what was in that instance the aspiration of a chivalric *gentlemen*, was in this the realization of the dying *Christian*, in which was blended all that human dignity could require, with all that Divine grace had conferred; in which the firmness of the man was only transcended by the fervor of the penitent.

A short period before his death he remarked to one by his bedside, "that he was fearful he was becoming selfish, as his thoughts were entirely withdrawn from the world and centered upon eternity." This, sir, was but the purification of his noble spirit from all the dross of earth—a happy illustration of what the religious muse has so sweetly sung—

"No sin to stain — no lure to stay
The soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings."

Mr. SPEAKER, the solemnities of this hour may soon be forgotten. We may come back from the new-made grave only still to show that we consider "eternity the bubble, life and time the enduring substance." We may not pause long enough by the brink to ask which of us revellers of to-day shall next be at rest. But be assured, sir, that upon the records of mortality will never be inscribed a name more illustrious than that of the statesman, patriot, and friend whom the nation mourns.

The question was then put on the adoption of the resolutions proposed by Mr. BRECKINRIDGE, and they were unanimously adopted.

ORDER OF PROCEEDINGS AT THE FUNERAL

OF THE

HON. HENRY CLAY,

A SENATOR OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE STATE OF KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1852.

THE Committee of Arrangements, Pall-Bearers, and Mourners, attended at the National Hotel, the late residence of the deceased, at 11 o'clock, A. M. At half-past eleven the funeral procession to the Capitol was formed, in the following order:

The Chaplains of both Houses of Congress.
Physicians who attended the deceased.

Committee of Arrangements.

Messrs. Hunter, Dawson, Jones of Iowa, Cooper, Bright, and Smith.

Pall-Bearers.

Messrs. Cass, Mangum, Dodge of Wisconsin, Pratt, Atchison, and Bell.

Committee to attend the remains of the deceased to Kentucky.

Messrs. Underwood, Jones of Tennessee, Cass, Fish, Houston, and Stockton.

The Family and Friends of the deceased.

The Senators and Representatives from the State of Kentucky, as mourners.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate.

The Senate of the United States, preceded by their President *pro tempore*, and Secretary.

The other Officers of the Senate.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives.

The House of Representatives, preceded by their Speaker and Clerk.

The other Officers of the House of Representatives.

Judges of the United States.

Officers of the Executive Departments.

Officers of the Army and Navy.

The Mayor and Corporation of Washington, and of other cities.

Civic Associations.

Military Companies.

Citizens and Strangers.

The procession having entered the Senate Chamber, where the President of the United States, the Heads of Departments, the Diplomatic Corps, and others were already present, the funeral service was performed by Rev. Dr. BUTLER, Chaplain to the Senate.

At the conclusion of the service, the corpse was placed in the Rotunda, where it remained until half-past three o'clock, p. m., when it was removed, in charge of the Committee of Arrangements and Pall-Bearers, to the Railroad Depot, and confided to the Committee appointed to accompany it to Kentucky.

"THE STRONG STAFF BROKEN, THE BEAUTIFUL ROD."

A SERMON

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, JULY 1, 1852,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

FUNERAL OF THE HON. HENRY CLAY,

BY THE

REV. C. M. BUTLER, D. D.,

CHAPLAIN OF THE SENATE.

"How is the strong staff broken, the beautiful rod?" — JER. xlviii. 17.

BEFORE all hearts and minds in this august assemblage the vivid image of *one man* stands. To some aged eye he may come forth, from the dim past, as he appeared in the neighboring city of his native State, a lithe and ardent youth, full of promise, of ambition, and of hope. To another he may appear as, in a distant State, in the courts of justice, erect, high-strung, bold, wearing the fresh forensic laurel on his young and open brow. Some may see him in the earlier, and some in the later, stages of his career, on this conspicuous theatre of his renown; and to the former he will start out on the back ground of the past, as he appeared in the neighboring Chamber, tall, elate, impassioned—with flashing eye, and suasive gesture, and clarion voice, an already acknowledged "Agamemnon, King of Men;" and to others he will again stand in this Chamber, "the strong staff" of the bewildered and staggering State, and "the beautiful rod," rich with the blossoms of genius, and of patriotic love and hope, the life of youth still remaining to give animation, grace, and exhaustless vigor, to the wisdom, the

experience, and the gravity of age. To others he may be present as he sat in the chamber of sickness, cheerful, majestic, gentle—his mind clear, his heart warm, his hope fixed on Heaven, peacefully preparing for his last great change. To the memory of the minister of God he appears as the penitent, humble, and peaceful Christian, who received him with the affection of a father, and joined with him in solemn sacrament and prayer, with the gentleness of a woman, and the humility of a child. “Out of the strong came forth sweetness.” “How is the strong staff broken, the beautiful rod!”

But not before this assembly only does the venerated image of the departed statesman, this day, distinctly stand. For more than a thousand miles—east, west, north, and south—it is known and remembered, that, at this place and hour, a nation’s Representatives assemble to do honor to him whose fame is now a nation’s heritage. A nation’s mighty heart throbs against this Capitol, and beats through you. In many cities banners droop, bells toll, cannons boom, funereal draperies wave. In crowded streets and on sounding wharves, upon steamboats and upon cars, in fields and in workshops, in homes, in schools, millions of men, women, and children, have their thoughts fixed upon this scene, and say mournfully to each other, “This is the hour in which, at the Capitol, the nation’s Representatives are burying HENRY CLAY.” *Burying HENRY CLAY!* Bury the records of your country’s history—bury the hearts of living millions—bury the mountains, the rivers, the lakes, and the spreading lands from sea to sea, with which his name is inseparably associated, and even then you would not bury HENRY CLAY—for he lives in other lands, and speaks in other tongues, and to other times than ours.

A great mind, a great heart, a great orator, a great career, have been consigned to history. She will record his rare gifts of deep insight, keen discrimination, clear statement, rapid combination, plain, direct, and convincing logic. She will love to dwell on that large, generous, magnanimous, open, forgiving heart. She will linger, with fond delight, on the recorded and traditional stories of an eloquence that was so masterful and stirring, because it was but *himself*, struggling to come forth on the living words—because, though the words were brave and strong, and beautiful

and melodious, it was felt that, behind them there was a *soul* braver, stronger, more beautiful, and more melodious, than language could express. She will point to a career of statesmanship which has, to a remarkable degree, stamped itself on the public policy of the country, and reached, in beneficent practical results, the fields, the looms, the commercial marts, and the quiet homes of all the land, where his name was, with the departed fathers, and is with the living children, and will be, with successive generations, an honored household word.

I feel, as a man, the grandeur of this career. But as an immortal, with this broken wreck of mortality, before me, with this scene as the “end-all” of human glory, I feel that no career is truly great but that of him who, whether he be illustrious or obscure, lives to the future in the present, and linking himself to the spiritual world, draws from God the life, the rule, the motive, and the reward of all his labor. So would that great spirit which has departed say to us, could he address us now. So did he realize, in the calm and meditative close of life. I feel that I but utter the lessons which, living, were his last and best convictions, and which, dead, would be, could he speak to us, his solemn admonitions, when I say that statesmanship is then only glorious, when it is *Christian*: and that man is then only safe, and true to his duty, and his soul, when the life which he lives in the flesh is the life of faith in the Son of God.

Great, indeed, is the privilege, and most honorable and useful is the career, of a Christian American statesman. He perceives that civil liberty came from the freedom wherewith Christ made its early martyrs and defenders free. He recognises it as one of the twelve manner of fruits on the Tree of Life, which, while its lower branches furnish the best nutriment of earth, hangs on its topmost boughs, which wave in Heaven, fruits that exhilarate the immortals. Recognising the State as God’s institution, he will perceive that his own ministry is divine. Living consciously under the eye, and in the love and fear of God; redeemed by the blood of Jesus; sanctified by His Spirit; loving His law; he will give himself, in private and in public, to the service of his Saviour. He will not admit that he may act on less lofty principles in public, than in private life; and that he must be careful of his moral influence in

the small sphere of home and neighborhood, but need take no heed of it when it stretches over continents and crosses seas. He will know that his moral responsibility cannot be divided and distributed among others. When he is told that adherence to the strictest moral and religious principle is incompatible with a successful and eminent career, he will denounce the assertion as a libel on the venerated Fathers of the Republic—a libel on the honored living and the illustrious dead—a libel against a great and Christian nation—a libel against God himself, who has declared and made “godliness profitable for the life that now is.” He will strive to make laws the transcripts of the character, and institutions illustrations of the providence of God. He will scan with admiration and awe the purposes of God in the future history of the world, in throwing open this wide Continent, from sea to sea, as the abode of freedom, intelligence, plenty, prosperity, and peace; and feel that in giving his energies with a patriot’s love, to the welfare of his country, he is consecrating himself, with a Christian’s zeal, to the extension and establishment of the Redeemer’s kingdom. Compared with a career like this, which is equally open to those whose public sphere is large or small, how paltry are the trade of patriotism, the tricks of statesmanship, the rewards of successful baseness! This hour, this scene, the venerated dead, the country, the world, the present, the future, God, duty, Heaven, hell, speak trumpet-tongued to all in the service of their country, to *beware* how they lay polluted or unhallowed hands

“Upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause!”

Such is the character of that statesmanship which alone would have met the full approval of the venerated dead. For the religion which always had a place in the convictions of his mind, had also, within a recent period, entered into his experience, and seated itself in his heart. Twenty years since he wrote—“I am a member of no religious sect, and I am not a professor of religion. I regret that I am not. I wish that I was, and trust that I shall be. I have, and always have had, a profound regard for Christianity, the religion of my fathers, and for its rites, its usages, and observances.” That feeling proved that the seed sown by pious parents,

was not dead though stifled. A few years since, its dormant life was re-awakened. He was baptized in the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and during his sojourn in this city, he was in full communion with Trinity Parish.

It is since his withdrawal from the sittings of the Senate, that I have been made particularly acquainted with his religious opinions, character, and feelings. From the commencement of his illness he always expressed to me his persuasion that its termination would be fatal. From that period until his death, it was my privilege to hold frequent religious services and conversations with him in his room. He avowed to me his full faith in the great leading doctrines of the Gospel—the fall and sinfulness of man, the divinity of Christ, the reality and necessity of the Atonement, the need of being born again by the Spirit, and salvation through faith in a crucified Redeemer. His own personal hopes of salvation, he ever and distinctly based on the promises and the grace of Christ. Strikingly perceptible, on his naturally impetuous and impatient character, was the influence of grace in producing submission, and “a patient waiting for Christ,” and for death. On one occasion he spoke to me of the pious example of one very near and dear to him, as that which led him deeply to feel, and earnestly to seek for himself, the reality and the blessedness of religion. On another occasion, he told me that he had been striving to form a conception of Heaven; and he enlarged upon the mercy of that provision by which our Saviour became a partaker of our humanity, that our hearts and hopes might fix themselves on him. On another occasion, when he was supposed to be very near his end, I expressed to him the hope that his mind and heart were at peace, and that he was able to rest with cheerful confidence on the promises, and in the merits of the Redeemer. He said, with much feeling, that he endeavored to, and trusted that he did repose his salvation upon Christ; that it was too late for him to look at Christianity in the light of speculation; that he had never doubted of its truth; and that he now wished to throw himself upon it as a practical and blessed remedy. Very soon after this, I administered to him the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper. Being extremely feeble, and desirous of having his mind undiverted, no persons were present, but his son and his servant. It was a scene

long to be remembered. There, in that still chamber, at a week-day noon, the tides of life flowing all around us, three disciples of the Saviour, the minister of God, the dying statesman, and his servant, a partaker of the like precious faith, commemorated their Saviour's dying love. He joined in the blessed sacrament with great feeling and solemnity, now pressing his hands together, and now spreading them forth, as the words of the service expressed the feelings, desires, supplications, confessions, and thanksgivings, of his heart. His eyes were dim with grateful tears, his heart was full of peace and love! After this he rallied, and again I was permitted frequently to join with him in religious services, conversation, and prayer. He grew in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Among the books which, in connection with the Word of God, he read most, were "Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises," the "Life of Dr. Chalmers," and "The Christian Philosopher Triumphant in Death." His hope continued to the end to be, though true and real, tremulous with humility rather than rapturous with assurance. When he felt most the weariness of his protracted sufferings, it sufficed to suggest to him that his Heavenly Father doubtless knew, that after a life so long and stirring, and tempted, such a discipline of chastening and suffering was needful to make him more meet for the inheritance of the saints—and at once words of meek and patient acquiescence escaped his lips.

Exhausted nature at length gave way. On the last occasion, when I was permitted to offer a brief prayer at his bedside, his last words to me were that he had hope only in Christ, and that the prayer which I had offered for his pardoning love, and his sanctifying grace, included every thing which the dying need. On the evening previous to his departure, sitting for an hour in silence by his side, I could not but realize, when I heard him, in the slight wanderings of his mind to other days, and other scenes, murmuring the words, "*My mother! Mother! Mother!*" and saying "*My dear wife!*" as if she were present, and frequently uttering aloud, as if in response to some silent Litany of the soul, the simple prayer, "Lord, have mercy upon me!"—I could not but realize then, and rejoice to think how near was the blessed reunion of his weary heart with the loved dead, and with her—Our dear Lord

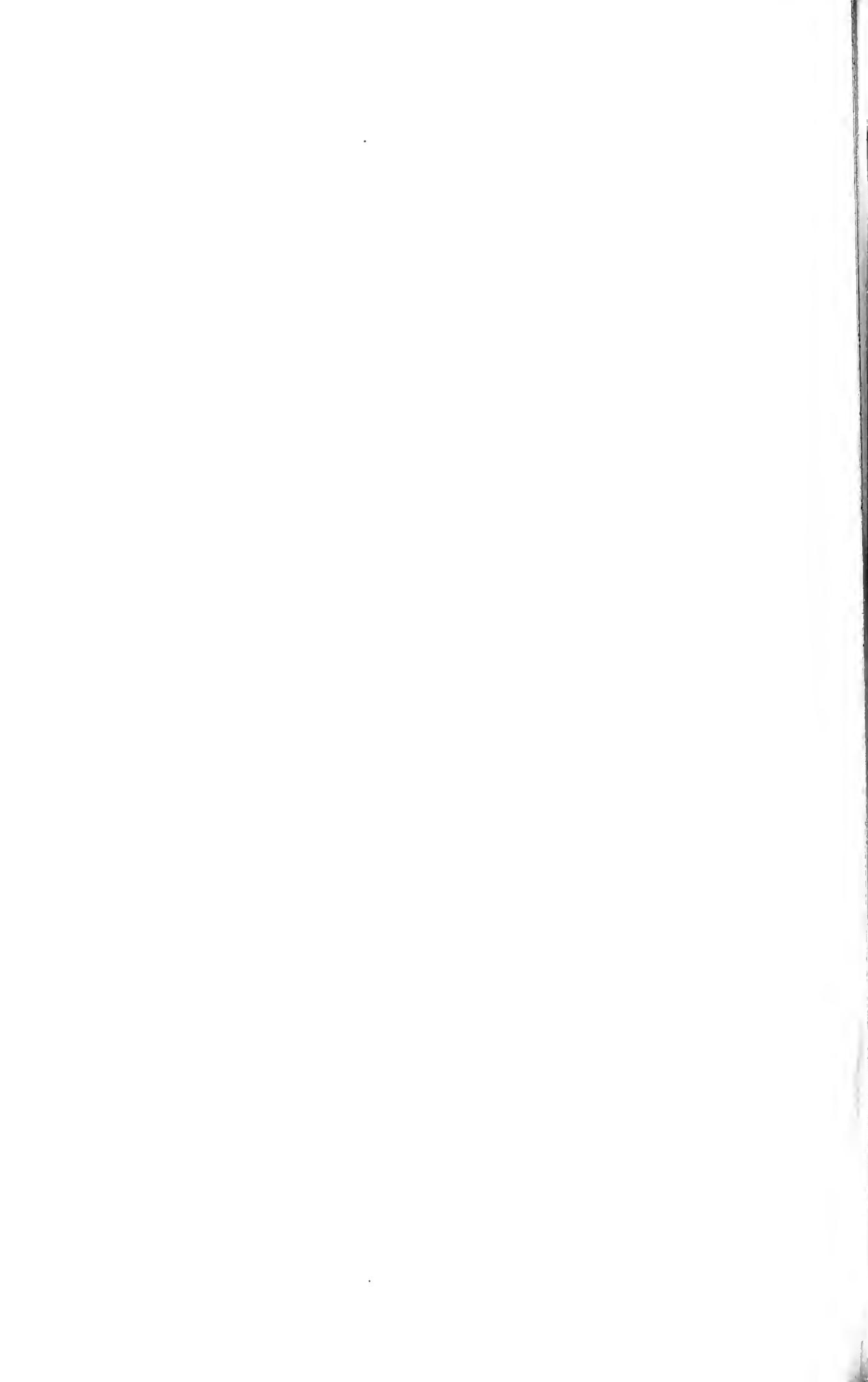
gently smooth her passage to the tomb!— who must soon follow him to his rest—whose spirits even then seemed to visit, and to cheer his memory and his hope. Gently he breathed his soul away into the spirit world.

“ How blest the righteous when they die !
 When holy souls retire to rest,
 How mildly beams the closing eye,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast ! ”

“ So fades the summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies the wave upon the shore ! ”

Be it ours to follow him, in the same humble and submissive faith, to Heaven. Could he speak to us the counsels of his latest human, and his present Heavenly, experience, sure I am that he would not only admonish us to cling to the Saviour, in sickness and in death : but abjure us not to delay to act upon our first convictions, that we might give our best powers and fullest influence to God, and go to the grave with a hope, unshadowed by the long worldliness of the past, or by the films of fear and doubt resting over the future.

The strong staff is broken, and the beautiful rod is despoiled of its grace and bloom ; but in the light of the eternal promises, and by the power of Christ's resurrection, we joyfully anticipate the prospect of seeing that broken staff erect, and that beautiful rod clothed with celestial grace, and blossoming with undying life and blessedness in the Paradise of God.



APPENDIX.

EULOGY ON THE LIFE AND SERVICES
OF
HENRY CLAY,
BY
HON. JOHN J. CRITTENDEN,
DELIVERED
AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1852.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I am very sensible of the difficulty and magnitude of the task which I have undertaken. I am to address you in commemoration of the public services of HENRY CLAY, and in celebration of his obsequies. His death filled his whole country with mourning, and the loss of no citizen, save the Father of his Country, has ever produced such manifestations of the grief and homage of the public heart. His history has indeed been read "in a nation's eyes." A nation's tears proclaim, with their silent eloquence, its sense of the national loss. Kentucky has more than a common share in this national bereavement. To her it is a domestic grief—to her belongs the sad privilege of being the chief mourner. He was her favorite son, her pride, and her glory. She mourns for him as a mother. But let her not mourn as those who have no hope of consolation. She can find the richest and the noblest solace in the memory of her son, and of his great and good actions; and his fame will come back, like a comforter from his grave, to wipe away her tears. Even while she weeps for him her tears shall be min-

gled with the proud feelings of triumph which his name will inspire; and Old Kentucky, from the depths of her affectionate and heroic heart, shall exclaim, like the Duke of Ormond, when informed that his brave son had fallen in battle, "I would not exchange my dead son for any living son in Christendom."

From these same abundant sources we may hope that the widowed partner of his life, who now sits in sadness at Ashland, will derive some pleasing consolation. I presume not to offer any words of comfort of my own. Her grief is too sacred to permit me to use that privilege.

You, Sons and Daughters of Kentucky, have assembled here to commemorate his life and death. How can I address you suitably on such a theme? I feel the oppressive consciousness that I cannot do it in terms adequate to the subject, or to your excited feelings. I am no Orator, nor have I come here to attempt any idle or vainglorious display of words; I come as a plain Kentuckian, who, sympathising in all your feelings, presents you with this address, as his poor offering, to be laid upon that altar which you are here erecting to the memory of HENRY CLAY. Let it not be judged according to its own value, but according to the spirit in which it is offered.

It would be no difficult task to address you, on this occasion, in the extravagant and rhetorical language that is usual in funeral orations. But my subject deserves a different treatment. The monumental name of HENRY CLAY rises above all mere personal favor and flattery; it rejects them, and challenges the scrutiny and the judgment of the world. The noble uses to which his name should be applied is to teach his country, by his example, lessons of public virtue and political wisdom; to teach patriots and statesmen how to act, how to live, and how to die. I can but glance at a subject that spreads out in such bright and boundless expanse before me.

HENRY CLAY lived in a most eventful period, and the history of his life for forty years has been literally that of his country. He was so identified with the Government for more than two-thirds of its existence, that during that time hardly any act, which has redounded to its honor, its prosperity, its present rank among the nations of the earth, can be spoken of without calling to mind

involuntarily the lineaments of his noble person. It would be difficult to determine whether in peace or in war; in the field of legislation or of diplomaey; in the spring-tide of his life, or in its golden ebb, he won the highest honor. It can be no disparagement to any one of his contemporaries to say, that, in all the points of practical statesmanship, he encountered no superior in any of the employments which his constituents or his country conferred upon him.

For the reason that he had been so much and so constantly in the public eye, an elaborate review of his life will not be expected of me. All that I shall attempt will be to sketch a few leading traits, which may serve to give those who have had fewer opportunities of observation than I had, something like a just idea of his public character and services. If, in doing this, I speak more at large of the earlier than of the later period of his life, it is because, in regard to the former, though of vast consequence, intervening years have thrown them somewhat in the back ground.

Passing by, therefore, the prior service of Mr. CLAY in the Senate for brief periods in 1806 and '10-'11, I come at once to his Speakership in the House of Representatives, and his consequent agency in the war of 1812.

To that war our country is indebted for much of the security, freedom, prosperity, and reputation, which it now enjoys. It has been truly said by one of the living actors in that perilous era, [Hon. Mr. RUSH,] *that the very act of going to war* was heroic. By the supremacy of the naval power of England, the fleets of all Europe had been swept from the seas; the banner of the United States alone floated in solitary fearlessness. England seemed to encircle the earth with her navies, and to be the undisputed mistress of the ocean. We went out upon the deep with a sling in our hands. When, in all time, were such fearful odds seen as we had against us?

The events of the war with England, so memorable, and even wonderful, are too familiar to all to require any particular recital on this occasion. Of that war—of its causes and consequences — of its disasters, its bloody battles, and its glorious victories by land and sea, history, and our own official records, have given a faithful narrative. A just national pride has engraven that nar-

rative upon our hearts. But even in the fiercest conflicts of that war, there was nothing more truly heroic than the declaration of it by Congress.

Of that declaration—of the incidents, personal influences, and anxious deliberations, which preceded and led to it—the history is not so well or generally known. The more it is known, the more it will appear how important was the part that Mr. CLAY acted, and how much we are indebted to him for all the glorious and beneficial issues of the declaration of that war, which has not inappropriately been called the *Second War of Independence*.

The public grounds of the war were the injustice, injury, and insults inflicted on the United States by the Government of Great Britain, then engaged in a war of maritime edicts with France, of which the commerce of the United States was the victim; our merchant ships being captured by British cruisers on every sea, and confiscated by her courts, in utter contempt of the rights of this nation as an independent Power. Added to this, and more offensive than even those outrages, was the arrogation, by the same Power, of a right to search American vessels, for the purpose of impressing seamen from vessels sailing under the American flag. These aggressions upon our national rights constituted, undoubtedly, justifiable cause of war. With equal justice on our part, and on the same grounds, (impressment of seamen excepted.) we should have been warranted in declaring war against France also; but common sense (not to speak of policy) forbade our engaging with two nations at once, and dictated the selection, as an adversary, of the one that had power, which the other had not, to carry its arbitrary edicts into full effect. The war was really, on our part, a war for national existence.

When Congress assembled in November, 1811, the crisis was upon us. But, as may be readily imagined, it could be no easy matter to nerve the heart of Congress, all unprepared for the dread encounter, to take the step, which there could be no retracing, of a declaration of war.

Nor could that task, in all probability, ever have been accomplished, but for the concurrence, purely accidental, of two circumstances: the one, the presence of HENRY CLAY in the Chair of the popular branch of the National Legislature, and the other, that of

James Monroe, as Secretary of State, in the Executive Administration of the Government.

Mr. Monroe had returned but a year or two before from a course of public service abroad, in which, as Minister Plenipotentiary, he had represented the United States at the several courts, in succession, of France, Spain, and Great Britain. From the last of these missions he had come home thoroughly disgusted with the contemptuous manner in which the rights of the United States were treated by the belligerent Powers, and especially by England. This treatment, which even extended to the personal intercourse between their Ministers and the Representatives of this country, he considered as indicative of a settled determination on their parts — presuming upon the supposed incapacity of this Government for war — to *reduce to system* a course of conduct calculated to debase and prostrate us in the eyes of the world. Reasoning thus, he had brought his mind to a serious and firm conviction, that the rights of the United States, as a nation, would never be respected by the Powers of the Old World until this Government summoned up resolution to resent such usage, not by arguments and protests merely, but by an appeal to arms. Full of this sentiment, Mr. Monroe was called, upon a casual vacancy, when it was least expected by himself or the country, to the head of the Department of State. That sentiment, and the feelings which we have thus accounted for, Mr. Monroe soon communicated to his associates in the Cabinet, and, in some degree, it might well be supposed, to the great statesman then at the head of the Government.

The tone of President Madison's first message to Congress, (November 5, 1811,) a few months only after Mr. Monroe's accession to the Cabinet, can leave hardly a doubt in any mind of such having been the case. That message was throughout of the gravest cast, reciting the aggressions and aggravations of Great Britain, as demanding resistance, and urging upon Congress the duty of putting the country "into an armor and an attitude demanded by the crisis, and corresponding with the national spirit and expectations."

It was precisely at this point of time that Mr. CLAY, having resigned his seat in the Senate, appeared on the floor of the House

of Representatives, and was chosen, almost by acclamation, Speaker of that body. From that moment he exercised an influence, in a great degree personal, which materially affected, if it did not control, the judgment of the House. Among the very first acts which devolved upon him, by virtue of his office, was the appointment of the committees raised upon the President's message. Upon the Select Committee of nine members, to which was referred "so much of the message as relates to our foreign relations," he appointed a large proportion from among the fast friends of the Administration, nearly all of them being new members, and younger than himself, though he was not then more than thirty-five years of age. It is impossible, at this day, to call to mind the names of which this committee was composed, (Porter, Calhoun, and Grundy, being the first named among them,) without coming to the conclusion that the committee was constituted with a view to the event predetermined in the mind of the Speaker. There can be no question that when, quitting the Senate, Mr. CLAY entered the Representative body, he had become satisfied that, by the continued encroachments of Great Britain on our national rights, the choice of the country was narrowed down to war or submission. Between these there could be no hesitation in such a mind as that of Mr. CLAY which to choose. In this emergency he acted for his country, as he would, in a like case, have acted for himself. Desiring and cultivating the good will of all, he never shrank from any personal responsibility, nor cowered before any danger. More than a year before his accession to the House of Representatives he had, in a debate in the Senate, taken occasion to say, that "he most sincerely desired peace and amity with England; that he even preferred an adjustment of all differences with her, to one with any other nation; but, if she persisted in a denial of justice to us, he trusted and hoped that all hearts would unite in a bold and vigorous vindication of our rights." It was in this brave spirit, animated to increased fervency by intervening aggressions from the same quarter, that Mr. CLAY entered into the House of Representatives.

Early in the second month of the session, availing himself of the right then freely used by the Speaker, to engage in discussions while the House was in Committee of the Whole, he dashed into

the debates upon the measures of military and naval preparation recommended by the President, and reported upon favorably by the committee. He avowed, without reserve, that the object of this preparation was *war*, and *war with Great Britain*.

In these debates he showed his familiarity with all the weapons of popular oratory. In a tempest of eloquence, in which he wielded alternately argument, persuasion, remonstrance, ridicule, and reproach, he swept before him all opposition to the high resolve to which he exhorted Congress. To the argument (for example) against preparing for a war with England, founded upon the idea of her being engaged, in her conflict with France, in fighting the battles of the world, he replied, that such a purpose would be best achieved by a scrupulous observance of the rights of others, and by respecting that public law which she professed to vindicate. “*Then*,” said he, “she would command the sympathies of the world. But what are *we* required to do, by those who would engage our feelings and wishes in her behalf? *To bear the actual cuffs of her arrogance*, that we may escape a chimerical French subjugation. We are called upon to submit to debasement, dishonor, and disgrace; to bow the neck to royal insolence, as a course of preparation for manly resistance to Gallie invasion! What nation, what individual, was ever taught *in the schools of ignominious submission* these patriotic lessons of freedom and independence!” And to the argument that this Government was unfit for any war but a war against invasion—so signally since disproved by actual events—he exclaimed, with characteristic vehemence, “What! is it not equivalent to invasion, if the mouth of our harbors and outlets are blocked up, and we are denied egress from our own waters? Or, when the burglar is at our door, shall we bravely sally forth and repel his felonious entrance, or meanly skulk within the cells of the castle? * * *

What! shall it be said that *our amor patriæ* is located at these desks; that we *pusillanimously cling to our seats here*, rather than boldly vindicate the most inestimable rights of our country?”

Whilst in debate upon other occasions, at nearly the same time, he showed how well he could *reason* upon a question which demanded argument rather than declamation. To his able support of the proposition of Mr. Cheves to add to our then small but gal-

ant navy ten frigates, may be ascribed the success, though by a lean majority, of that proposition. Replying to the objection urged with zeal by certain members, that navies were dangerous to liberty, he argued that the source of this alarm was *in themselves*. "Gentlemen fear," said he, "that if we provide a marine, it will produce collision with foreign nations, plunge us into war, and ultimately overturn the constitution of the country. Sir, if you wish to avoid foreign collision, you had better abandon the ocean, surrender all your commerce, give up all your prosperity. It is the thing protected, not the instrument of protection, that involves you in war. Commerce engenders collision, collision war, and war, the argument supposes, leads to despotism. Would the counsels of that statesman be deemed wise, who would recommend that the nation should be unarmed; that the art of war, the martial spirit and martial exercises, should be prohibited; who should declare, in a word, that the great body of the people should be taught that national happiness was to be found in perpetual peace alone?"

While Mr. CLAY, in the Capitol, was, with his trumpet tongue, rousing Congress to prepare for war, Mr. Monroe, the Secretary of State, gave his powerful co-operation, and lent the Nestor-like sanction of his age and experience to the bold measures of his young and more ardent compatriot. It was chiefly through their fearless influence that Congress was gradually warmed up to a war spirit, and to the adoption of some preparatory measures. But no actual declaration of war had yet been proposed. There was a strong opposition in Congress, and the President, Mr. Madison, hesitated to recommend it, only because he doubted whether Congress was yet sufficiently determined and resolved to maintain such a declaration, and to maintain it to all the extremities of war.

The influence and counsel of Mr. CLAY again prevailed. He waited upon the President, at the head of a deputation of members of Congress, and assured him of the readiness of a majority of Congress to vote the war if recommended by him. Upon this the President immediately recommended it by his message to Congress of the first Monday of June, 1812. A bill declaring war with Great Britain soon followed in Congress, and, after a disus-

sion in secret session for a few days, became a law. Then began the war.

When the doors of the House of Representatives were opened, the debates which had taken place in secret session were spoken of and repeated, and it appeared, as must have been expected by all, that Mr. CLAY had been the great defender and champion of the declaration of war.

Mr. CLAY continued in the House of Representatives for some time after the commencement of the war, and having assisted in doing all that could be done for it in the way of legislation, was withdrawn from his position in Congress to share in the deliberations of the great Conference of American and British Commissioners held at Ghent. His part in that Convention was such as might have been expected from his course in Congress, high-toned and high-spirited, despairing of nothing.

I need not add, but for form, that, acting in this spirit, Mr. CLAY and his patriotic and able associates succeeded beyond all the hopes at that time entertained at home in making a treaty, which, in putting a stop to the war, if it did not accomplish every thing contended for, saved and secured at all points the honor of the United States.

Thus began and ended the war of 1812. On our part it was just and necessary, and, in its results, eminently beneficial and honorable.

The benefits of it have extended to all the world; for in vindicating our own maritime rights we established the freedom of the seas to all nations, and since then no one of them has arrogated or exercised any supremacy upon that ocean, given by the Almighty as the common and equal inheritance of all.

To HENRY CLAY, as its chief mover and author, belongs the statesman's portion of the glory of that war; and to the same HENRY CLAY, as one of the makers and signers of the treaty by which it was terminated, belong the blessings of the peace-maker. His crown is made up of the jewels of peace and of war.

Prompt to take up arms to resent our wrongs and vindicate our national rights, the return of peace was yet gladly hailed by the whole country. And well it might be. Our military character, at the lowest point of degradation when we dared the fight, had

been retrieved; the national honor, insulted at all the courts of Europe, had been redeemed; the freedom of the seas secured to our flag and all who sail under it; and, what was most influential in inspiring confidence at home, and assuring respect abroad, was the demonstration, by the result of the late conflict, of the competency of this Government for effective war, as it had before proved itself for all the duties of a season of peace.

The Congress which succeeded the war, to a seat in which Mr. CLAY was elected whilst yet abroad, exhibited the features of a national jubilee, in place of the gravity and almost gloom which had settled on the countenance of the same body during the latter part of the war and of the conferences of Ghent. Joy shone on every face. Justly has that period been termed "the era of good feeling." Again placed in the chair of the House of Representatives, and all-important questions being then considered as in Committee of the Whole, in which the Speaker descends to the floor of the House, Mr. CLAY distinguished himself in the debates upon every question of interest that came up, and was the author, during that and following Congresses, of more important measures than it has been the fortune of any other member, either then or since, to have his name identified with.

It would exceed the proper limits of this discourse to particularize all those measures. I can do no more than refer to a very few of them which have become landmarks in the history of our country.

First in order of these was his origination of the first proposition for a recognition of the independence of the States of South America, then struggling for liberty. This was on the 24th of March, 1818. It was on that day that he first formally presented the proposition to the House of Representatives. But neither the President nor Congress was then prepared for a measure so bold and decisive; and it was rejected by a large majority of the House, though advocated and urged by him with all the vehemence and power of his unsurpassed ability and eloquence. Undaunted by this defeat, he continued to pursue the subject with all the inflexible energy of his character. On the 3d of April, 1820, he renewed his proposition for the recognition of South American independence, and finally succeeded, against strong opposition, not

only in passing it through the House of Representatives, but in inducing that body to adopt the emphatic and extraordinary course of sending it to the President by a committee, specially appointed for the purpose. Of that committee Mr. CLAY was the chairman, and, at its head, performed the duty assigned them. In the year 1822 Mr. CLAY's noble exertions on this great subject were crowned with complete success, by the President's formal recognition of South American independence, with the sanction of Congress.

It requires some little exertion, at this day, to turn our minds back, and contemplate the vast importance of the revolutions then in progress in South America, as the subject was then presented, with all the uncertainties and perils that surrounded it. Those revolutions constituted a great movement in the moral and political world. By their results great interests and great principles, throughout the civilized world, and especially in our own country, might and probably would be materially affected.

Mr. CLAY comprehended the crisis. Its magnitude and its character were suited to his temper, and to his great intellect. He saw before him, throughout the vast continent of South America, the people of its various States, or provinces, struggling to cast off that Spanish oppression and tyranny which for three hundred years had weighed them down, and seeking to reclaim and re-establish their long-lost liberty and independence. He saw them not only struggling, but succeeding; and, with their naked hands, breaking their chains, and driving their oppressors before them. But the conflict was not yet over; Spain still continued to wage formidable and desperate hostilities against her colonies, to reduce them to submission. They were still struggling and bleeding, and the result yet depended on the uncertain issue of war.

What a spectacle was there presented to the contemplation of the world! The prime object of attention and interest there to be seen was *man bravely struggling for liberty*. That was enough for HENRY CLAY. His generous soul overflowed with sympathy. But this was not all; there were graver and higher considerations that belonged to the subject, and these were all felt and appreciated by Mr. CLAY.

If South America was resubjugated by Spain, she would, in effect, become European, and relapse into the system of European policy—the system of legitimacy, monarchy, and absolutism: on the other hand, if she succeeded in establishing her independence, the *principle* of free institutions would be established with it, and republics kindred to our own would rise up to protect, extend, and defend the rights and liberties of mankind.

It was not, then, a mere struggle between Spain and her colonies. In its consequences, at least, it went much further, and, in effect, was a contest between the great antagonist *principles* and *systems* of arbitrary European Governments and of free American Governments. Whether the millions of people who inhabited, or were to inhabit, South America, were to become the victims and the instruments of the arbitrary *principle*, or the supporters of the *free principle*, was a question of momentous consequence now and in all time to come.

With these views Mr. CLAY, from sympathy and policy, embraced the cause of South American independence. He proposed no actual intervention in her behalf, but he wished to aid her with all the moral power and encouragement that could be given by a welcome recognition of her by the Government of the United States.

To him belongs the distinguished honor of being *first* among the statesmen of the world to espouse and plead the cause of South America, and to propose and urge the recognition of her independence. And his own country is indebted to him for the honor of being the first nation to offer that recognition.

When the magnitude of the subject and the weighty interest and consequences attached to it are considered, it seems to me that there is no more palmy day in the life of Mr. CLAY than that in which, at the head of his committee, he presented to the President the resolution of the House of Representatives in favor of the recognition of South American independence. On that occasion he appears in all the sublimity of his nature, and the statesman, invested with all the sympathies and feelings of humanity, is enlarged and elevated into the character of the friend and guardian of universal liberty.

How far South America may have been aided or influenced in her struggles by the recognition of our Government, or by the noble appeals which Mr. CLAY had previously addressed, in her behalf, to Congress and to the world, I cannot say; but it is known that those speeches were read at the head of her armies, and that grateful thanks were returned. It is not too much to suppose that he exercised great influence in her affairs and destinies.

Years after the first of Mr. CLAY's noble exertions in the cause of South America, and some time after those exertions had led the Government of the United States to recognise the new States of South America, they were also recognised by the Government of Great Britain, and Mr. Canning, her minister, thereupon took occasion to say, in the House of Commons, "there (alluding to South America) I have called a new world into existence!" That was a vain boast. If it can be said of any man, it must be said of HENRY CLAY that *he* called that "new world into existence."*

MR. CLAY was the Father of the policy of Internal Improvement by the General Government. The expediency of such legislation had indeed been suggested, in one of his later annual messages to Congress, by President Jefferson, and that suggestion was revived by President Madison in the last of *his* annual messages. The late Bank of the United States having been then just established, a bill passed, in supposed conformity to Mr. Madison's recommendation, for setting aside the annual bonus to be paid by the Bank, as a fund for the purposes of Internal Improvement. This bill Mr. Madison very unexpectedly, on the last day of the term of his office, returned to the House of Representatives without his signature, assigning the reasons for his withholding it—reasons which related rather to the form than the substance—and recommending an amendment to the Constitution to confer upon Congress the necessary power to carry out that policy. The bill, of course, fell through for that session. While this bill was on its passage, Mr. CLAY had spoken in favor of it, declaring his own decided opinion in favor of the constitutionality and expediency of the measure. Mr. Monroe, immediately succeeding Mr. Madison in the Presi-

* See Mr. Rush's letter to Mr. Clay, 1st vol. Colton's Life of Henry Clay.

dency, introduced into his first annual message a declaration, in advance of any proposition on the subject, of a settled conviction on his mind that Congress *did not* possess the right to enter upon a system of Internal Improvement. But for this declaration, it may be doubted that the subject would have been again agitated so soon after Mr. Madison's veto. The threat of a recurrence to that resort by the new President roused up a spirit of defiance in the popular branch of Congress, and especially in the lion heart of Mr. CLAY; and, by his advice and counsel, a resolution was introduced, declaring that Congress *has power*, under the Constitution, to make appropriations for the construction of military roads, post-roads, and canals. Upon this proposition, in committee of the whole House, Mr. CLAY attacked, with all his powers of argument, wit, and raillery, the interdiction in the message. He considered that the question was now one between the Executive, on the one hand, and the Representatives of the people on the other, and that it was so understood by the country; that if, by the communication of his opinion to Congress, the President intended to prevent discussion, he had "most wofully failed;" that in having (Mr. CLAY had no doubt with the best motives) *volunteered* his opinions upon the subject, he had "inverted the order of legislation, by beginning where it should end;" and, after an able and unanswerable argument on the question of the power, concluded by saying: "*If we do nothing this session but pass an abstract resolution on the subject*, I shall, under all circumstances, consider it a triumph for the best interests of the country, of which posterity will, if we do not, reap the benefit." And the abstract resolution *did* pass, by a vote of 90 to 75; and a *triumph* it was which Mr. CLAY had every right to consider as his own, and all the more grateful to his feelings, because he had hardly hoped for it.

Referring to the final success, at a distance of thirty-five years, of the *principle* thus established, in the recent passage by Congress of the act for the improvement of certain of the ports and harbors and navigable rivers of the country, let "Posterity" not forget, on this occasion, to what honored name is undoubtedly due the credit of the first legislative assertion of the power.

Mr. CLAY was, perhaps, the only man since Washington who could have said, with entire truth, as he did, "*I had rather be*

right than be President." Honor and patriotism were his great and distinguishing traits. The first had its spring and support in his fearless spirit; the second in his peculiar Americanism of sentiment. It was those two principles which ever threw his whole soul into every contest where the public interest was deeply involved, and, above all, into every question which in the least menaced the integrity of the Union. This last was, with him, *the ark of the covenant*; and he was ever as ready to peril his own life in its defence, as he was to pronounce the doom of a traitor on any one who would dare to touch it with hostile hands. It was the ardor of this devotion to his country, and to the sheet anchor of its liberty and safety, the Union of the States, that rendered him so conspicuous in every conflict that threatened either one or the other with harm. All are familiar with his more recent, indeed his last, great struggle for his country, when the foundation of the Union trembled under the fierce sectional agitation, so happily adjusted and pacified by the wise measures of compromise which he proposed in the Senate, and which were, in the end, in substance adopted. That brilliant epoch in his history is fresh in the memory of all who hear me, and will never be forgotten by them. An equally glorious success achieved by his patriotism, his resoluteness, and the great power of his oratory, was one which few of this assembly are old enough vividly to remember, but which, in the memory of those who witnessed the effort, and the success of that greatest triumph of his master spirit, will ever live the most interesting in the life of the great statesman. I mean the Missouri controversy. Then, indeed, did common courage quail, and hope seem to shrink before the storm that burst upon and threatened to overwhelm the Union.

Into the history of what is still familiarly known as the "Missouri question," it is not necessary, if time would allow, that I should enter at any length. The subject of the controversy, as all my hearers know, was the disposition of the House of Representatives, manifested on more than one occasion, and by repeated votes, to require, as a condition of the admission of the Territory of Missouri into the Union as a State, the perpetual prohibition of the introduction of slavery into the Territories of the United States west of the Mississippi. During the conflict to which this

proposition gave rise in 1820, the debates were from the beginning earnest, prolonged, and excited. In the earlier stages of them Mr. CLAY exerted, to the utmost, his powers of argument, conciliation, and persuasion, speaking on one occasion, it is stated, for four and a half hours without intermission. A bill finally passed both Houses, authorizing the people of the Territory of Missouri to form a Constitution of State Government, with the prohibition of slavery *restricted* to the territory lying north of $36^{\circ} 30'$ of north latitude.

This was in the first session of the sixteenth Congress, Mr. CLAY still being Speaker of the House. On the approach of the second session of this Congress, Mr. CLAY being compelled by his private affairs to remain at home, forwarded his resignation as Speaker, but retained his seat as a member, in view of the pendency of this question. Mr. Taylor, of New York, the zealous advocate of the prohibition of slavery in Missouri and elsewhere in the West, was chosen *Speaker* to succeed Mr. CLAY. This fact, of itself, under all the circumstances, was ominous of what was to follow. Alarmed, apparently, at this aspect of things, Mr. CLAY resumed his seat in the House on the 16th of January, 1821. The Constitution formed by Missouri and transmitted to Congress, under the authority of the act passed in the preceding session, contained a provision (superfluous even for its own object) making it the duty of the General Assembly, as soon as might be, to pass an act to prevent free negroes and mulattoes from coming to, or settling in, the State of Missouri, "upon any pretext whatever." The reception of the Constitution, with this offensive provision in it, was the signal of discord, apparently irreconcilable; when, just as it had risen to its height, Mr. CLAY, on the 16th of January, 1821, resumed his seat in the House of Representatives. Less than six weeks of the term of Congress then remained. The great hold which he had upon the affections, as well as the respect, of all parties, induced upon his arrival a momentary lull in the tempest. He at once engaged earnestly and solicitously in counsel with all parties in this alarming controversy, and, on the second of February, moved the appointment of a committee of thirteen members to consider the subject. The report of that committee, after four days of conference, in which the feelings of all parties had clearly been consulted, notwithstanding it was most earnestly

supported by Mr. CLAY in a speech of such power and pathos as to draw tears from many hearers, was rejected by a vote of 83 nays to 80 yeas. No one, not a witness, can conceive the intense excitement which existed at this moment within and without the walls of Congress, aggravated as it was by the arrival of the day for counting the electoral votes for President and Vice President, amongst which was tendered the vote of Missouri as a State, though not yet admitted as such. Her vote was disposed of by being counted hypothetically — that is to say, that *with* the vote of Missouri, the then state of the general vote would be so and so; *without* it, so and so. If her vote, admitted, would have *changed the result*, no one can pretend to say how disastrous the consequences might not have been.

On Mr. CLAY alone now rested the hopes of all rational and dispassionate men for a final adjustment of this question; and one week only, with three days of grace, remained of the existence of that Congress. On the twenty-second of the month, Mr. CLAY made a last effort, by moving the appointment of a Joint Committee of the two Houses, to consider and report whether it was expedient or not to make provision for the admission of Missouri into the Union, on the same footing of the original States; and if not, whether any other provision, adapted to her actual condition, ought to be made by law. The motion was agreed to, and a committee of twenty-three members appointed by ballot under it. The report by that committee (a modification of the previously *rejected* report) was ratified by the House, but by the close vote, 87 to 81. The Senate concurred, and so this distracting question was at last settled, with an acquiescence in it by all parties, which has never been since disturbed.

I have already spoken of this as the great triumph of Mr. CLAY; I might have said, the greatest civil triumph ever achieved by mortal man. It was one towards which the combination of the highest ability, and the most commanding eloquence, would have labored in vain. There would still have been wanting the ardor, the vehemence, the impetuousness of character of HENRY CLAY, under the influence of which he sometimes overleaped all barriers, and carried his point literally by storm. One incident of this kind is well remembered in connexion with the Missouri question. It

was in an evening sitting, whilst this question was yet in suspense Mr. CLAY had made a motion to allow one or two members to vote who had been absent when their names were called. The Speaker, (Mr. Taylor,) who, to a naturally equable temperament, added a most provoking calmness of manner when all around him was excitement, blandly stated, for the information of the gentleman, that the motion "was not in order." Mr. CLAY then moved to suspend the rule forbidding it, so as to allow him to make the motion; but the Speaker, with imperturbable serenity, informed him that, according to the Rules and Orders, such a motion could not be received without the unanimous consent of the House. "Then," said Mr. CLAY, exerting his voice even beyond its highest wont, "*I move to suspend ALL the rules of the House. Away with them!* Is it to be endured that we shall be trammelled in our action by mere forms and technicalities at a moment like this, when the peace, and perhaps the existence, of this UNION is at stake?"

Besides those to which I have alluded, Mr. CLAY performed many other signal public services, any one of which would have illustrated the character of any other American statesman. Among these we cannot refrain from mentioning his measures for the protection of American industry, and his compromise measures of 1833, by which the country was relieved from the dangers and agitations produced by the doctrine and spirit of "nullification." Indeed his name is identified with all the great measures of Government during the long period of his public life.

But the occasion does not permit me to proceed further with the review of his public services. History will record them to his honor.

HENRY CLAY was indebted to no adventitious circumstances for the success and glory of his life. Sprung from an humble stock, he "was fashioned to much honor from his cradle;" and he achieved it by the noble use of the means which God and nature had given him. He was no scholar, and had none of the advantages of collegiate education. But there was a "divinity that stirred within him." He was a man of genius mighty enough to supply all the defects of education. By its keen, penetrating observation, its quick apprehension, its comprehensive and clear conception, he gathered knowledge without the study of books; he could draw it

from the fountain head, pure and undefiled. It was unborrowed — the acquisition of his own observation, reflection, and experience, and all his own. It entered into the composition of the man, forming part of his mind, and strengthening and preparing him for all those great scenes of intellectual exertion or controversy in which his life was spent. His armor was always on, and he was ever ready for the battle.

This mighty genius was accompanied, in him, by all the qualities necessary to sustain its action, and to make it irresistible. His person was tall and commanding, and his demeanor —

“Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.”

He was direct and honest, ardent and fearless, prompt to form his opinions, always bold in their avowal, and sometimes impetuous, or even rash, in their vindication. In the performance of his duties he feared no responsibility. He scorned all evasion or untruth. No pale thoughts ever troubled his decisive mind. “Be just and fear not,” was the sentiment of his heart, and the principle of his action. It regulated his conduct in private and public life; all the ends he aimed at were his country’s, his God’s, and truth’s.

Such was HENRY CLAY, and such were his talents, qualities, and objects. Nothing but success and honor could attend such a character. I have adverted briefly to some portions of his public life. For nearly half a century he was an informing spirit, a brilliant and heroic figure in our political sphere, marshalling our country in the way she ought to go. The “bright track of his fiery car” may be traced through the whole space over which, in his day, his country and its Government have passed in the way to greatness and renown. It will still point the way to further greatness and renown.

The great objects of his public life were to preserve and strengthen the Union; to maintain the Constitution and laws of the United States; to cherish industry; to protect labor; and facilitate, by all proper national improvements, the communication between all the parts of our widely-extended country. This was his American system of policy. With inflexible patriotism he

pursued and advoeated it to his end. He was every inch an Ameriean. His heart, and all that there was of him, were devoted to his country, to its liberty, and its free institutions. He inherited the spirit of the revolution, in the midst of which he was born; and the love of liberty and the pride of freedom were in him principles of action.

A remarkable trait in his character was his inflexibility in defending the public interest against all schemes for its detriment. His exertions were, indeed, so steadily employed and so often successful in protecting the public against the injurious designs of visionary politicians or party demagogues, that he may be almost said to have been, during forty years, the guardian angel of the country. He never would compromise the public interest for any body, or for any personal advantage to himself.

He was the advocate of liberty throughout the world, and his voice of cheering was raised in behalf of every people who struggled for freedom. Greece, awakened from a long sleep of servitude, heard his voice, and was reminded of her own Demosthenes. South America, too, in her struggle for independence, heard his brave words of encouragement, and her fainting heart was animated, and her arm made strong.

HENRY CLAY was the fair representative of the age in which he lived; an age which forms the great and brightest era in the history of man; an age teeming with new discoveries and developments, extending in all directions the limits of human knowledge, exploring the agencies and elements of the physical world, and turning and subjugating them to the use of man; unfolding and establishing practically the great principles of *popular rights* and free governments, and which, nothing doubting, nothing fearing, still advances in majesty, aspiring to and demanding further improvement and further amelioration of the condition of mankind.

With the chivalrous and benignant spirit of this great era HENRY CLAY was thoroughly imbued. He was indeed moulded by it, and made in its own image. That spirit, be it remembered, was not one of licentiousness, or turbulence, or blind innovation. It was a wise spirit, good and honest as it was resolute and brave; and truth and justice were its companions and guides.

These noble qualities of truth and justice were conspicuous in the whole public life of Mr. CLAY. On that solid foundation he stood, erect and fearless; and when the storms of State beat around and threatened to overwhelm him, his exclamation was still heard, "truth is mighty and public justice certain." What a magnificent and heroic figure does HENRY CLAY here present to the world! We can but stand before and look upon it in silent reverence. His appeal was not in vain; the passions of party subsided; truth and justice resumed their sway, and his generous countrymen repaid him, for all the wrong they had done, with gratitude, affection, and admiration in his life, and with tears for his death.

It has been objected to HENRY CLAY that he was ambitious. So he was. But in him ambition was a virtue. It sought only the proper, fair objects of honorable ambition, and it sought these by honorable means only — by so serving the country as to deserve its favors and its honors. If he sought office, it was for the purpose of enabling him, by the power it would give, to serve his country more effectually and pre-eminently; and, if he expected and desired thereby to advance his own fame, who will say that was a fault? Who will say that it was a fault to seek and to desire office for any of the personal gratifications it may afford, so long as those gratifications are made subordinate to the public good?

That HENRY CLAY's object in desiring office was to serve his country, and that he would have made all other considerations subservient, I have no doubt. I knew him well; I had full opportunity of observing him in his most unguarded moments and conversations, and I can say that I have never known a more unselfish, a more faithful or intrepid representative of the *people*, of the people's rights, and the people's interests than HENRY CLAY. It was most fortunate for Kentucky to have such a representative, and most fortunate for him to have such a constituent as Kentucky — fortunate for him to have been thrown, in the early and susceptible period of his life, into the primitive society of her bold and free people. As one of her children, I am pleased to think that from that source he derived some of the magnanimity and energy which his after life so signally displayed. I am pleased to

think that, mingling with all his great qualities, there was a sort of *Kentuckyism*, (I shall not undertake to define it,) which, though it may not have polished or refined, gave to them additional point and power, and a freer scope of action.

Mr. CLAY was a man of profound judgment and strong will. He never doubted or faltered; all his qualities were positive and peremptory; and to his convictions of public duty he sacrificed every personal consideration.

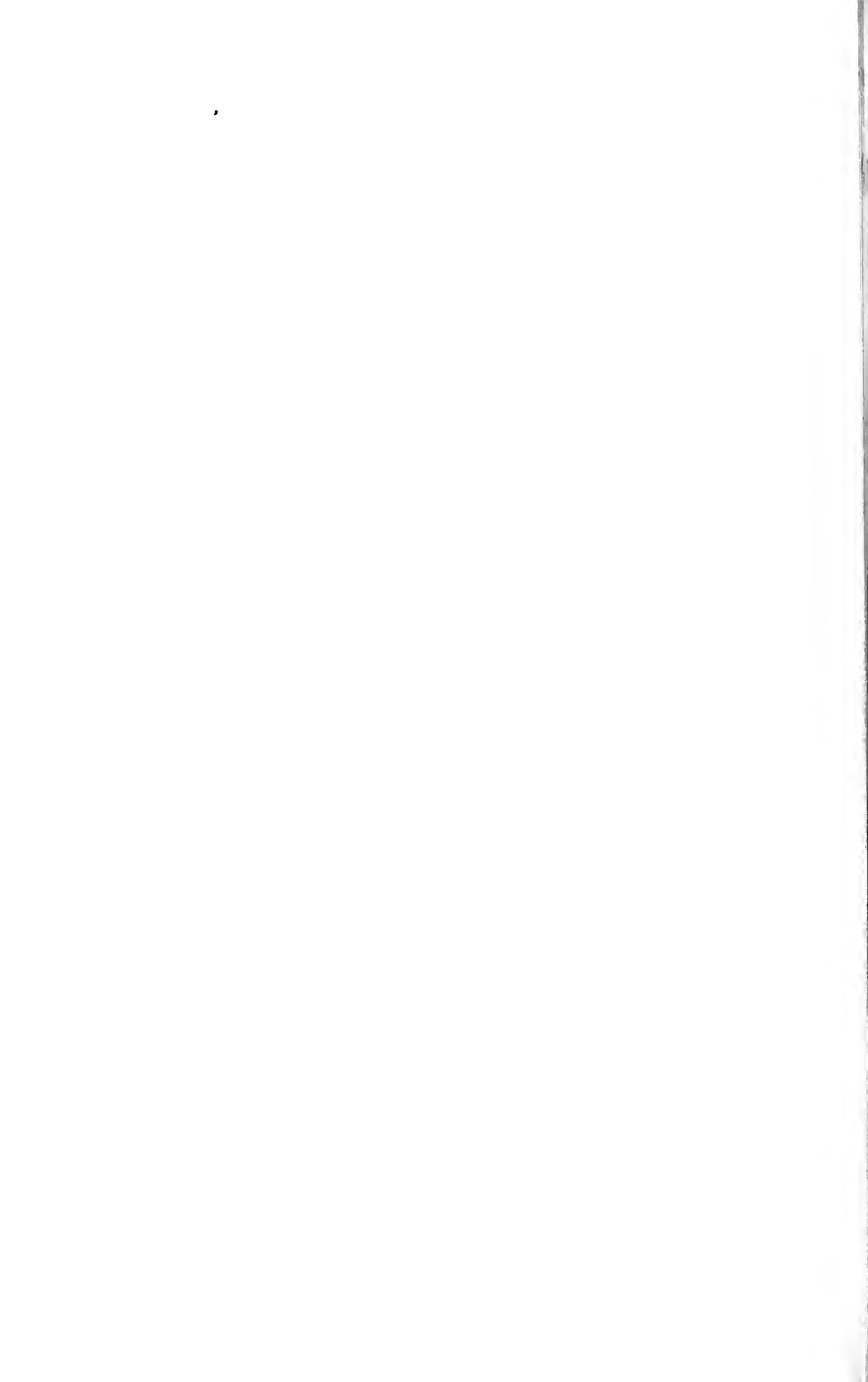
With but little knowledge of the rules of logic or of rhetoric, he was a great debater and orator. There was no art in his eloquence, no studied contrivances of language. It was the natural outpouring of a great and ardent intellect. In his speeches there were none of the trifles of mere fancy and imagination; all was to the subject in hand, and to the purpose; and they may be regarded as great actions of the mind rather than fine displays of words. I doubt whether the eloquence of Demosthenes or Cicero ever exercised a greater influence over the minds and passions of the people of Athens and of Rome than did Mr. CLAY's over the minds and passions of the people of the United States.

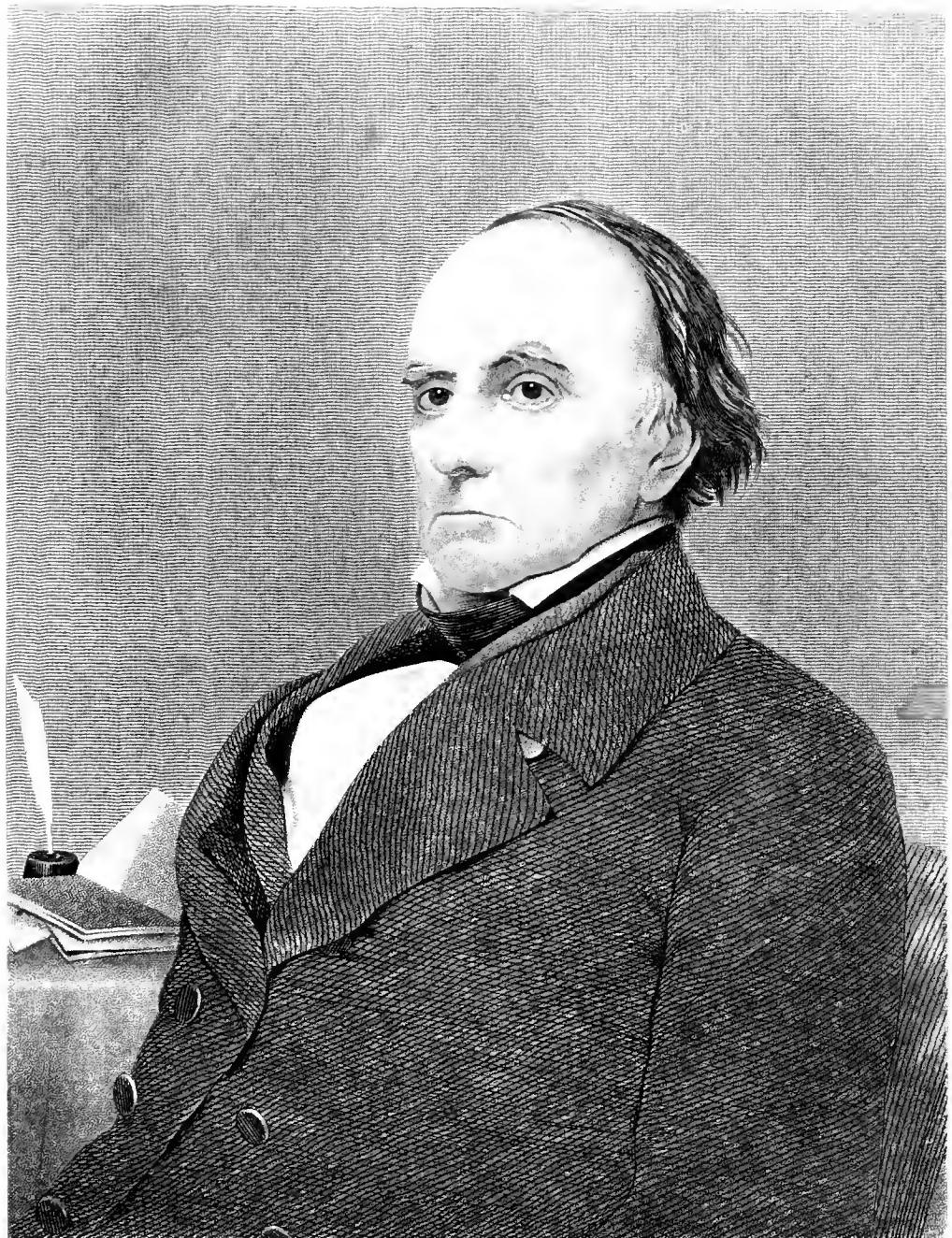
You all knew Mr. CLAY: your knowledge and recollection of him will present him more vividly to your minds than any picture I can draw of him. This I will add: he was, in the highest, truest sense of the term, a great man, and we ne'er shall look upon his like again. He has gone to join the mighty dead in another and better world. How little is there of such a man that can die! His fame, the memory of his benefactions, the lessons of his wisdom, all remain with us; over these death has no power.

How few of the great of this world have been so fortunate as he! How few of them have lived to see their labors so rewarded. He lived to see the country that he loved and served advanced to great prosperity and renown, and still advancing. He lived till every prejudice which, at any period of his life, had existed against him, was removed; and until he had become the object of the reverence, gratitude, and love of his whole country. His work seemed then to be completed, and fate could not have selected a happier moment to remove him from the troubles and vicissitudes of this life.

Glorious as his life was, there was nothing that became him like the leaving of it. I saw him frequently during the slow and lingering disease which terminated his life. He was conscious of his approaching end, and prepared to meet it with all the resignation and fortitude of a Christian hero. He was all patience, meekness, and gentleness; these shone around him like a mild, celestial light, breaking upon him from another world.

"And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give, he died fearing God."





David Worcester



OBITUARY HONORS

TO THE MEMORY OF

DANIEL WEBSTER.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
TUESDAY, *December 14, 1852.*

Mr. JOHN DAVIS, of Massachusetts, rose and addressed the Senate, as follows :

Mr. PRESIDENT: I rise to bring to the notice of the Senate an event which has touched the sensibilities and awakened sympathies in all parts of the country; an event which has appropriately found a place in the message of the President, and ought not to be passed in silence by the Senate.

Sir, we have within a short space mourned the death of a succession of men illustrious by their services, their talents, and worth. Not only have seats in this Chamber, in the other House, and upon the bench of the Court been vacated, but Death has entered the Executive mansion, and claimed that beloved patriot who filled the Chair of State.

The portals of the tomb had scarcely closed upon the remains of a great and gifted member of this House, before they are again opened to receive another marked man of our day, one who stood out with a singular prominence before his countrymen, challenging, by his extraordinary intellectual power, the admiration of his fellow-men.

DANIEL WEBSTER, (a name familiar in the remotest cabin upon the frontier.) after mixing actively in the councils of his country

for forty years, and having reached the limits of life assigned to mortals, has descended to the mansions of the dead, and the damp earth now rests upon his manly form.

That magic voice which was wont to fill this place with admiring listeners is hushed in eternal silence. The multitude will no longer bend in breathless attention from these galleries to catch his words, and to watch the speaking eloquence of his countenance, animated by the fervor of his mind. Nor will the Senate again be instructed by the outpourings of his profound intellect, matured by long experience, and enriched by copious streams from the fountains of knowledge. The thread of life is cut, the immortal is separated from the mortal, and the products of a great and cultivated mind are all that remained to us of the jurist and legislator.

Few men have attracted so large a share of public attention, or maintained for so long a period an equal degree of mental distinction. In this and the other House there were rivals for fame, and he grappled in debate with the master minds of the day, and achieved in such manly conflict the imperishable renown connected with his name.

Upon most of the questions which have been much agitated in Congress during his period of service his voice was heard. Few orators have equalled him in a masterly power of condensation, or in that clear logical arrangement of proofs and arguments which secures the attention of the hearer, and holds it with unabated interest.

These speeches have been preserved, and many of them will be read as forensic models, and will command admiration for the great display of intellectual power and extensive research. This is not a suitable occasion to discuss the merits of political productions, or to compare them with the effusions of great contemporaneous minds, or to speak of the principles advocated. All this belongs to the future, and history will assign each great name the measure of its enduring fame.

Mr. WEBSTER was conspicuous not only among the most illustrious men in the halls of legislation, but his fame shone with undiminished lustre in the judicial tribunals as an advocate, where he participated in many of the most important discussions. On the bench was Marshall, Story, and their brethren, men of patient

research and comprehensive scope of intellect, who have left behind them in our judicial annals proofs of greatness which will secure profound veneration and respect for their names. At the bar stood Pinckney, Wirt, Emmett, and many others who adorned and gave exalted character to the professions. Amid these luminaries of the bar he discussed many of the great questions raised in giving construction to organic law, and no one shone with more intense brightness, or brought into the conflict of mind more learning, higher proofs of severe mental discipline, or more copious illustration.

Among such men, and in such honorable combat, the foundation of that critical knowledge of constitutional law, which afterwards became a prominent feature of his character, and entered largely into his opinions as a legislator, were laid. The arguments made at this forum display a careful research into the history of the foundation of the Federal Union, and an acute analysis of the fundamental provisions of the Constitution. Probably no man has penetrated deeper into the principles, or taken a more comprehensive and complete view of the union of the States, than that great man, Chief Justice Marshall. No question was so subtle as to elude his grasp, or so complex as to defy his penetration. Even the great and the learned esteemed it no condescension to listen to the teachings of his voice, and no one profited more by his wisdom or more venerated his character than Mr. WEBSTER.

To stand among such men with marked distinction, as did Mr. WEBSTER, is an association which might satisfy any ambition, whatever might be its aspirations.

But there, among those illustrious men, who have finished their labors and gone to their final homes, he made his mark strong and deep, which will be seen and traced by posterity.

But I need not dwell on that which is familiar to all readers who feel an interest in such topics; nor need I notice the details of his private life, since hundreds of pens have been employed in revealing all the facts, and in describing, in the most vivid manner, all the scenes which have been deemed attractive. Nor need I reiterate the fervent language of eulogy which has been poured out in all quarters--from the press, the pulpit, the bar, legislative bodies, and public assemblies, since his own productions constitute his best eulogy.

I could not, if I were to attempt it, add any thing to the strength or beauty of the manifold evidences which have been exhibited of the length, the breadth, and height of his fame, nor is there any occasion for such proofs in the Senate, the place where his face was familiar, where many of his greatest efforts were made, and where his intellectual powers were appreciated.

Here he was seen and heard, and no where else will his claim to great distinction be more cheerfully admitted.

But the places which have known him will know him no more. His form will never rise here again, his voice will not be heard, nor his expressive countenance seen. He is dead. In his last moments he was surrounded by his family and friends at his own home, and, while consoled by their presence, his spirit took its flight to other regions. All that remained has been committed to its kindred earth.

Divine Providence gives us illustrious men, but they, like others, when their mission is ended, yield to the inexorable law of our being. He who gives also takes away, but never forsakes his faithful children.

The places of those possessing uncommon gifts are vacated; the sod rests upon the once manly form, now as cold and lifeless as itself, and the living are filled with gloom and desolation; but the world rolls on, nature loses none of its charms, the sun rises with undiminished splendor, the grass loses none of its freshness, nor do the flowers cease to fill the air with fragrance. Nature, untouched by human wo, proclaims the immutable law of Providence that decay follows growth, and that he who takes away never fails to give.

Sir, I propose the following resolutions, believing that they will meet the cordial approbation of the Senate:

Resolved, That the Senate has received, with profound sensibility, the annunciation by the President, of the death of the late Secretary of State, DANIEL WEBSTER, who was long a highly distinguished member of this House.

Resolved, That the Senate manifest its respect for the memory of the deceased, and its sympathy with the bereaved family, by wearing the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these proceedings be communicated to the House of Representatives.

Mr. BUTLER, of South Carolina, said :

Mr. PRESIDENT: This is an occasion full of interesting but melancholy associations, and one that especially appeals to my feelings and sense of justice—I might almost say, historical justice—as a Representative of South Carolina. Who that were present can ever forget the mournful and imposing occasion when DANIEL WEBSTER, whose eloquence and ability had given distinction to the greatest deliberative assembly, and the most august tribunal of justice in this great Confederacy; and when Henry Clay, a name associated with all that is daring in action and splendid in eloquence, rose as witnesses before the tribunal of history, and gave their testimony as to the character and services of their illustrious compeer, John Caldwell Calhoun? They embalmed in historical immortality their rival, associate, and comrade.

I would that I could borrow from the spirit of my great countryman something of its justice and magnanimity, that I might make some requital for the distinguished tributes paid to his memory by his illustrious compeers.

Such an occasion as the one I have referred to is without parallel in the history of this Senate; and, sir, I fear that there is no future for such another one. Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, like Pitt, Fox, and Burke, have made a picture on our history that will be looked upon as its culminating splendor. They were luminaries that, in many points of view, essentially differed from each other, as one star differeth from another; but they were all stars of the first magnitude. Distance cannot destroy, nor can time diminish, the simple splendor of their light for the guidance and instruction of an admiring posterity.

Rivals they were on a great and eventful theatre of political life; but death has given them a common fame. Their contest in life was for the awards of public opinion, the great lever in modern times by which nations are to be influenced.

“With more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place :
Like fabled gods, their mighty war
Shook Realms and Nations in its jar !”

Before I became a member of the Senate, of which I found Mr. WEBSTER a distinguished ornament, I had formed a very high estimate of his abilities, and from various sources of high authority. His mind, remarkable for its large capacity, was enriched with rare endowments—with the knowledge of a statesman, the learning of a jurist, and the attainments of a scholar. In this Chamber, with unsurpassed ability, Mr. WEBSTER has discussed the greatest subjects that have or can influence the destinies of this great Confederacy.

Well may I apply to him the striking remark which he bestowed on Mr. Calhoun, "We saw before us a Senator of Rome, when Rome survived."

I have always regarded Mr. WEBSTER as a noble model of a parliamentary debater. His genial temper; the courtesy and dignity of his deportment; his profound knowledge of his subject, and his thorough preparation, gave him a great command, not only over his immediate audience, but gave his masterly speeches an impressive influence over public opinion.

In the Supreme Court, Mr. WEBSTER was engaged in the greatest cases that were ever decided by that tribunal; and it is not saying too much to assert that his arguments formed the basis of some of the ablest judgments of that court. His exuberant but rectified imagination and brilliant literary attainments imparted to his eloquence beauty, simplicity, and majesty, and the finish of taste and elaboration. He seemed to prefer the more debative style of speaking; but when roused and assailed he became a formidable adversary in the war of debate, discharging from his full quiver the arrows of sarcasm and invective with telling effect.

Mr. WEBSTER was born in a forest, and in his childhood and youth lived amid the scenes of rural life; and it was no doubt under their inspiring influence that he imbibed that love of nature which has given such a charm and touching pathos to some of his meditated productions. It always struck me that he had something of Burns's nature, but controlled by the discipline of a higher degree of education. Lifted above the ordinary level of mankind by his genius and various intelligence, Mr. WEBSTER looked upon a more extensive horizon than could be seen by those below him. He had too much information from his various intercourse with great

men, and his acquaintance with the opinions of all ages through the medium of books, to allow the spirit of bigotry to have a place in his mind. I have many reasons to conclude that he was not only tolerant of the opinions of others, but was even generous in his judgments toward them. I will conclude by saying that New England especially, and the Confederacy at large, have cause to be proud of the fame of such a man.

Mr. CASS, of Michigan, said :—

Mr. PRESIDENT: How are the mighty fallen, was the pathetic lamentation, when the leaders of Israel were struck down in the midst of their services and of their renown. Well may we repeat that national wail, now ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN, when the impressive dispensations of Providence have so recently carried mourning to the hearts of the American people, by summoning from life to death three of their eminent citizens, who, for almost half a century, had taken part, and prominently too, in all the great questions, as well of peace as of war, which agitated and divided their country. Full they were, indeed, of days and of honors, for

“The hand of the reaper
Took the ears that were hoary,”

but never brighter in intellect, purer in patriotism, nor more powerful in influence than when the grave closed upon their labors, leaving their memory and their career at once an incentive and an example for their countrymen, in that long course of trial, but I trust of freedom and prosperity also, which is open before us. Often divided in life, but only by honest convictions of duty, followed in a spirit of generous emulation, and not of personal opposition, they are now united in death, and we may appropriately adopt, upon this striking occasion, the beautiful language addressed to the people of England by one of her most gifted sons, when they were called to mourn, as we are now called, a bereavement which spread sorrow, dismay almost, through the nation, and under circumstances of difficulty and danger far greater than any we can now reasonably anticipate in the progress of our history.

“Seek not for those a separate doom
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb;
But search the land of living men,
Where shall we find their like again?”

And to-day, in the consideration of the message of the Chief Magistrate, it becomes us to respond to his annunciation, commanding itself, as it does, to the universal sentiment of the country, of the death of the last of these lamented statesmen, as a national misfortune. This mark of regret and respect was due alike to the memory of the dead, and to the feelings of the living. And I have listened with deep emotion to the eloquent testimonials to the mental power and worth and services of the departed patriot which to-day have been heard in this high place, and will be heard to-morrow, and commended too, by the American people. The voice of party is hushed in the presence of such a national calamity, and the grave closes upon the asperity of political contests when it closes upon those who have taken part in them.

And well may we, who have so often witnessed his labors and his triumphs, well may we, here, upon this theatre of his services and his renown, recalling the effort of his mighty understanding, and the admiration which always followed its exertion well may we come with our tribute of acknowledgment to his high and diversified powers, and to the influence he exercised upon his auditory, and in fact upon his country. He was, indeed, one of those remarkable men who stand prominently forward upon the canvass of history, impressing their characteristics upon the age in which they live, and almost making it their own by the force of their genius and the splendor of their fame. The time which elapsed between the middle of the eighteenth century and our own day was prolific of great events and of distinguished men, who guided or were guided by them far beyond any other equal period in the history of human society. But, in my opinion, even this favored epoch has produced no man possessing a more massive and gigantic intellect, or who exhibited more profound powers of investigation in the great department of political science to which he devoted himself, in all its various ramifications, than DANIEL WEBSTER. The structure of his mind seemed peculiarly adapted to the work he was called upon to do, and he did it as no other man of his country, of his age indeed, could have done it. And his name and his fame are indissolubly connected with some of the most difficult and important questions which our peculiar institutions have called into discussion. It was my good fortune to hear him

upon one of the most memorable of these occasions, when, in this very hall, filled to overflowing with an audience whose rapt attention indicated his power and their expectations, he entered into an analysis of the Constitution and of the great principles of our political organization, with a vigor of argument, a force of illustration, and a felicity of diction which have rendered this effort of his mind one of the proudest monuments of American genius, and one of the noblest expositions which the operations of our Government have called forth. I speak of its general effect, without concurring in all the views he presented, though the points of difference neither impair my estimate of the speaker nor of the power he displayed in this elaborate debate.

The judgment of his contemporaries upon the character of his eloquence will be confirmed by the future historian. He grasped the questions involved in the subject before him with a rare union of force and discrimination, and he presented them in an order of arrangement marked at once with great perspicuity and with logical acuteness, so that when he arrived at his conclusion he seemed to reach it by a process of established propositions, interwoven with the hand of a master. And topics barren of attraction from their nature were rendered interesting by illustrations and allusions drawn from a vast store-house of knowledge and applied with a chastened taste, formed upon the best models of ancient and of modern learning. And to these eminent qualifications was added an uninterrupted flow of rich, and often racy, old-fashioned English, worthy of the earlier masters of the language, whom he studied and admired.

As a statesman and politician, his power was felt and acknowledged through the republic, and all bore willing testimony to his enlarged views, and to his ardent patriotism. And he acquired a European reputation by the State papers he prepared upon various questions of our foreign policy; and one of these, his refutation and exposure of an absurd and arrogant pretension of Austria, is distinguished by lofty and generous sentiments, becoming the age in which he lived, and the great people in whose name he spoke; and it is stamped with a vigor and research not less honorable in the exhibition than conclusive in the application. And it will ever take rank in the history of diplomatic intercourse among the

richest contributions to the commentaries upon the public law of the world.

And in internal as in external troubles, he was true, and tried, and faithful, and in the latest, may it be the last, as it was the most perilous, crisis of our country, rejecting all sectional considerations, and exposing himself to sectional denunciations, he stood up boldly, proudly indeed, and with consummate ability, for the constitutional rights of another portion of the Union, fiercely assailed by a spirit of aggression as incompatible with our mutual obligations as with the duration of the Confederation itself. In that dark and doubtful hour his voice was heard above the storm, recalling his countrymen to a sense of their dangers and their duties, and tempering the lessons of reproof with the experience of age and the dictates of patriotism. He who heard this memorable appeal to the public reason and conscience, made in this crowded chamber, with all eyes fixed upon the speaker, and almost all hearts swayed by his words of wisdom and of power, will sedulously guard its recollection as one of those precious incidents which, while they constitute the poetry of history, exert a permanent and decisive influence upon the destiny of nations.

And our deceased colleague added the kindlier affections of the heart to the lofty endowments of the mind. And I recall, with almost painful sensibility, the associations of our boyhood, when we were school-fellows together, with all the troubles and the pleasures which belong to that relation of life in its narrow world of preparation. He rendered himself dear by his disposition and deportment, and exhibited some of those peculiar characteristic features, which, later in life, made him the ornament of the social circle, and, when study and knowledge of the world had ripened his faculties, endowed him with powers of conversation I have not found surpassed in my intercourse with society, at home or abroad. His conduct and bearing at that early period have left an enduring impression upon my memory of mental traits which his subsequent course in life developed and confirmed. And the commanding position and ascendancy of the man were foreshadowed by the standing and influence of the boy among the comrades who surrounded him.

Fifty-five years ago we parted, he to prepare for his splendid career in the good old land of our ancestors, and I to encounter the harsh toils and trials of life in the great forest of the West.

But ere long the report of his words and his deeds penetrated those recesses, where human industry was painfully but successfully contending with the obstacles of nature, and I found that my early companion was assuming a position which confirmed my previous anticipations, and which could only be attained by the rare faculties with which he was gifted.

Since then he has gone on, irradiating his path with the splendor of his exertions, till the whole hemisphere was bright with his glory, and never brighter than when he went down in the west, without a cloud to obscure his lustre—clear, calm, and glorious. Fortunate in life, he was not less fortunate in death; for he died with his fame undiminished, his faculties unbroken, and his usefulness unimpaired; surrounded by weeping friends, and regarded with anxious solicitude by a grateful country, to whom the messenger, that mocks at time and space, told, from hour to hour, the progress of his disorder and the approach of his fate. And beyond all this, and better than all this, he died in the faith of a Christian, humble but hopeful, adding another to the roll of eminent men who have searched the Gospel of Jesus, and found it the word and the will of God, given to direct us while here, and to sustain us in that hour of trial when the things of this world are passing away, and the dark valley of the shadow of death is opening before us.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN, we may yet exclaim, when reft of our greatest and wisest; but they fall to rise again from death to life, when such quickening faith in the mercy of God, and in the sacrifice of the Redeemer, comes to shed upon them its happy influence on this side of the grave and beyond it.

Mr. SEWARD, of New York, said:—

When, in passing through Savoy, I reached the eminence where the traveller is promised his first distinct view of Mont Blanc, I asked, "Where is the Mountain?" "There," said the guide, pointing to the rainy sky which stretched out before me. It is even so when we approach and attempt to scan accurately a great character. Clouds gather upon it, and seem to take it up out of our sight.

DANIEL WEBSTER was a man of warm and earnest affections, in all the domestic and social relations. Purely incidental and natural allusions in his conversations, letters, and speeches, have made us familiar with the very pathways about his early mountain home; with his mother, graceful, intellectual, fond, and pious; with his father, assiduous, patriotic, and religious—changing his pursuits, as duty in revolutionary times commanded, from the farm to the camp, and from the camp to the Provincial Legislature and the Constituent Assembly. It seems as if we could recognise the very form and features of the most constant and generous of brothers. Nor are we strangers at Marshfield. We are guests hospitably admitted, and then left to wander at our ease under the evergreens on the lawn, over the grassy fields, through the dark native forest, and along the sea shore. We know, almost as well as we know our own, the children reared there, and fondly loved, and therefore perhaps early lost; the servants bought from bondage, and held by the stronger chains of gratitude; the careful steward, always active yet never hurried; the reverent neighbor, always welcome yet never obtrusive; and the ancient fisherman, whose little fleet is ever ready for the sports of the sea; and we meet on every side the watchful and devoted friends whom no frequency of disappointment can discourage, and whom even the death of their great patron cannot all at once disengage from efforts which know no balanceing of probabilities, nor reckoning of cost to secure his elevation to the first honors of the Republic.

Who that was even confessedly provincial was ever so identified with any thing local as DANIEL WEBSTER was with the spindles of Lowell and the quarries of Quiney; with Faneuil Hall, Bunker Hill, Forefathers' Day, Plymouth Rock, and whatever else belonged to Massachusetts? And yet, who that was most truly national has ever so sublimely eelebrated, or so touchingly commended to our reverent affection, our broad and ever-broadening continental home; its endless rivers, majestic mountains, and capacious lakes; its inimitable and indescribable Constitution; its cherished and growing capital; its aptly-coneeived and expressive flag, and its triumphs by land and sea; and its immortal founders, heroes, and martyrs! How manifest it was, too, that, unlike those who are impatient of slow but sure progress, he loved his country, not for

something greater or higher than he desired or hoped she might be, but just for what she was, and as she was already, regardless of future change.

No, sir; believe me, they err widely who say that DANIEL WEBSTER was cold and passionless. It is true that he had little enthusiasm, but he was nevertheless earnest and sincere, as well as calm; and therefore he was both discriminating and comprehensive in his affections. We recognise his likeness in the portrait drawn by a Roman pencil—

“Who with nice discernment knows
What to his country and his friends he owes;
How various Nature warms the human breast,
To love the parent, brother, friend, or guest;
What the great offices of judges are,
Of senators, of generals sent to war.”

DANIEL WEBSTER was cheerful, and, on becoming occasions, joyous, and even mirthful; but he was habitually engaged in profound studies on great affairs. He was, moreover, constitutionally fearful of the dangers of popular passion and prejudice; and so, in public walk, conversation, and debate, he was grave and serious, even to solemnity; yet he never desponded in the darkest hours of personal or political trial; and melancholy never, in health nor even in sickness, spread a pall over his spirits.

It must have been very early that he acquired that just estimate of his own powers, which was the basis of a self-reliance which all the world saw and approved, and which, while it betrayed no feature of vanity, none but a superficial observer could have mistaken for pride or arrogance.

DANIEL WEBSTER was no sophist. With a talent for didactic instruction, which might have excused dogmatism, he never lectured on the questions of morals that are agitated in the schools; but he seemed, nevertheless, to have acquired a philosophy of his own, and to have made it the rule and guide of his life. That philosophy consisted in improving his powers and his tastes, so that he might appreciate whatever was good and beautiful in nature and art, and attain to whatever was excellent in conduct. He had accurate perceptions of the qualities and relations of things. He overvalued nothing that was common, and undervalued nothing

that was useful or even ornamental. His lands, his cattle, and equipage, his dwelling, library, and apparel; his letters, arguments, and orations; every thing that he had, every thing that he made, and every thing that he did, was, as far as possible, fit, complete, perfect. He thought decorous forms necessary for preserving whatever was substantial or valuable in polities and morals, and even in religion. In his regard, Order was the first law, and Peace the chief blessing of earth, as they are of Heaven. Therefore while he desired Justice and loved Liberty, he reverenced Law as the first divinity of States and of society.

DANIEL WEBSTER was indeed ambitious, but his ambition was generally subordinate to conventional forms, and always to the Constitution. He aspired to place and preferment, but not for the mere exercise of political power, and still less for pleasurable indulgencies; and only for occasions to save or serve his country, and for the fame which such noble actions might bring. Who will censure such ambition? Who had greater genius, subjected to severer discipline? What other motives than those of ambition could have brought that genius into activity under that discipline, and sustained that activity so equally under ever-changing circumstances so long? His ambition never fell off into presumption. He was, on the contrary, content with performing all practical duties, even in common affairs, in the best possible manner; and he never chafed under petty restraints from those above, nor malicious annoyances from those around him. If ever any man had intellectual superiority which could have excused a want of deference due to human authority, or skepticism concerning that which was divine, he was such a one. Yet he was, nevertheless, unassuming and courteous, here and elsewhere, in the public councils; and there was, I think, never a time in his life when he was not an unquestioning believer in that religion which offers to the meek the inheritance of the Heavenly Kingdom.

DANIEL WEBSTER's mind was not subtle, but it was clear. It was surpassingly logical in the exercise of induction, and equally vigorous and energetic in all its movements; and yet he possessed an imagination so strong, that if it had been combined with even a moderated enthusiasm of temper, would have overturned the excellent balance of his powers.

The civilian rises in this, as in other Republics, by the practice of eloquence; and so DANIEL WEBSTER became an orator, the first of orators.

Whatever else concerning him has been controverted by any body, the fifty thousand lawyers of the United States, interested to deny his pretensions, conceded to him an unapproachable supremacy at the bar. How did he win that high place? Where others studied laboriously, he meditated intensely. Where others appealed to the prejudices and passions of courts and juries, he addressed only their understandings. Where others lost themselves among the streams, he ascended to the fountain. While they sought the rules of law among conflicting precedents, he found them in the eternal principles of reason and justice.

But it is conceding too much to the legal profession to call DANIEL WEBSTER a lawyer. Lawyers speak for clients and their interests; he seemed always to be speaking for his country and for truth. So he rose imperceptibly above his profession; and while yet in the Forum, he stood before the world a Publicist. In this felicity he resembled while he surpassed Erskine, who taught the courts at Westminster the law of moral responsibility; and he approached Hamilton, who educated the courts at Washington in the Constitution of their country and the philosophy of Government.

An undistinguishable line divides this high province of the Forum from the Senate, to which his philosophy and eloquence were perfectly adapted. Here, in times of stormy agitation and bewildering excitement, when as yet the Union of these States seemed not to have been cemented and consolidated, and its dissolution seemed to hang, if not on the immediate result of the debate, at least upon the popular passion that that result must generate, DANIEL WEBSTER put forth his mightiest efforts, confessedly the greatest ever put forth here or on this continent. Those efforts produced marked effect on the Senate; they soothed the public mind, and became enduring lessons of instruction to our countrymen on the science of constitutional law, and the relative powers and responsibilities of the Government, and the rights and duties of the States and of citizens.

Tried by ancient definitions, DANIEL WEBSTER was not an orator. He studied no art, and practised no action. Nor did he form himself by any admitted model. He had neither the directness and vehemence of Demosthenes, nor the fulness and flow of Ciceron, nor the intenseness of Milton, nor the magnificence of Burke. It was happy for him that he had not. The temper and tastes of his age and country required eloquence different from all these, and they found it in the pure logic, and the vigorous yet massive rhetoric which constituted the style of DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER, although a statesman, did not aim to be either a popular or a parliamentary leader. He left common affairs and questions to others, and reserved himself for those great and infrequent occasions which seemed to involve the prosperity or the continuance of the Republic. On these occasions he rose above partisan influences and alliances, and gave his counsels earnestly and with impassioned solemnity, and always with an unaffected reliance upon the intelligence and virtue of his countrymen.

The first revolutionary assembly that convened in Boston promulgated the principles of the Revolution of 1688, "Resistance to unjust laws is obedience to God," and it became the watchword throughout the colonies. Under that motto the Colonies dismembered the British Empire, and erected the American Republic. At an early day it seemed to DANIEL WEBSTER that the habitual cherishing of that principle, after its great work had been consummated, threatened to subvert in its turn the free and beneficent Constitution, which afforded the highest attainable security against the passage of unjust laws. He addressed himself, therefore, assiduously and almost alone to what seemed to him the duty of calling the American people back from Revolutionary theories to the formation of habits of peace, order, and submission to authority. He inculcated the duty of submission by States and citizens to all laws passed within the province of constitutional authority, and of absolute reliance on constitutional remedies for the correction of all errors and the redress of all injustice. This was the political gospel of DANIEL WEBSTER. He preached it in season and out of season, boldly, constantly, with the zeal of an apostle, and with the devotion, if there were need, of a martyr. It was full of saving

influences while he lived, and those influences will last so long as the Constitution and the Union shall endure.

I do not dwell on DANIEL WEBSTER's exercise of administrative functions. It was marked by the same ability that distinguished all his achievements in other fields of duty. It was at the same time eminently conservative of peace, and of the great principles of constitutional liberty upon which the republican institutions of his country were founded. But, while those administrative services benefited his country and increased his fame, we all felt, nevertheless, that his proper and highest place was here, where there was field and scope for his philosophy and eloquence; here, among the equal Representatives of the constituent States, which were at once to be held together, and to be moved on in the establishment of a continental power, controlling all the American States, and balancing those of the Eastern world, and we could not but exclaim, in the words of the Roman orator, when we saw him leave the Legislative Councils to enter on the office of administration: "*Quantis in angustiis, vestra gloria se dilatari velis!*"

Mr. STOCKTON, of New Jersey, said:—

Mr. PRESIDENT: I came to this city only this morning, and to the Senate chamber wholly unapprized in relation to the present solemn and interesting proceedings. It would therefore not become me, or the solemnity and grandeur of the occasion, to mingle, so entirely unprepared as I needs must be, my voice with the eloquent voice of lamentation which has this morning done honor to the Senate, for any other purpose than simply and briefly to express my grief, my sorrow—ay, sir, my heartfelt, pervading sorrow—when I heard that DANIEL WEBSTER was dead.

Senators, I have known and loved DANIEL WEBSTER for thirty years. What wonder, then, I should sorrow? But now that I am on my feet, and the Senate who knew and loved him too are my listeners, how am I to express that sorrow? I cannot do it; it cannot be done; our language is too poor. O, sir, all words, in moments like these, when grief or love is to be expressed, are cold and frigid. Senators, I can even now hardly realize the sad event that DANIEL WEBSTER is really dead; that he does not "*still live.*" I did hope that God, who has watched over this Republic, who

can do all things, who hung the earth upon nothing, who so endowed the mind of DANIEL WEBSTER, would have still longer upheld its frail tenement, and kept him as an example not only to our own men, but to the men of the whole world. Indeed, it is no figure of speech when we say that his fame was "world wide."

But, Senators, I rise to pronounce no eulogy on him. I am up for no such vain purpose. I come with no ceremony; but I come to the portals of his grave stricken with sadness; and here, before the assembled Senate—aye, sir, in the presence of friends as well as Senators, because, whether they be of this side of the chamber or the other side of the chamber, I hope I am entitled to call every Senator my friend—to mingle my grief with the grief of those around me. I rise here with no hope of adding one gravel-stone to the colossal column he has erected for himself; but I come only to hang a garland of friendship on the bier of one of the greatest and best men I ever knew.

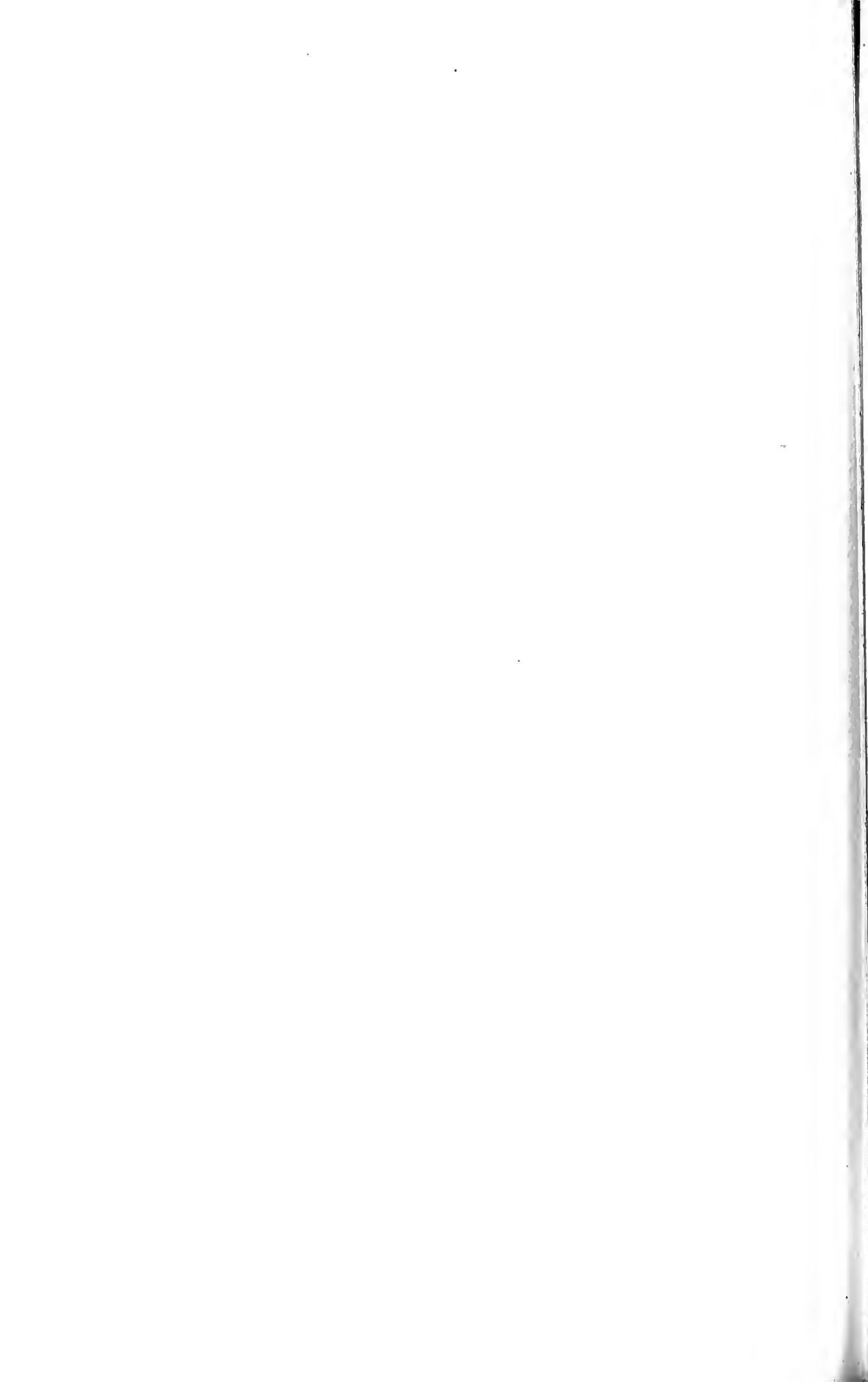
Senators, you have known Mr. WEBSTER in his public character, as a statesman of almost intuitive perceptions, as a lawyer of unsurpassed learning and ability, as a ripe and general scholar. But it was my happiness to know him as a man in the seclusion of private life, and in the performance of sacred domestic duties, and of reciprocal friendship. I say here in this presence, and as far as my poor voice may reach, that he was remarkable for all those attributes that constitute a noble, a generous, hospitable, high-minded, courageous man. Sir, as far as my researches into the history of the world have gone, they have failed to furnish his superior; not even on the records of ancient Greece, or Rome, or any other nation is to be found a man of superior endowments to our own WEBSTER.

Mr. PRESIDENT, in private life Mr. WEBSTER was generous to a fault. In public life his whole mind was absorbed in his "country, his whole country, and nothing but his country." Sir, one act of his, one speech of his, made in this chamber, has placed him before all men of antiquity. He offered himself—yes, you all remember—in that seat there he rose and offered himself a living sacrifice for his country; and Lord Bacon said that he who offers himself as a sacrifice for his country is a sight for the angels to look upon.

Mr. PRESIDENT, my feelings upon this occasion will not surprise Senators who remember that these are no new sentiments for me ; that when he was living I had the temerity to say that DANIEL WEBSTER was the greatest amongst men and a true patriot; aye, sir, and when it was supposed that it interfered with my political aspirations. Well, sir, if an empire had been then hanging on my words, I would not have amended or altered one sentiment.

Having said thus much of the dead, allow me to express one single word of thanks to the honorable Senator from Michigan (Mr. CASS.) Sir, I have often had occasion to feel sentiments of regard, and, if he will permit me to say it, of affectionate regard for him, and sometimes to express them ; but the emotions created in my heart by his address this morning are not easily expressed. I thank him, in the fulness of my heart I thank him, and may God spare him to our country many years; may he long remain here in our midst, as he is at this day, in all the strength of manhood, and in all the glory of matured wisdom.

The resolutions offered by Mr. DAVIS, were then unanimously adopted.



PROCEEDINGS
IN THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, *December 15, 1852.*

A message was received from the Senate, by the hands of ASBURY DICKINS, Esq., its Secretary, communicating to the House its proceedings on the death of the late Secretary of State, the Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER.

The proceedings having been read —

Mr. G. T. DAVIS, of Massachusetts, rose and addressed the House as follows :—

MR. SPEAKER: I rise for the purpose of proposing some action of this House in response to that which, we learn, has taken place in the Senate in reference to the death of Mr. WEBSTER; and I have little to add to the proposition itself, beyond a brief expression of reverence and of affectionate recollection. At this seat of Government, where thirty years of Mr. WEBSTER's life were spent — in this Capitol, still populous with the echoes of his voice — to this House, of which there is not an individual member but can trace something of his intellectual wealth, or political faith, to the fountain of that mighty intellect — it would be useless, and worse, to pass in review the various acts of spoken and written thought by which he impressed himself ineffaceably upon his time. Master of the great original ideas of which our social institutions are but the coarse material expression ; master of a style which clothed each glorious thought in a garb of appropriate beauty ; possessed of a conquering nature, that "like the west wind brought the sunshine

with it," and gave us, wherever he was, the sense of security and power, he has run his appropriate race, and has left us to feel that our day of life will henceforth be more wintry now that that light has been withdrawn. I have no intention of undertaking here to measure his labors or interpret his ideas. But I feel tempted to say that his great field of action—the greatest which any statesman can have—was in undertaking to apply general principles to an artificial and complicated system; to reconcile liberty with law; to work out the advance of liberty and civilization through, and under, the rules of law and government; to solve that greatest problem of human government, how much of the ideal may safely be let into the practical.

He sought these objects, and he sought the political power which would enable him to carry out these objects, and he threw into the struggle the great passions of a great nature—the *quod vult, id valde vult* of the elder Brutus. He sought, and not unsuccessfully, to throw around the cold impersonal idea of a Constitution the halo of love and reverence which in the old world gathers round the dynasties of a thousand years; for, in the attachment thus created, he thought he saw the means of safety and permanence for his country. His large experience, and broad forecast, gave him notice of national dangers which all did not see, as the wires of the electric telegraph convey news of startling import unknown to the slumbering villages through which they pass. Whether his fears were well or ill-founded, the future, the best guardian of his fame, will show; but whether well or ill-founded, matters nothing to him. He has passed through that last and severest trial, which he has himself, in anticipation, described in words never to be forgotten: "One may live (said he) as a conqueror, a hero, or a magistrate, but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality; to the intense contemplation of the deepest and most solemn of all relations—the relation between the creature and his Creator. Here it is that fame and renown cannot assist us; that all external things must fail to aid us; that even friends, affection, and human love, and devotedness cannot succor us. This relation, the true foundation of all duty, a relation perceived and felt by conscience, and confirmed by revelation, our illustrious friend, now deceased, always

acknowledged. He reverenced the Scriptures of Truth, honored the pure morality which they teach, and clung to the hopes of future life which they impart."

Mr. WEBSTER died in accordance with the prevailing sentiment of his life, in the spirit of prayer to God, and of love to man. Well might those who watched his dying bed say, in the words which the greatest English poet applies to a legendary hero who also had been the stay of his country in peril—

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame: nothing but well or fair,
And what may comfort us in a death so noble."

Mr. SPEAKER, I move the following resolves:—

Resolved, That this House concurs with the Senate in its expression of grief for the death of DANIEL WEBSTER, of respect for his memory, and of estimation of the services which he rendered to his country.

Resolved, That the members of this House will wear crape on the left arm for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That the Speaker be requested to make these resolves known to the surviving relatives of the deceased.

Resolved, That this House do now adjourn.

Mr. APPLETON, of Maine, said:—

Mr. SPEAKER, I do not know that I ought to add any thing to what has already been said upon the resolutions before us; yet, since the death of Mr. WEBSTER was a national calamity, it is fit that all classes and all parties in the community should unite to testify their full appreciation of it. The people themselves have admonished us of this, as they have gathered recently with mournful reverence around his tomb, and we should be unworthy of them, if, here in the Capitol, where he won so much of his fame, we did not add our tribute to his memory. It is a *great memory*, sir, and will go down to posterity, as one of the country's heirlooms, through I know not how many successive generations. We are not here, Mr. SPEAKER, to build his monument. He erected that for himself before he died; and had he failed to do so, none among us could supply the deficiency. We are here rather to recognise his labors, and to inscribe the marble with his name.

That we have not all sympathized with him in his political doctrines, or been ready to sanction every transaction of his public life, need not, and I am sure does not, abate any thing from our respect for his services or our regret for his loss. His character and his works—what he was and what he did—constitute a legacy which no sound-hearted American can contemplate without emotions of gratitude and pride. There is enough of DANIEL WEBSTER, sir, to furnish a common ground upon which *all* his countrymen can mingle their hearty tributes to his memory.

He was a man to be remarked any where. Among a *barbarous* people he would have excited reverence by his very look and mien. No one could stand before him without knowing that he stood in a majestic presence, and admiring those lineaments of greatness with which his Creator had enstamped, in a manner not to be mistaken, his outward form. If there was ever such an instance on earth, his was the appearance described by the great dramatist:

“The combination and the form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.”

No one could listen to him, in his happier moments, without feeling his spirit stirred within him by those deep cathedral tones which were the fit vehicles of his grave and earnest thoughts. No one can read his writings without being struck by the wonderful manner in which they unite a severe simplicity of style with great warmth of fancy and great affluence of diction.

We, Mr. SPEAKER, remember his looks and his spoken words; but by those who are to come after us he will be chiefly known through that written eloquence which is gathered in our public records, and enshrined among the pages of his published works. By these, at least, he *still lives*, and by these, in my judgment, he will continue to live after these pillars shall have fallen and this Capitol shall have crumbled into ruin. Demosthenes has survived the Parthenon, and Tully still pleads before the world the cause of Roman culture and Roman oratory; but there is nothing, it seems to me, either in Tully or in Demosthenes which, for conception, or language, or elevation of sentiment, can exceed some passages in the writings which remain of DANIEL WEBSTER. His

fame indeed is secure, for it is guarded by his own works; and, as he himself said of Mr. Calhoun, "he has lived long enough, he has done enough, and he has done it so well, so successfully, so honorably, as to connect himself for all time with the records of his country."

In no respect, Mr. SPEAKER, is this an occasion of lamentation for *him*. Death was not meant to be regarded as an evil, or else it would not come alike to all; and about Mr. WEBSTER's death there were many circumstances of felicity and good fortune. He died in the maturity of his intellect; after long public service, and after having achieved a great name for himself, and a great memory for his country. He died at home; his last wants supplied by the hands of affection; his last hours cheered by the consolations of friendship; amidst those peaceful scenes which he had himself assisted to make beautiful, and within hearing of that ocean-anthem to which he always listened with emotions of gratitude and joy. He died, too, conscious of the wonderful growth and prosperity and glory of his native land. His eloquent prayer had been answered — the prayer which he breathed forth to Providence at the greatest era of his life, when he stood side by side with Andrew Jackson, and they both contended for what was, in their belief, the cause of the Constitution and the Union. I pause, Mr. SPEAKER, at the combination of those two names. Andrew Jackson and Daniel Webster! Daniel Webster and Andrew Jackson! With the clear intellect and glorious oratory of the one, added to the intuitive sagacity and fate-like will of the other, I will not ask what *wrong* is there which they could not successfully crush, but what *right* is there, rather, which could withstand their united power.

"When my eyes," he said on that great occasion, "are turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once-glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds or drenched, it may be, with fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single

star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as ‘What is all this worth?’—nor those other words of delusion and folly, ‘Liberty first and Union afterwards’—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart, ‘Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.’

Sir, Mr. WEBSTER outlived the crisis of 1830, and saw his country emerge in safety, also, from that later tempest of sectional disturbance, whose waters are even yet heaving with the swell of subdued but not exhausted passion. He left this nation great, prosperous, and happy; and, more than that, he left the Constitution and the Union in vigorous existence, under whose genial influences all that glory, and prosperity, and happiness, he knew, had been achieved. To preserve *them*, he had risked what few men *have* to risk—his reputation, his good name, his cherished friendships; and if there be any who doubt the wisdom of his 7th of March speech, let them consider the value of these treasures, and they will at least give him credit for patriotism and sincerity. But I am unwilling, Mr. SPEAKER, to dwell upon this portion of his career. The fires of that crisis have subsided; but their ashes are yet warm with recent strife. What Mr. Webster did, and the other great men with whom he labored, to extinguish those fires, has gone into the keeping of history, and *they* have found their best reward in the continued safety of the Republic.

Our anxiety need not be for *them*. When the mariner is out upon the ocean, and sees, one by one, the lights of heaven go out before the rising storm, he does not ask what has become of those lights, or whether they shall renew their lustre, but his inquiry is, what is to become of *me*, and how am I to guide my bark in safety, after these natural pilots of the sky have disappeared? Yet, even then, by consulting those calculations and directions, which wise and skilful men had prepared, when the light did shine, and there was no tempest raging upon the sea, he is enabled, it may be, to grope his way in safety to his desired port. And this, sir, is our consolation, upon occasions like the present one. Jackson, and Calhoun, and Clay, and Wright, and Polk, and Woodbury,

and Webster, are indeed no more; and if all that they thought, and said, and did— their wise conceptions, and their heroic deeds, and their bright examples, were buried *with* them, how terribly deepened would now be our sense of the nation's loss, and how much less hopeful the prospects of republican liberty. But it is not so.

"A superior and commanding human intellect," (Mr. Webster has himself told us,) "a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning brightly for awhile, and then giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit."

Our great men do *not* wholly die. All that they achieved worthy of remembrance survives them. They live in their recorded actions; they live in their bright examples; they live in the respect and gratitude of mankind; and they live in that peculiar influence, by which one single commanding thought, as it runs along the electric chain of human affairs, sets in motion still other thoughts and influences, in endless progression; and thus makes its author an active and powerful agent in the events of life, long after his mortal portion shall have crumbled in the tomb.

Let us thank God for this immortality of worth, and rejoice in every example which is given to us of what our nature is capable of accomplishing. Let it teach us not despair but courage, and lead us to follow in its light, at however great a distance and with however unequal steps. This is the lesson of wisdom, as well as of poetry.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."²²

When God shall send his Angel to *us*, Mr. SPEAKER, bearing the scroll of death, may we be able to bow our heads to his mission, with as much of gentleness and resignation as marked the last hours of DANIEL WEBSTER.

Mr. PRESTON, of Kentucky, said:—

Mr. SPEAKER: I have been requested by some of the gentlemen who compose the delegation from my State to make some remarks upon the subject of the message and resolutions received from the Senate, which have been laid upon your table this morning, in relation to the death of Mr. WEBSTER. It was, in their opinion, peculiarly appropriate that Kentucky—a State so long associated with Massachusetts in political sympathy, as well in reciprocal admiration entertained for two of the most eminent men of their day—should come forward and add her testimonial to the esteem in which she held his life and great public services, and the regret she experienced at the calamity which has befallen the country. The mind naturally goes back, in looking over the great career of DANIEL WEBSTER, to the period of his birth, seventy years ago. In the northern part of the State of New Hampshire, amid its mountain scenery, and beneath the roof of his pioneer father, the future statesman first drew the breath of life, and imbibed, amid that wild scenery and those mountains, that freedom of thought, that dignity, and that intellectual health, which left so indelible a mark upon his oratory and public career in after life. No man has earned a greater reputation, in the present time, in forensic endeavor, than Mr. Webster, nor any whose reputation could challenge comparison, unless it be one who was also born in a similar obscure station of life, amid the marshes of Hanover, and whose future led him to cross the summit of the Appalachian range with the great tide of population which poured from Virginia upon the fertile plains of Kentucky. Their destiny has been useful, great, and brilliant. From that period to this, these celebrated contemporaries have been conspicuous in the career of public utility to which they devoted their lives, and by their dignified statesmanship have commanded not only the respect of their several States, but of the nation and of mankind. For forty years they swayed the councils of their country, and the same year sees them

consigned to the grave. The statesman of Ashland died in this city, before the foliage of summer was sere, and was sent, with the honors of his country, back to the resting-place which he now occupies in the home of his early adoption. The winds of autumn beat upon the stern New England shores—the shores of Plymouth, where the Pilgrim Fathers landed—and caught up the expiring breath of DANIEL WEBSTER as he terminated his life of honorable service. The dirge that the night winds now utter through the primeval forests of Ashland lament for one; the surges of the wintry ocean, as they beat upon the shores of Marshfield, are a fitting requiem to the other.

There are two points of particular prominence in the life of Webster to which I will allude. All remember the celebrated struggle of 1830. The greatest minds of the country, seeing the constitutional questions involved from different points of view, were embroiled in controversy. The darkest apprehensions were entertained. A gallant and gifted Senator from South Carolina, with a genius and fire characteristic of the land of his birth, had expressed the views of his party with great ability, and, as it was thought, with irresistible eloquence. The eyes of the country were directed to Webster as the champion of the Constitution and the Union. Crowds of beautiful women and anxious men on that day thronged the other wing of the Capitol. What patriotic heart in the nation has yet forgotten that noble and memorable reply? A deep and enthusiastic sentiment of admiration and respect thrilled through the heart of the people, and even yet the triumph of that son of New England is consecrated in the memory of his countrymen. Subsequently the Chief Magistrate of the Union, President Jackson, announced opinions of a similar character in his celebrated Proclamation, and men of all parties felt that a new rampart had been erected for the defence of the Constitution.

At a period more recent, within the remembrance of all, DANIEL Webster again appeared in another critical emergency that imperilled the safety of the Republic. It was the 7th of March, 1850. Excited by the Territorial question, the spirit of fanaticism broke forth with fearful violence from the North. But it did not shake his undaunted soul. He gazed with majestic serenity at the storm,

and sublime in his self-reliance, as Virgil describes Mezentius, surrounded by his enemies—

“He, like a solid rock by seas enclosed,
To raging winds and roaring waves exposed,
From his proud summit looking down, despairs
Their empty clamor, and unmoved remains.”

A great portion of the fame of DANIEL WEBSTER rests upon the events of that day, and, his patriotism having endured the tempest, his reputation shone with fresh lustre after it had passed. Clay and Webster on that day stood linked hand-in-hand, and averted the perils that menaced their common country. In the last great act of their lives in the Senate, they drew closer the bonds of Union between the North and South, like those lofty Cordilleras that, stretching along the Isthmus of Panama, bind in indissoluble bonds Northern and Southern America, and alike beat back from their rocky sides the fury of either ocean. These, Mr. SPEAKER, and gentlemen of the House, are the memories that make us in our Western homes reverence the names of Clay and Webster.

The gentleman from Massachusetts, (Mr. DAVIS,) in his eloquent tribute to the genius and fame of DANIEL WEBSTER, has chosen to apply to him the remark by which Cicero characterizes Brutus— “*Quid quid vult, valde, vult.*” If he will pardon me, I think the description applied by the great orator, whom he has quoted, to Gracchus is more striking: “*Eloquentia quidem nescio an habuisse parem: grandis est verbis, sapiens sententius, genere toto gravis.*” If, however, a resemblance prevailed in this respect between Caius Gracchus and Webster, it did not in others. Gracchus, as we are told, was the first Roman orator who turned his back to the Capitol and his face to the people; the popular orators of Rome, anterior to that time, having always turned their faces to the Senate and their backs to the Forum. Webster never sought to subvert the judgment of the people by inflaming their passions. His sphere was among men of intellect. His power was in convincing the minds of the cultivated and intellectual, rather than by fervid harangues to sway the ignorant or excite the multitude. Clay— bold, brilliant, and splendid, rushing at results with that intuition

of common sense that outstrips all the processes of logic—always commanded the heart and directed the action of his party. WEBSTER seemed deficient in some of these great qualities, as he surpassed him in others. He appeared his natural auxiliary. Clay, the most brilliant parliamentary leader, and probably unequalled, save by the Earl of Chatham, whom he resembled, swept with the velocity of a charge of cavalry on the ranks of his opponents, and often won the victory before others were prepared for the encounter. WEBSTER, with his array of facts, his power of statement, and logical deductions, moved forward like ~~the~~ disciplined and serried infantry, with the measured tread of deliberate resolution and irresistible power.

DANIEL WEBSTER is dead. He died without ever having been elevated to the Presideney of the nation. Camillus, the second founder of Rome, never enjoyed the consulate, but he was not less illustrious because he was not rewarded by the fasces and the Consular purple. Before the lustre of WEBSTER's renown a merely Presidential reputation must grow pale. He has not only left a reputation of unsurpassed splendor in the Senate, but he will also pass down to posterity as the ablest and most profound jurist of his day. As an orator he had not, as has been correctly observed by a Senator from New York, the vehemence of Demosthenes, nor the splendor of Cicero, but still DANIEL WEBSTER was an orator—an orator marked by the characteristics of the Teutonic race—bold, massive, and replete with manly force and vigor. His writings are marked by a deep philosophy, which will cause them to be read when the issues that evoked them have passed away, and the splendor of an imagination, almost as rich as that of Burke, will invest them with attractions alike for the student and the man of letters.

We should not deplore the death of WEBSTER. It is true the star has shot from the sphere it illuminated, and is lost in the gloom of death, but he sank full of years and of honors, after he had reached the verge of human life, and before his majestic intellect was dimmed, or his body bowed down by old age. He did not sink into his grave like Marlborough, amid the mists of dotage, but he went while his intellect was unclouded, and the literary remembrances of his youth came thronging to the dying bed of their votary. Napoleon, when he was expiring at St.

Helena, muttered disconnected words of command and battle, that showed his turbulent character still struggled in imaginary conflicts: but gentler spirits brought to the deathbed of the statesman of Marshfield more consoling memories as he murmured,

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day:"

and all the tender and mournful beauties of that inimitable elegy clustered around his soul.

But, sir, I will not venture to say more on this theme. I have said thus much in the name of my native State, to testify her veneration for worth, patriotism, and departed greatness, and to add with proper reverence a handful of earth to the mound a nation raises to the memory of the *great Secretary*, and to say, Peace be to the manes of DANIEL WEBSTER!

Mr. SEYMOUR, of New York, said:—

MR. SPEAKER: I rise in support of the resolutions offered by the gentleman from Massachusetts, and in that connexion propose to submit a few remarks.

Sir, our great men are the common property of the country. In the days of our prosperity we boast of their genius and enterprise as they advance the general weal. In the hour of a nation's peril, the shadow of their great name is the gathering point whither we all turn for guidance and defence; and whether their laurels have been gathered on the battle-field, in sustaining our rights against hostile nations; in the halls of legislation, devising and enacting those wise and beneficent laws which, by developing the resources, instructing the mind, and directing the energies of the nation, may be traced on the frame-work of society long after their authors have ceased to exist; or in the temple of justice, or the sacred desk, regulating the jarring elements of civil life, and making men happier and better, they are all parts of one grand exhibition, showing through all coming time what the men of the present age and of our nation have done for the elevation and advancement of our race. To chronicle these results of human effort, and to transmit them to future ages, is the province of history. In her temple the great and the good are embalmed. There they may be seen and read by those who in future genera-

tions shall emulate their great deeds. Time, whose constant flow is continually obliterating and changing the physical and social relations of all things, cannot efface the landmarks which they have raised along the pathway of life. The processes by which they attained the grand result, and the associations by which they at the time were surrounded, are unknown or forgotten, while we contemplate the monuments which their genius and heroism have raised.

Who that reads the story of the battle of Marathon, by which the liberties of Athens were rescued from Persian despotism, stops to inquire to what party in that republic Miltiades belonged? Who that listens to the thunders of Demosthenes, as he moves all Greece to resist the common enemy, attempts to trace his political associations? So it will be in the future of this republic. The battle of New Orleans will disclose Jackson, the hero and the patriot, saving his country from her enemies. The debates of the Senate Chamber will exhibit Clay, Calhoun, and Webster illustrating and defending the great principles of our Government by their lofty patriotism and eloquence. On neither picture will be observed whatever we of the present time may judge to have savored of the mere politician and the partisan. We, from our near proximity, may see, or think we see, the ill-shapen rocks and the unseemly caverns which disfigure the sides of these mighty Alpine peaks; future ages will only descry their ever-gilded summits.

“ Who, then, shall say that Fame
Is but an empty name?
When but for these the mighty dead,
All ages past, a blank had been—
Sunk in Oblivion’s murky bed—
A desert waste, a trackless sea!
These are the summits seen from far;
The lofty marks of what hath been;
The guides that point to Immortality.”

Sir, I shall not attempt here to even briefly review the public life or delineate the true character of DANIEL WEBSTER. That public life, extending through more than forty years of the growth and progress of our country, will doubtless be sketched by those of his compeers who have shared with him in his public service. That character, too, will best be drawn by those intimate friends

who knew him best, and who enjoyed the most favorable opportunities for observing the operations of his giant mind.

In looking at what he has achieved, not only in the fields of legislation, but in those of literature and jurisprudence, I may say he has left a monument of his industry and genius of which his countrymen may well be proud. His speeches in the Senate and before the assemblies of the people, and his arguments before our highest courts, taken together, form the most valuable contribution to American literature, language and oratory, which it has been the good fortune of any individual to have yet made. Were I to attempt it, I should be unable to determine on which of the varied scenes of his labors his genius and talents stood pre-eminent. I can here only speak of his labors as a whole. They were the result of great effort—grand in their conception, effective in their execution, and permanent in their influences.

As a son of his native New England, I am proud to refer back to the plain and unostentatious manners, the rigid discipline, and the early and thorough mental training to be found among the yeomanry of that part of our country, as contributing primarily to the eminent success of Mr. Webster in the business of his life. Born, reared, and educated, among the granite hills of New Hampshire, although his attachments to the place of his birth were strong to the last, yet, upon the broad theatre upon which he was called to act his part as a public man, his sympathies and his patriotism were bounded only by the confines of the whole Republic.

Although, in common with many of us, I differed in opinion from the late Secretary of State upon grave political questions, yet, with the great mass of our fellow-citizens, I acknowledge his patriotism, and the force and ability with which he sustained his own opinions. However we may view those opinions, one thing will be conceded by all—his feelings were thoroughly American, and his aim the good of his country. In his whole public life, and by his greatest efforts as an orator, he has left deeply impressed on the American mind one great truth never to be forgotten—*the preservation of American liberty depends upon the support of the Constitution, and the Union of the States.* To have thus linked his name indissolubly with the perpetuity of our institutions is enough of glory for any citizen of the Republic.

Mr. CHANDLER, of Pennsylvania, said :—

Mr. SPEAKER: The selection of the present time to make special and official reference to the death of Mr. WEBSTER may be regarded as fortunate and judicious. An earlier moment would have exposed our eulogies to those exaggerations which, while they do justice in some measure to the feelings whence they spring, are no proofs of sound judgment in the utterer, nor sources of honor to their lamented object. The great departed owe little to the record of their worth, which is made in the midst of sudden emotions, when the freshness of personal intercourse mingles with recollections of public virtues, and the object, observed through the tears of recent sorrow, bears with it the prismatic hues which distort its fair proportions, and hide that simplicity which is the characteristic of true greatness. And equally just is it to the dead whom we would honor, and to our feelings, which would promote that honor, that we have not postponed the season to a period when time would so have mitigated our just regret as to direct our eulogies only to those lofty points of Mr. Webster's character which strike but from afar; which owe their distinction less to their affinities with public sympathy, than to their elevation above ordinary ascent and ordinary computation.

That distance, too, in a Government like ours, is dangerous to a just homage to the distinguished dead, however willing may be the survivor; for smaller objects intervene, and by proximity hide the proportions which we survey from afar, and diminish that just appreciation which is necessary to the honorable praise that is to perpetuate public fame.

Mr. Webster was a distinguished statesman, tried, sir, in nearly all the various positions which in our Government the civilian is called on to fill, and in all these places the powers of a gifted mind, strengthened and improved by a practical education, were the great means by which he achieved success, and patriotism the motive of their devotion. With all Mr. Webster's professional greatness, with all his unrivalled powers in the Senate, with his great distinction as a diplomatist, he was fond of credit as a scholar; and his attainments, if not of the kind which gives eminence to merely literary men, were such as gave richness and terseness to his own composition, and vigor and attraction to his conversation.

His mind was moulded to the strong conception of the epic poet, rather than the gentle phrase of the didactic, and his preference for natural scenery seemed to partake of his literary taste—it was for the strong, the elevated, the grand. His childhood and youth joyed in the rough sides of the mountains of New Hampshire, and his age found a delightful repose on the wild shores of Massachusetts bay. He was a lover of nature, not in her holyday suit of field and flower, but in those wild exhibitions of broken coast and isolated hills, that seem to stir the mind into activity, and provoke it into emulation of the grandeur with which it is surrounded. Yet, sir, Mr. Webster had with him much of the gentleness which gives beauty to social life, and dignity and attraction to the domestic scene, just as the rugged coast is often as placid as the gentlest lake, and the summit of the roughest hill is frequently bathed in the softest sunlight, and clad in flowers of the most delicate hues. Mr. Webster's person was strongly indicative of the character of his mind; not formed for the lighter graces, but graceful in the noblest uses of manhood; remarkable in the stateliness of its movements, and dignified in the magnificence of its repose. Mr. Webster could scarcely pass unnoticed, even where unknown. There was that in his mien which attracted attention, and awakened interest; and his head (whether his countenance was lighted by a smile, such as only he could give, or fixed by contemplation, such as only he could indulge) seemed an—

“Arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity!”

With all Mr. Webster's lofty gifts and attainments he was *ambitious*. Toiling upwards from the base of the political ladder, it is not to be denied that he desired to set his foot upon the upmost round. This could not have been a thirst for power; nothing of a desire for the exercise of absolute authority could have been in that aspiration; for the only absolute power left (if any be left) by the Constitution in the Executive of this nation is “*mercy*.” In Mr. Webster it was the distinction which the place conferred, and the sphere of usefulness it presented. He regarded it as the crowning glory of his public life—a glory earned by his devotion

of unparalleled talents and unsurpassed statesmanship. This ambition in Mr. Webster was modesty. He could not see, as others saw and felt, that no political elevation was necessary to the completion of his fame or the distinction of his statesmanship. It was not for him to understand that the last round of political preferment, honorable as it is, and made more honorable by the lustre which purity of motive, great talents, and devoted patriotism are now shedding down upon it. He could not understand that preferment, honorable as it is, was unnecessary to him; that it could add nothing to his political stature, nor enlarge the horizon of his comprehensive views. It is the characteristic of men of true greatness, of exalted talents, to comprehend the nature and power of the gifts they possess. That, sir, is an homage to God, who bestows them. But it is also their misfortune to be dissatisfied with the means and opportunities they have possessed to exercise those gifts to great national purposes. This is merely distrust of themselves. The world, sir, comprehends the uses of the talents of great statesmen, and gives them credit for their masterly powers, without asking that those powers should be tried in every position in which public men may be placed.

I see not in all the character, gifts, and attainments of Mr. Webster, any illustration of the British orator's exclamation relative to "the shadows which we are;" nor do I discover in the splendid career, and the aims of his lofty ambition, any thing to prove "what shadows we pursue."

The life of such a man as DANIEL WEBSTER is one of solid greatness; and the objects he pursued are worthy a being made in the image of God. A life of honorable distinction is a substantive and permanent object. The good of man, and the true glory and happiness of his country, are the substantial things, the record of which generation hands down to generation, inscribed with the name of him that pursued them. I will not, sir, trespass on this House by any attempt to sketch the character or narrate the services of Mr. Webster; too many will have a share in this day's exercises to allow one speaker so extensive a range. It is enough for me, if, in obeying the indications of others, I give to my effort the tone of respect with which the statesman and the patriot Webster was regarded, as well by the nation at large, as by those

whom I have the honor to represent on this floor. And in the remarks of those whose means of judging have been better than mine, will be found his characteristics of social and domestic life.

How keenly Mr. Webster relished the relaxations which public duties sometimes allowed, I had an opportunity of judging; for he loved to call to my recollection scenery which had been familiar to me in childhood, as it was lovely to him in age. Though dying in office, Mr. Webster was permitted to breathe his last in scenes made classical to others by his uses, and dear to him by their ministrations to, and correspondence with, his taste.

The good of his country undoubtedly occupied the last moments of his ebbing life; but those moments were not disturbed by the immediate pressure of official duties; and in the dignity of domestic quiet he passed onward; and while at a distance communities awaited in grief and awe the signal of his departure, the deep diapason of the Atlantic wave, as it broke upon his own shore, was a fitting requiem for such a parting spirit.

Mr. BAYLY, of Virginia, said:—

I had been, sir, nearly two years a member of Congress before I made Mr. Webster's acquaintance. About that time a proceeding was instituted here, of a delicate character so far as he was concerned, and incidentally concerning an eminent constituent and friend of mine. This circumstance first brought me into intercourse with Mr. Webster. Subsequently I transacted a good deal of official business with him, some of it also of a delicate character. I thus had unusual opportunities of forming an opinion of the man. The acquaintance I made with him, under the circumstances to which I have referred, ripened into friendship. It is to these circumstances that I, a political opponent, am indebted for the honor, as I esteem it, of having been requested to say something on this occasion.

From my early manhood, of course, sir, I have been well acquainted with Mr. Webster's public character, and I had formed my ideal of him as a man; and what a misconception of it was that ideal! Rarely seeing him in public places, in familiar intercourse with his friends, contemplating his grave statue-like appearance in the Senate and the Forum, I had formed the conception

that he was a frigid iron-bound man, whom few could approach without constraint; and I undertake to say that—until of late years, in which, through personal sketches of him by his friends, the public has become acquainted with his private character—such was the idea most persons, who knew him only as I did, formed of him. Yet, sir, what a misconception! No man could appreciate Mr. Webster who did not know him privately. No man could appreciate him who did not see him in familiar intercourse with his friends, and especially around his own fireside and table. There, sir, he was confiding, gay, and sometimes downright boyish. Full of racy anecdote, he told them in the most captivating manner.

Who that ever heard his description of men and things can ever forget them? Mr. Webster, sir, attached a peculiar meaning to the word *talk*, and, in his sense of the term he liked to talk; and who that ever heard him talk can forget that talk? Sometimes it was the most playful wit, then the most pleasing philosophy. Mr. Webster, sir, owed his greatness to a large extent to his native gifts.

Among his contemporaries there were lawyers more learned, yet he was, by common consent, assigned the first place at the American bar. As a statesman, there were those more thoroughly informed than he, yet what statesman ranked him? Among orators there were those more graceful and impressive, yet what orator was greater than he? There were scholars more ripe, yet who wrote better English? The characteristics of his mind were massive strength and classic beauty combined, with a rare felicity. His favorite studies, if I may judge from his conversations, were the history and the Constitution of his own country, and the history and Constitution of England; and I undertake to say, that there is not now a man living who was more perfectly familiar with both. His favorite amusements, too, if I may judge in the same way, were field-sports and out-door exercise. I have frequently heard Mr. Webster say, if he had been a merchant he would have been an out-door partner. Mr. Webster was, as all great men are, eminently magnanimous. As proof of this see his whole life, and especially that crowning act of magnanimity, his letter to Mr. Dickinson. Mr. Webster had no envy or jealousy about him—

as no great man ever had. Conscious of his own powers, he envied those of no one else. Mr. Calhoun and himself entered public life about the same time; each of them strove for the first honors of the Republic. They were statesmen of rival schools. They frequently met in the stern encounter of debate, and when they met the conflict was a conflict of giants. Yet how delightful it was to hear Mr. Webster speak, as I have heard him speak, in the most exalted terms of Calhoun; and how equally delightful it was to hear Mr. Calhoun, as I have heard him, speak in like terms of Webster. On one occasion Mr. Calhoun, speaking to me of the characteristics of Webster as a debater, said that he was remarkable in this, that he always stated the argument of his antagonist fairly, and boldly met it. He said he had even seen him state the argument of his opponent more forcibly than his opponent had stated it himself, and if he could not answer it, he would never undertake to weaken it by misrepresenting it. What a compliment was this, coming, as it did, from his great rival in Constitutional law? I have also heard Mr. Calhoun say that Mr. Webster tried to aim at truth more than any statesman of his day.

A short time since, Mr. SPEAKER, when addressing the House at the invitation of the delegation from Kentucky, on the occasion of Mr. Clay's death, I used this language:

"Sir, it is but a short time since the American Congress buried the first one that went to the grave of that great triumvirate, (Calhoun.) We are now called upon to bury another, (Clay.) The third, thank God! still lives; and long may he live to enlighten his countrymen by his wisdom, and set them the example of exalted patriotism. [Alas! how little did I think, when I uttered these words, that my wish was so soon to be disappointed.] Sir, in the lives and characters of these great men there is much resembling those of the great triumvirate of the British Parliament. It differs principally in this: Burke preceded Fox and Pitt to the tomb. Webster survives Clay and Calhoun. When Fox and Pitt died they left no peer behind them. Webster still lives, now that Calhoun and Clay are dead, the unrivalled statesman of his country. Like Fox and Pitt, Clay and Calhoun lived in troubled times. Like Fox and Pitt, they were each of them the leader of rival parties. Like Fox and Pitt, they were idolized by their friends. Like Fox and Pitt they died about the same time, and in the public service; and, as has been said of Fox and Pitt, Clay and Calhoun died with 'their harness upon them.' Like Fox and Pitt —

“ ‘ With more than mortal powers endow’d,
How high they soar’d above the crowd ;
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place —
Like fabled gods their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar.
Beneath each banner, proud to stand,
Look’d up the noblest of the land.

* * * * *

Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb ;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like again ? ” ”

I may reproduce on this occasion, with propriety, what I then said, with the addition of the names of Burke and Webster. The parallel that I undertook to run on that occasion, by the aid of a poet, was not designed to be perfect, yet it might be strengthened by lines from another poet. For though Webster’s enemies must admit, as Burke’s satirist did, that —

“ Too fond of *the right*, to pursue *the expedient*; ” ”

yet what satirist, with the last years of Webster’s life before him, will undertake to shock the public sentiment of America by saying, as was unjustly said of Burke by his satirist —

“ Born for the universe, he narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.” ”

Mr. SPEAKER, during the brief period I have served with you in this House, what sad havoc has death made among the statesmen of our Republic! Jackson, Wright, Polk, McDuffie, and Sergeant, in private life, and Woodbury from the Bench, have gone to the tomb! We have buried in that short time Adams, Calhoun, Taylor, and Clay, and we are now called on to pay the last tribute of our respect to the memory of DANIEL WEBSTER. Well may I ask, in the language of the poem already quoted —

“ Where wilt thou find their like again.” ”

There was little, I fear, in the history of the latter days of some of those great men to whom I have alluded, to inspire the young men of our country to emulate them in the labors and sacrifices of public life. Yet there never was a time when there was a stronger obligation of patriotic duty on us to emulate them in that respect than now.

They followed one race of Revolutionary statesmen — they were the second generation of statesmen of our country. With one or

two brilliant exceptions, that second generation has passed away, and those that now have charge of public affairs, with the exceptions referred to, are emphatically new men. God grant we have the patriotism to follow faithfully in the footsteps of those who preceded us!

Mr. STANLY, of North Carolina, said :—

Mr. SPEAKER: I feel that it is proper and becoming in me, as the Representative of a people who claim the reputation of DANIEL WEBSTER as part of their most valuable property, to add a few words to what has been already said. I do not think that it is necessary to his fame to do so. I have no idea of attempting a eulogy on DANIEL WEBSTER. It would be presumptuous to attempt it. Long before my entrance into public life I heard from an illustrious citizen of my native State, the late Judge Gaston, that Mr. Webster, who was his contemporary in Congress, gave early indication of the wonderful abilities which he afterwards displayed. There were giants in the land in those days, and by them Webster was regarded as one who would earn great distinction. Before he reached the height of his fame, the young men in our land had been taught to respect him. This was the feeling of those who came forward on the stage of life with me. In what language, then, can I express my admiration of those splendid abilities which have delighted and instructed his countrymen, and charmed the lovers of Republican government throughout the earth? How shall I find fitting terms to speak of his powers in conversation, his many good qualities in social life, his extraordinary attainments, his exalted patriotism? Sir, I shrink from the task. Gifted men from the pulpit, eloquent Senators at home and in the Senate, orators in Northern, Southern, and Western States, have gratified the public mind by doing honor to his memory. To follow in a path trodden by so many superior men, requires more boldness than I possess. But I cannot forbear to say, that we North Carolinians sympathise with Massachusetts in her loss. We claim him as our Webster, as we do the memories of her great men of the Revolution. Though he has added glory to the bright name of Massachusetts, he has been the defender of that Constitution which has surrounded with impregnable bulwarks the invaluable blessings

of civil liberty. When he made Massachusetts hearts throb with pride that she had such a man to represent her in the councils of the nation, we, too, felt proud at her joy, for her glory is our glory.

Faneuil Hall is in Boston, and Boston in Massachusetts; but the fame of those whose eloquence from those walls fanned the fire of liberty in the hearts of American patriots, and made tyrants tremble on their thrones, is the fame of the American people.

Faneuil Hall! DANIEL WEBSTER! The American patriot who hereafter performs his pilgrimage to that time-honored Hall, and looks at his portrait, appropriately placed there, will involuntarily repeat what the poet said of the Webster of poets—

“Here nature listening stood, while Shakspeare played,
And wondered at the work herself had made.”

DANIEL WEBSTER was to the Revolutionary patriots of Massachusetts, to the founders of our Constitution in the Old Thirteen States, what Homer was to the ancient heroes. Their deeds would have lived without him. Their memories would have been cherished by their countrymen had Webster never spoken. But who can say that his mighty ability, his power of language, unequalled throughout the world—who can say he has not embalmed their memories, painted their deeds in beautiful drapery, and by the might of his genius held them up in captivating form to his countrymen? Who is there on the habitable globe, wherever man is struggling for freedom, wherever Washington’s name is heard and reverenced—who is there who will ever read the history of those immortal men who achieved our liberties, and founded with almost supernatural wisdom our Constitution and Republican form of Government, who can ever read the history of these great men without saying they achieved much, they performed great and noble deeds, but Webster’s oratory has blazoned them to the world, and erected monuments to their memories more enduring than marble? Can man aspire to higher honor, than to have his name associated with such men? This honor, by universal consent, DANIEL WEBSTER, the son of a New Hampshire farmer, has secured. Wherever liberty is prized on earth, in whatever quarter of the globe the light of our great Republic is seen, sending its cheering beams to the heart of the lonely exile of oppression, in that land, and to that heart, will the name of Webster be held

in grateful remembrance. As we cannot think of the founders of our Republic without thinking of Webster, we cannot speak on his services properly except in his own words. How many of us, in and out of Congress, since his death, have recalled his memorable words, in his eulogium on Adams and Jefferson. Hear him in that discourse:

"Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on subsequent periods, the head of the Government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live forever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their great actions; in the offspring of their intellect; in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their country, but throughout the civilized world. A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning bright for a while, and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers, in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit. Bacon died, but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand to a perception of the true philosophy, and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course, successfully and gloriously. Newton died, yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move or in the orbits which he saw and described for them in the infinity of space."

Who can hear these words without feeling how appropriate and applicable to the great American statesman? To his country he "still lives," and will live forever.

Mr. SPEAKER, I fear to go on. The thoughts which are in my mind are not worthy of the great subject. I have read and heard so much from the able, learned, and eloquent of our land in his praise, I shrink from attempting to add any thing more.

In justice to the feelings of those I represent, I felt solicitous to

cast my pebble on the pile which was erecting to his memory. They venerate his memory not only for those services to which I have referred, but also for his later exhibitions of patriotism, in stemming the torrent of temporary excitement at home. The year 1852, Mr. SPEAKER, will long be memorable in the annals of our country. In this year three great lights of our age and our country have gone out. But a few months since the voice of lamentation was heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore that Henry Clay was no more. The sounds of sorrow had scarcely died in our ears when inexorable Death, striking with remorseless hand at the cottage of the peasant and the palace of the great—Death, as if to send terror to our souls, by showing us that the greatest in place and in genius are but men, has destroyed all that was mortal of DANIEL WEBSTER.

And even while we were celebrating his obsequies, the sagacious statesman, the wise counsellor, the pure and upright man, John Sergeant, of Pennsylvania, the man who more happily combined *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* than any public man I have ever met with—the model of that best of all characters, a Christian gentleman, always loving “whatsoever things are true, honest, just, lovely, and of good report,” John Sergeant is called to that beatific vision reserved for “the pure in heart.”

Let it be our pleasure, as it will be our duty, to teach those who come after us to imitate the private virtues, remember the public services, and cherish the reputation of these illustrious men. And, while we do this, let us cherish, with greatful remembrance and honest pride, the thought that these great men were not only lovers of liberty, friends of republican institutions, and patriots devoted to the service of their country, but that they were, with sincere conviction, believers in the Christian religion.

Without this praise, the Corinthian columns of their characters would be deprived at once of the chief ornaments of its capital and the solidity of its base.

I fervently hope the lessons we have had of the certainty of death will not be lost upon us. May they make us less fond of the pleasures of this world, so rapidly passing away; may they cause those who are in high places of trust and honor to remember now in the days of health, manhood, and prosperity, that—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour —
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Mr. TAYLOR, of Ohio, said :—

In the Congress of 1799, Mr. SPEAKER, when the announcement of the death of General Washington was made in this body, appropriate resolutions were passed to express the high appreciation of the Representatives of the people of the pre-eminent public services of the Father of his Country, and their profound grief for their loss. His death was considered a great national calamity, and, in the beautiful and appropriate language of General Henry Lee, who prepared the resolutions introduced by John Marshall, he was proclaimed as having been "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens." The whole nation cordially responded to that sentiment, and from that day to this the high eulogium has been adopted by the people of the United States of America as the just and expressive tribute to the greatest man, take him all in all, that our country had then, or has since produced. Time rolled on; and the sentiment of his own country has, of late years, become the intelligent opinion of the whole world. And in proof of this I might cite, among others, the deliberately-recorded opinions of the late Premier Guizot, of France, and the great though eccentric writer and statesman, Brougham, of England, men of vast celebrity.

Our country, then in its infancy, has grown up, in a little more than half a century, to be the first Republic in the world, having increased from three or four millions to nearly twenty-five millions of inhabitants, and extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. During the present year the nation has been called upon to mourn the death of two of her most distinguished citizens—two men, born since the establishment of our independence, cradled in the Revolution, and brought up, as it were, at the feet of the fathers of the Republic, whose long public career has attracted to them, and all that concerned them, more than to any others, the admiration, the gratitude, and the hopes of the whole people. These men—Henry Clay and DANIEL WEBSTER—have both been gathered to their fathers during the present year. When, during

our last session, the official announcement was made in this house of the death of Henry Clay, I listened, with heart-felt sympathy, to the eloquent and beautiful eulogies then pronounced upon his character, and felt in the fulness of my heart the truest grief. As one of the representatives of the great and prosperous State of Ohio on this floor, I desired then to mingle my humble voice with those who eagerly sought to honor his memory. But no opportunity was afforded me, and I could only join with meekness of spirit and a bowed mind in the appropriate funeral honors which were rendered to the illustrious dead by Congress. And I only now desire to say that no State in this Union—not even his own beloved Kentucky—more deeply felt the great loss which, in the death of Mr. Clay, the nation had sustained, than the State of Ohio; and the public meetings of her citizens, without distinction of party, in the city in which I reside, and many other parts of the State, expressed, in appropriate and feeling terms, their high estimate of his great public services, and their profound grief for his death.

And now, sir, since the adjournment of Congress at its last session, he who co-operated with Mr. Clay in the legislative and executive Departments, at various times, for nearly forty years, and to whom, with his great compatriot, more than to any others, the people looked for counsel and for security and peace—he too has paid the debt of nature, and will never more be seen among men. The formal announcement in this body of the death of DANIEL WEBSTER has elicited just and eloquent tributes to his memory, and brings freshly to our view the beautiful traits of his private character, and his great and long continued public service in the Senate and in the executive Departments of the Government. In all that is said in commendation of the private virtues and pre-eminent public services of DANIEL WEBSTER, I heartily concur; and I wish, sir, that I could find words sufficiently strong and appropriate to express what, in my judgment, were the great claims of these two eminent men upon the admiration and upon the gratitude of their countrymen. They were in many respects exemplars for the young men of our country. Born in humble life, without any of the advantages conferred sometimes by wealth and position; struggling with adversities in their earlier years;

triumphing over all obstacles by their native strength of intellect, by their genius, and by their persevering industry and great energy, they placed themselves in the very first rank of American statesmen, and for more than forty years were the great leaders of the American mind, and amongst the brightest guardians of their common country.

Sir, it was my good fortune to have known for many years both these great patriots, and to have enjoyed their friendship; and I think I but express the general sentiment of the intelligent people of this great country when I say, that our country is, in a very large degree, indebted to them for its present unexampled prosperity, for its peace and domestic happiness, and for its acknowledged power and high renown all over the world. In my judgment, the words of the National Legislature, so beautifully and aptly embodying the true character of the Father of his Country, were not more appropriately uttered then, in reference to him, than they might be applied now, so far as relates to the *civil* affairs and action of our Government within the last forty years, to Henry Clay and Daniel Webster; and it may be properly said of them, that within that time they have been emphatically “first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of their fellow-citizens.” But, sir, the great men of a country must die; and if the great men of a country are pre-eminently good men, their loss is the more severely felt. Nothing human is perfect; and I am far from believing, much less from asserting, that the eminent men of whom I have spoken were without defects of character. But I believe their virtues so far outweighed the imperfections of their nature, that to dwell upon such defects on this occasion would be as unprofitable and futile, as to object to the light, and heat, and blessings of the glorious sun, guided by the Omnipotent hand, because an occasional shadow or spot may be seen on his disk. These guardians of our country have passed away, but their works and good examples are left for our guidance, and are part of the lasting and valued possessions of this nation. And, Mr. SPEAKER —

“When the bright guardians of a country die,
The grateful tear in tenderness will start;
And the keen anguish of a red’ning eye
Disclose the deep afflictions of the heart.”





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